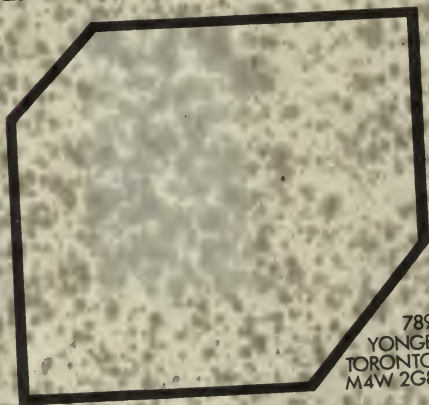


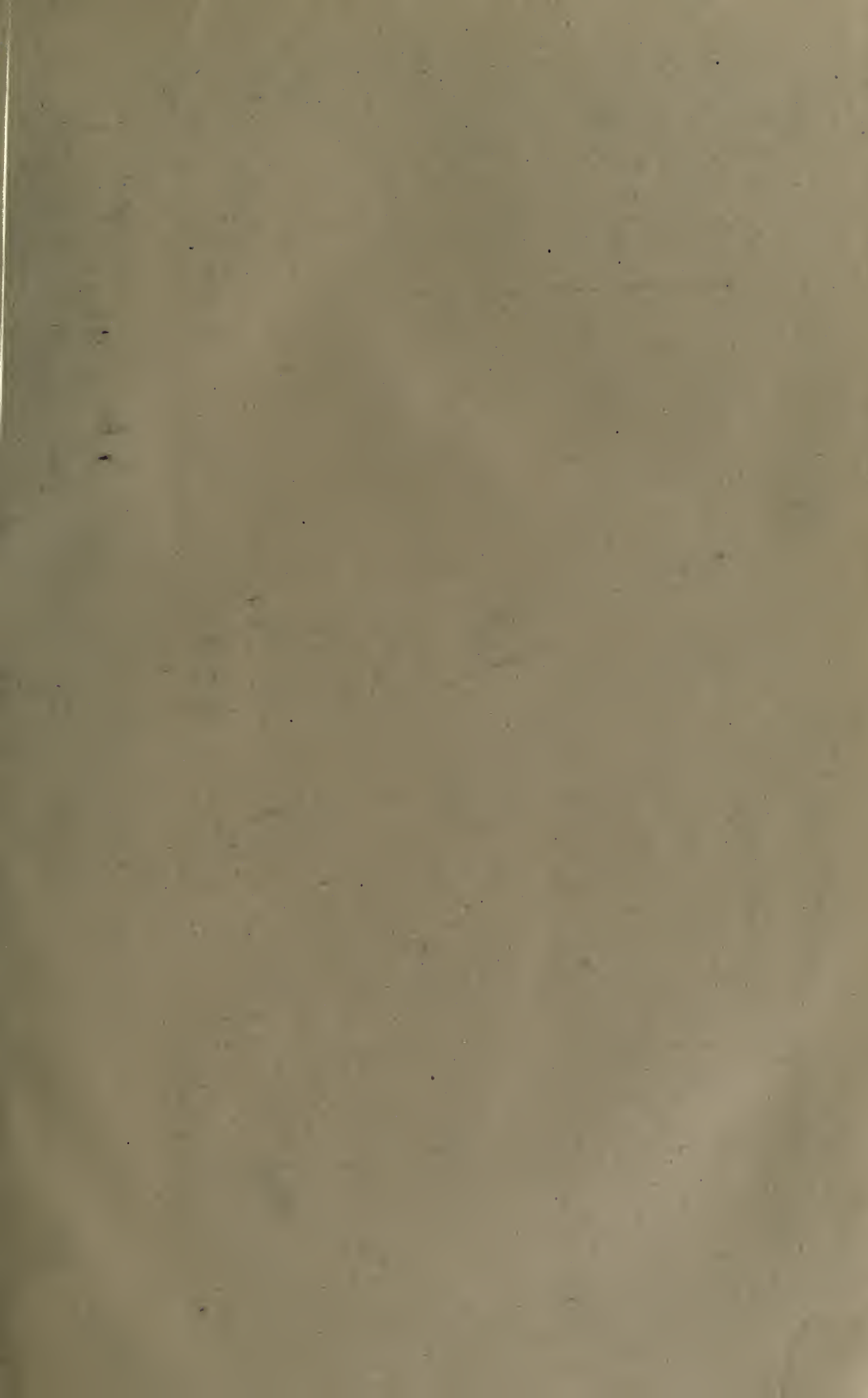
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REV. GEORGE JACKSON, B.A.

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No. 1

Wildflowers

C. MONTROSE WRIGHT.

IN God's own gardens I have found them
Growing here and growing there,
In unknown valleys I have found them,
Arbutus, roses, violets rare.

Only God's own eye had seen them,
Growing here and growing there,
In his garden no man labors,—
They know only God's great care.

In God's gardens, God's sublime thoughts
Growing here and growing there,—
Each a flower pure and sinless,
Unchanged thoughts of God, most fair.

If our lives could be but God's thoughts,
Living here and living there,
If unsoiled by sin and spotless,
We could lay our beings bare,—

Wild-flowers,—growing in God's garden,
Growing here and growing there,
Low arbutus, purest lilies,—
God's own gardens: what's more fair?

*A Trip to Alaska by Boat**Leaves from a Diary*

JESSIE E. DREW, '09.



O narrow in many ways is our education here in this little college world of ours, so seldom do we realize the actuality of the various things we read about in our text-books, that a trip to what is usually considered such a far-off country as Alaska—associated in our minds as it is with ice-floes, polar bears and seals—is not only a novelty and a rare treat, but also an education.

Several boats run up the coast to Skaguay and other points every two weeks from Canadian and American ports, so that really two weeks or ten days is not very far out of civilization after all. An American boat was chosen by our party in this instance for the express purpose of visiting more Alaskan ports than the Canadian ships generally touch, and we sailed from Seattle on a Monday noon, with a feeling of eager anticipation in our hearts which creeps in there when anything new and wonderful is expected. I really think that we must have looked very stately and majestic as we steamed out of the harbor. We passed Port Townsend at sunset, and saw a pleasing picture, for there were nineteen or twenty sailing vessels lying off there, some in the path of the sun, some in the golden haze, looking like phantom ships out of a fairy tale. All evening we sat up on deck watching the darkness come down over the waters, and we went to rest with the peace of the ocean in our hearts.

Tuesday Morning.—Nothing to do but bask in the sun like so many seals and watch the water and the mountains,—and dream. There was an expectant air on everybody's visage, for we were to cross Queen Charlotte Sound shortly after dinner, and that is always an interesting part of the voyage, we heard. About seven o'clock the sky became overcast, the smiling blue

waters changed to turbulent grey and green. The wind rose and the air grew full of a thousand mysteries. Our pretty boat began to heave and toss with the waves, and the mist to fall around us. We passed close by a "more'n full" wreck upon which was painted large—"Drink Yellowstone beer, I did." The passengers smiled wanly and began to disperse. On the other side we discerned a lighthouse by following the sound of the fog-horn which was blowing for dear life. The picture was very weird and beautiful, with the breakers dashing up white on the ragged rocks, all dim through the misty greyness. Fog and rain drove the last of us below.

Wednesday.—The first news was that we had been "there" for seven hours on account of the fog, but no one knew where "there" was. However, after breakfast, the ship moved slowly ahead, tooting that old whistle every minute, while we drew imperceptibly nearer a fog-horn that was doing its very best to guide us to the right place in spite of echoes and things. We knew by the increased speed of the boat that the fog must be lifting, and presently, right beside us, appeared a wee spot of blue hill, no bigger than the ship. It grew and grew into an island with a lighthouse, and we sailed out of the bank of fog, leaving it entirely behind, like a cast-off garment. Having once more saluted the friendly fog-horn, we sailed forth into the glad morning sunshine. Shortly after this sudden emersion from the white darkness of the fog, we came in sight of Bella Bella, a pretty little village on the side of a hill. We merely said "*bon jour*," and passed on, new scenes passing before our eyes in kaleidoscopic manner.

Prince Rupert was our first stop, and most of us decided to wait up for it, but when we finally arrived, at 1.30 a.m., the rain was descending in huge boat-loads, which rather dampened our spirits as well as our clothing. However, we saw it in a favorable light on the return trip, when we found the air just clearing up after a long rain-storm, and all the surrounding hills and islands were brought out into distinct relief against the sky and water. Hurrying off the boat we walked up the first street we could find to see what the place was like, and found a cable car service to the top of the incline, but unfortunately, passengers were not taken into consideration when

that plant was installed, and we had to use our natural method of progression. The city-to-be is in the embryo, so to speak, most of the buildings are half wood, half tent, though there are two or three very pretty houses, and a few respectable stores. A new "hotel" had just been completed, with accommodation for five hundred people or more, counting twelve to a room. It was really quite interesting. The site of the city is very



RESIDENTIAL STREET IN KETCHIKAN.

picturesque, and docks built by the railway are finer than those in most seaport towns.

Thursday.—We woke to find ourselves in Alaskan waters. Ketchikan was reached about ten o'clock. Everybody scrambled off and made for the falls, about ten minutes' walk from the wharf. It was lovely up along the gorge, and all the kodaks were busy taking pictures, while eager hands were picking bunches of blueberries, salmon berries, ferns and pretty wild flowers, of which there was an abundance. There is a rambling

sort of water-fall right in the town, and in season it is a wonderful sight to see the salmon "running" there. At the sound of the whistle we scurried back to the boat, snapping a few stray totem poles on the way.

After dinner we came into Wrangle, and as it was too dark to see anything else, we busied ourselves with looking at Indian baskets. All these funny little places are brilliantly lighted by electricity, which seems to intensify the blackness of the overshadowing mountains.

Friday.—A stop was made at some place in the wee small hours of the morning, and at 9 o'clock a cannery settlement, Petersberg, was reached, at the upper end of Wrangle Narrows. We turned a corner and got out into a large lake effect. Here, three glaciers put in an appearance, and a little later, the Devil's Thumb showed up. This is a shaft of mountain in the shape of a thumb, standing up above the surrounding mountains. The resemblance is quite noticeable. All day we were kept busy looking at glaciers, spouting whales, blackfish, and porpoises. We passed a couple of pretty, white lighthouses, threw some provisions to a man in a small boat, and sailed into Treadwell about 6.15 p.m. The three places, Treadwell, Douglas City and Juneau, looked so picturesque as we steamed towards them. The sun was shining full on Juneau, and peeking down over a mountain at the other two places. We got off to investigate the mines, and climbed up a steep hill to look down into the big hole in the mountain, where the men look like so many flies on a wall. Then we went into the stamp mill. Never go in there if you don't wish to be driven to madness. It's simply awful! I mean the noise, you know, but since it is the largest of its kind in the world, that need not have surprised us. We walked over to Douglas, about a mile, and waited there for the boat, which, much to our discomfort,—it was chilly—didn't come until 9.30 p.m. True, the sun didn't go down until 9.15, but the air was cold and the ground damp from a recent and very heavy rain. It was quite dark by the time we got across to Juneau, so we amused ourselves in the curio shops. Juneau is the capital city of Alaska, and one of the prettiest towns all along the coast, tucked in at the foot of a huge mossy mountain that has little silver streams falling down all over it.

Saturday was another fine day with a stiff breeze blowing. About ten o'clock, we tied up at Fort Seward, of which we approved, the buildings were so nice and orderly and new. It is a newly stationed garrison, and is built on a gentle slope topped by a huge water tank. Haines is a funny little place about a mile along the beach, with a rickety wharf that won't allow boats to tie themselves to it.

Just after lunch we steamed into Skaguay, the most northern point we were to visit. It is a scatterbrained-looking affair,



GREEK CHURCH IN SITKA.

spread out over the flats, in between two mountains that are backed up by many other mountains, and they seem to be pushing the poor little town off the earth into the sea. The houses are very humble in appearance, but the flower and vegetable gardens are the pride of the citizens and the surprise of visitors. The main street leads into the mountains and to the

rich land beyond, the yellow Yukon. Taking the special train provided for tourists, we went up as far as White Pass Summit. The train climbs up the mountains for twenty-six miles on a four per cent. grade. The old Yukon trail follows the valley up to the Pass, very much like the Cariboo trail in the Fraser Valley. We looked down on White Pass City, or the one or two log huts that remain, where once three thousand people rested on their weary way into the land of gold. Just there, the trail turns to the left up Dead Horse Gulch. Seventeen hundred horses are said to have lost their lives and their owner's packs during the rush. At the summit the first thing the Canadians did was to salute the Union Jack. It had become monotonous seeing nothing but stars and stripes. We climbed a small hill overlooking the Pass, and engaged in a friendly snowball fight until our fingers tingled and our heads grew light from the height of the battle-ground.

Sunday.—The run from Skaguay to Sitka is full of danger and delight. Danger, because of the narrow channels in some places, and delight in the beauty of the little islands and reefs, and all green and living nature. We got into port at high noon. The Greek church is the most interesting of the sights, being a relic of the old Russian days on this side of the water. It was established in 1812, but the present church was built in the thirties. The exterior is very simple and the inside as plain, but the paintings and carvings are beautiful. We paid toll at the door to a lame girl, who also looks after parcels and gentlemen's hats, which are not allowed to enter. There are no seats in the church. Directly in front of the door is the altar, but behind a double carved door. The walls are lined with beautiful paintings, many of them brought over from Russia for the old church. In a room to the left is the most beautiful and best known of their paintings, a Madonna and Child. It was brought over in 1812 or 1814, and is still as well preserved and delicately tinted as the day it was painted. Being but an ordinary creature with no idea of art, except a few original ones of my very own, I shall not attempt to picture to you its beauties, but will leave everything to your more vivid imaginations.

Unfortunately it was Sunday, and visitors were not allowed to enter the museum and Russian curio shops. Indians were lined up along the street from the wharf selling their wares and making themselves as agreeable as possible. Some of them are the funniest-looking creatures, all wrinkles and toothless gums, but there are many fine-looking young girls. The baskets there were the finest, the prettiest, and the most reasonable in price, that I have ever seen.

From Sitka we started on the homeward run, and were to call at Sitka Bay that evening, and next morning, to get as close as possible to Taku glacier. It was but seven o'clock when we first sighted it, and everyone was so anxious to see the sights that breakfast was delayed an hour or so. The cold, frosty morning air was beautiful, but rather strenuous for July. Luckily, our eyes were so busy looking and wondering at the different icebergs as we sailed by, that all else was forgotten for the time being. I knew icebergs were blue to a certain extent, but I opened my eyes very wide at the intensity of color in these. It was as though all the blue of the skys were concentrated in one little bit of ice, and the dazzling white edges kept it within bounds. It was wonderful. I don't know the height of the face of the glacier, but think it to be about twenty or thirty feet. There is a pretty legend about this glacier, as there is about nearly everything in that northland, but "that," as Kipling says, "is another story."

The Union Literary Society and the New Student

J. ARNUP, '09.

"I have no doubt that Students' Literary and Debating Societies have an immensely educative effect upon the student . . . By freedom of discussion and the necessity of sincere, straightforward expression and thinking quickly and to the point, his mental and moral faculties have great scope of exercise."—*President Falconer.*

ATTEENDANCE at college means not only a course, but a life, and one of the most important questions before the new student is that of his choice among the many activities of the college world. Upon that choice will depend, very largely, the meaning of college life to him and the distinctive features of that impress which a University course is bound to leave upon his character and life. The purpose of this article is to show that among many and varied attractions the Union Literary Society has a strong claim upon the time and resources of every college man.

What the President of our University thinks of such societies can be seen in part in the quotation given above. Whether the Literary Society of Victoria has measured up to this standard we may judge from the words of one of its charter members, Chancellor Burwash: "The Literary Society dates its commencement from the session of 1856-57, when a small society was formed of fifteen or twenty members, who met once a week for debate. . . . Since that time almost every man of note who has passed through our College halls has been a member of our Society, and hundreds have expressed to me their appreciation of the benefits derived from its work, . . . as a training school in public speaking and conduct of business meetings." These are strong words. They appear even stronger when we remember from whom they come and consider his fifty years' observation of the workings of the Lit.

Professor Langford, than who no member of our Faculty is in closer touch with student life, has this to say of our Society: "The interest most closely allied to the peculiarly college work is the Literary Society. In that each student may cultivate forensic talent, business ability and literary gifts, each one of which will help him in later life and may open to him his life's work. I do not think the students can prize their Literary

Society too highly." As a senior, Professor Langford was President of Lit. So were several other members of the Faculty in their time. All these men have "made good" in their chosen work, and all claim that the Lit. contributed to their success. Judging from their experience the new student might do worse than to enter for "that training which is worth more than any single course of lectures in the University."

From the undergraduate point of view, the first object of our Society is still "to promote student fellowship." At the Lit. we meet as college men, without respect to the year or the course in which each is registered. That means an opportunity for the new student to extend his acquaintanceship among men whom he might otherwise seldom or never meet. Such an opportunity is equally valuable to the new student and to the college. For in the give-and-take exercises of the Lit. there is developed that sense of comradeship which is essential to the cultivation of a good college spirit.

From the literary and business standpoint, mere attendance at Lit. is worth while, but by far the best use is to be made of the meetings by taking part at every suitable time. To quote President Falconer again, "as in all such matters, the man largely gets out of it what he puts into it." Besides inter-year debates and oratorical and literary competitions, there is the invaluable privilege of open debate on the ordinary business of the House. Here the Theolog. will find that mere dogmatic statement will not do; the future lawyer will learn that this jury of college men must have evidence and fair inference rather than fervid appeal; the man of business will be trained to expect results only from a strong, well-put business proposition. From this college forum men who were at first unable to piece together a dozen related sentences, have been sent out as finished platform and after-dinner speakers.

In addition to its distinctly literary work the Lit., as at present constituted, includes the functions of the former Alma Mater Society, and is thus for male students our one central and representative college society. A Lit. franchise means a college franchise. In this capacity also the Society maintains certain common conveniences, of which the men make daily use. Among these are the Common Rooms, the newspapers and magazines, the mail box and bulletin board, and Alumni Hall,

the use of which is freely granted for class receptions and other college functions. It follows that every time a man (new student or old) gets his mail, reads the papers, lounges in the Commons or meets our fair co-eds. at a reception, the Lit. is ministering to his wants. On the evidence of a worthy record, opportunities for recreation and development afforded to those taking part and the benefits conferred on the student body as a whole, the Lit. rests its case and bases its claim for student support.

The Advantages of the Woman's Literary Society

MISS I. A. WHITLAM.

GLANCING at the head-line of this article, I already see many shrug their shoulders and say: "That old hackneyed subject!" Still I do not think we can do better than present some of the benefits derived from our Women's Literary Society to the undergraduate students. It seems unfortunate that the true worth of the Society is seldom appreciated until several years after the student has passed out of our College halls, when its opportunities are beyond reach.

The meetings of the Literary Society provide a field for self-improvement. Here we learn something of speaking, listening, replying, and the methods of business procedure, which are useful to us every day of our lives. In no other phase of college life do we have this indispensable training. Certainly it is not in any course in the curriculum. The work of any college organization is to promote culture and to fit one to become a useful member of society. We claim that the Literary Society is a potent factor in the accomplishment of this purpose.

The general impression with the student is, that the acquirement of facts is education, since the more she imbibes and absorbs the better will be her results. Perhaps her examination results will be the better. But do we want women graduates who perhaps have a great fund of knowledge safely stored in the recesses of their minds, but who cannot transmit their ideas to others? Or who can do so only in a halting, confused manner? Of what use are they to society? They have perhaps the happy inward glow which the possession of knowledge brings, but the mission of life is not to one's self alone, but

more largely to one's fellows. To make the most of ourselves we must have clearness of expression. In the lecture room we learn what to master, in our study we master it. In the Literary Society we learn to put our thoughts into words, clearly, logically and fearlessly. Thus the student acquires keenness of thought, alertness of repartee and ease of expression.

The value of this Association is becoming more clearly recognized of late; in fact, some colleges have made it compulsory for every student to participate in the work of the Literary Society. "Women's meetings" are too often the object of much merriment,—not to say contempt—among business men, because of their deplorable lack of system, of dignity, and of ordinary business-like methods of procedure. Here, there is the apprehension of what organization is in work, the discernment of what is duty and what is uncalled for in the sharing of responsibility—good discipline for the work in the school-room or in the home. The very atmosphere of this Society is conducive to a womanly dignity, which is the admiration of all and for the possession of which every true woman strives.

In this Association the originality of the student is brought into play. The literary and musical programme frequently calls upon the individual for something from the line of work in which she is most at home. Moreover, the Society at large interests us in various topics which lead to further reading and consequently broadens our education.

It is a recognized fact that women are now coming forward to occupy prominent positions. Let us not debate as to whether or not we approve of this fact,—merely let us accept the matter as it stands. If they are to fill these positions, why not creditably and well? To these girls, as well as to those who labor in the classroom, the training of the Women's Literary Society is invaluable. Graduates have repeatedly stated that if they had not received the discipline provided in this Society, teaching would be infinitely more difficult.

By faithful attendance at our Society meetings we claim that all these benefits may be obtained. We hope to see them possessed by every undergraduate in our College, and we strongly urge every girl to avail herself of these privileges while they are within her reach.

*Vacation Echoes**The Quebec Tercentenary*

QUAINT old Quebec! From her lofty height, overlooking the blue sweep of the St. Lawrence, the ancient city gazes peacefully forth from her frowning ramparts. Age has not lessened the pride of her strength. On the contrary, although three centuries have elapsed since the lilies of France were first planted upon her soil, civilization has but emphasized her character as a veritable "Herculean Gate," for truly, Quebec stands as the gateway to a new world.

Yet, as one writer has said, no city of the new world has kept so much of the charm of the old. And it was this indescribable charm, "this vague memory of an adventurous, glittering past, this placid contentment with the tranquil grayness of the present" that, in the visitor's opinion, accorded to the Tercentenary its peculiar grace.

What a delight it was to wander along the narrow, winding streets of the lower town! This is the oldest part of Quebec, and here, in the cool of evening, women gossip with their neighbors on opposite doorsteps. Only a tiny strip of cracked stone pavement divides them, while each tall house seems to be perpetually bowing to its vis-a-vis across the street. Still it winds on, ever twisting and turning, finally ending in a long flight of ancient-looking steps, from which we step down to another and similar street.

Everything seems tinged with historic interest. Here one is attracted to the "House of the Golden Dog," made so justly famous by William Kirby's picturesque novel. In St. Louis street, one of the most ancient in the city, the house where Montcalm lived, is pointed out, a small and unpretentious building of rough plaster.

Now for the celebration—the military parade and the State pageants. The former was of such a nature as to stir up the patriotism of every British subject, while the latter were so varied and beautiful as to linger in the memory forever. They were enacted upon the world-famous Plains of Abraham, along the banks of the St. Lawrence and within the shelter of a magnificent forest.

One of the most striking scenes of the panorama was the first pageant, which depicted the landing of Cartier and his welcome by the Indians. In the distance one caught a glimpse of the white tents of the historic village of Stadacona, clearly outlined against the exquisitely tinted green of the wooded background. At the doorway of one of these wigwams an Indian was standing, gazing out over the serene river. He stood as a representative of a race that was doomed to pass away, and this striking feature of the tableau cannot easily be forgotten. Soon he saw the strange sail, and rushed to tell his comrades in the village.

The second and third pageants were perhaps the most magnificent. The gardens of Fontainebleau rose before the eye; and there, riding up through the shadowy green vistas, attended by musicians, satyrs and flower maidens, came gay King Francis I. with his Queen and Court retinue. They were accosted by Cartier, with his sailors and the dusky chiefs from the far-away wilds of Canada. An elaborate greeting took place, including a speech by one of the chiefs in his native language.

The scene of the third pageant was also at the French court, depicting Samuel de Champlain accepting the call of the Western world. As we beheld that fairy-like scene, the costumes a veritable flower garden of rainbow hues, courtiers and court ladies dressed in their quaint and elaborate seventeenth century garb, modern Canada seemed to recede into the dim past and we lived once more amid the grandeur and vivacity of the luminous French regimes.

E. K. G. '10.

In Camp at Quebec

As all our readers know, one feature of the Tercentenary celebration at Quebec, in July last, was the great military review of over 20,000 troops by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Naturally, there had to be a short camp and some drilling to prepare the rural corps for this great event, for every Eastern Canada regiment was represented by at least one company. The city corps, as a rule, mustered over strength, and made a fine showing, those beyond the required number coming, of course, at their own expense.

I did not go to camp with an Infantry corps, but with the Cobourg Garrison Artillery, the only garrison artillery in Ontario, and one of the best in Canada. Of the nineteen Canadian heavy batteries, only five were sent, two from Montreal, two from St. John, and one from Cobourg.

We entrained at Cobourg at 10 o'clock on Sunday morning, July 19th, and arrived at Levis, across the river from Quebec, about 6 a.m. Monday. So it was a rather "seedy" crowd that turned out to ferry across the river and march some four miles into camp, after a sleepless, noisy night in ordinary day coaches. Many complained that carriages should have been



VIEW OF TENTED QUEBEC.

sent down for such a distinguished corps as the Cobourg Battery. They little knew what was in store for them.

On Thursday, after two days' hard, preparatory drill, some 12,000 troops were reviewed on the Plains of Abraham, by General Otter, as a rehearsal for the Royal Review on the morrow. For those in the Savard camp, where we were, this meant a march of some seventeen or eighteen miles. It gave us some taste of what real campaigning would be like, and even then we were not in heavy marching order. Several men from some of the city regiments near us dropped out, overcome by heat and fatigue. Strange to say, it was not the long march

that was killing, hard as it was, but the long wait under the broiling sun, absolutely inactive, and practically without water.

Every morning we were supposed to rise at 5.30, but in our tent, at least, it was all supposition. Some one would stir up the tent orderly to turn out and get the breakfast from the cook-tent at about 7.30, and we would eat what we could, any way we could. Then there was a scramble to get dressed, and the tent cleaned and rolled before morning parade, which lasted from 9 till 12; then dinner at 12.15, afternoon parade from 2 till 4.30, supper at 5, and the evening to ourselves. We had practically all Monday, and on Thursday and Friday, the review days, almost the whole afternoon for sight-seeing. Most of us managed to see all there was to be seen, from Wolfe's Cove and Sillery to Ste. Anne de Beaupré and Montmorency, and all Quebec city, from the lower town to the citadel and the Plains of Abraham. Some of us even sacrificed our supper to see the pageants.

The food was good and the cooking was first-class. As I found out when "cook's devil" for two days, both were the best I have ever seen at a militia camp, but the way it was served up was simply disgusting. When you have good soup, prime beef, fine potatoes, and beans to match, sometimes even the bread, all dumped promiscuously into one tin pail, with lots of grease for dressing, only hungry soldiers can down it. Still the camp was a model one in some respects. For cleanliness it would have put many housewives to shame. And a clever scheme for destroying all garbage and refuse, not only made the camp a most healthy one, but got rid of the flies as well.

Although it meant much hard work, it was a very pleasant week, and passed all too soon for most of the 20,000 men under canvas.—J. E. H., '09.

"Stung" in a Land Rush

Land-hunger,—the desire to experience the kingly feeling associated with the ownership of land—is common to all mortals, but it is only in the Canadian West that this desire often becomes intensified into a passion, seemingly insatiable. The victim of land fever thinks and talks of nothing but land. To be able to stand in the centre of a large area, and pointing to the

east, to the west, to the north and to the south, to say "All mine!" This is the great dream of his life.

I know whereof I speak, for have I not experienced the sensation? I need not stop to explain the circumstances whereby large areas of land, which had hitherto been withheld from settlement were thrown open. Suffice it to say that to one who had never owned a foot of soil in his life save what he carried about on his boots, it seemed a wonderful opportunity. Even in my sleep, "free homestead," "pre-emptions," "purchased claims," and all the other technicalities of Oliver's famous amendments mingled themselves in one long, troublous but fascinating nightmare.

Thus it was that I, on the eve of the day upon which the land was to be thrown open, found myself one of a crowd of five hundred, a crowd motley in garb, in age, and in nationality, one such as may be met with nowhere save in this cosmopolitan West. The pile of beer bottles all along the line reminded me forcibly that I was indeed in the "dry" belt.

We spent the night upon the cold pavement, unprotected against the chill night air save by a fraction of a blanket. At 9 a.m. the land office opened, but our turn had not yet arrived when it closed at 5 p.m. Resignedly we were preparing to spend another night upon the sidewalk when the good and officious Samaritan arrived with tickets bearing the number of our place in the line. We unsophisticated ones gladly gave him a quarter, took the tickets, and for that night rested our weary limbs upon beds of down. When we presented our bits of paste-board next morning, however, we found an officer of the R.N.W. M.P. on duty, who refused to recognize their authenticity, and with heartless severity relegated the "easy marks" to the end of the line.

From more than a literal point of view this was a serious set-back. Our dreams of becoming landed Moguls began to fade perceptibly. Rumours began to circulate that many who had attempted to make entry on the previous day had been compelled to make an inglorious and landless exit via the back door. We heard also of a "new interpretation" of the regulations, which had arrived at the eleventh hour from Ottawa,—an interpretation which "shut out" novitiates and left the

old settler master of the situation. Some ingenious minds connected this new turn of affairs with an approaching general election, but this seems to me an uncharitable construction to put upon it, and one worthy only of a disappointed Philistine.

I held grimly on till noon. Then, when a burly Swede, with a locator's description in his hand, offered me five dollars for my place in the line, I snapped at the chance of beating an honorable retreat. Saddling my broncho, I pensively wound my way homeward along the snaky stretches of the trail.

G. B., '09.

Lagooning and Wriggling

To many who cannot get far away from Toronto in the hot summer months, the Island makes an irresistible appeal. While it has nearly all the conveniences of the city, it is free from its roar and bustle; in fact, there is a charming air of remoteness about it, especially on the southern shore. Boating, bathing, promenading along the breakwater, lighting bonfires on the beach on cool evenings, are all amusements indulged in by the cottagers.

It is particularly delightful to step into a canoe in the evening and recline among cushions while someone paddles you around the lagoons. These glassy sheets of water are most beautiful, and by some witchery in the scene you are enticed on to follow their endless ramblings. Some evenings this summer were really magnificent when the moon was just rising above the eastern gap, and casting its long beams into the dark recesses where the electric light could not penetrate. Floating down the lagoon and out towards the bay, the noise of the paddle almost imperceptible, and the lights from the city twinkling across the water, it seemed like a veritable fairy land. The beautiful crescent moon lit up the dark blue sky, and against it were clearly silhouetted the graceful branches of the many willows in the park.

Perhaps a recital of my first efforts in learning to swim may be of some practical benefit to beginners. Having made a firm resolution to acquire this useful art, I sought the beach early one morning and gave myself my first lesson. Of course I knew *how* to swim—every beginner does. I was very independent; I would have no help from anyone, and scorned to

use water wings, of such assistance to beginners. Remaining quite near the shore I placed one hand on the sandy bottom, and allowing my body to rest on the water, gently wriggled my limbs in a graceful frog-like fashion. In this I was quite successful; then, with one foot keeping me from sinking, I tried a similar movement with my arms. Quite pleased with my efforts, I ducked my head under water as a preliminary to the repeated duckings I was sure I would get when I should try the two movements together. I went back to the cottage quite happy, though I was deaf for about an hour, until some water, which had stubbornly stayed in my ear, trickled out.

Next morning I sought the beach again and plunged into the water with great courage. Alas! my practised movements of the day before became sadly tangled. Becoming excited at the thought of the wonderful feat I was attempting to perform, I waved arms and legs wildly, only succeeding in churning up the water, and in sinking to the bottom. Having regained my feet I emerged puffing, panting and rubbing the water from my eyes and ears. I thereupon decreed my swimming lesson over for the day. However, not yet daunted, on the morrow I tried again more coolly and calmly, and this time, having ventured into somewhat deeper water, succeeded, much to my delight, in swimming several strokes. I almost wished to be on a sinking vessel that I might demonstrate how necessary it is to have mastered the art of swimming.

R. C. H., '11.

Mazeppa : A Horse Tale

Once Mazeppa had been a horse, but that time was far, far away. Often as I have gazed into his eyes, he has lifted his head a little higher, as if stirred by the embers of an ancient fire; and I have imagined that if he could he would tell of carrying Napoleon over the Alps, or dragging the chariot of Hannibal. But to horses it is not given to boast of former glories.

Poor old Mazeppa! those who knew not of his early triumphs had assigned him the menial task of dragging a cart which transferred baggage up and down a long hill between the ferry and the depot. He was ashamed of his vocation, and when the

boat would whistle I have seen him dodge behind a rock and hide; but the eagle eye of the driver knew where to look, and Mazeppa would be dragged forth, his bones creaking like a hot-box, his whole body swaying like a poorly erected house of blocks. His ribs extended like those of a Viking ship that had been buried for ages. His neck was peculiarly elastic, and could be stretched completely around a telegraph pole to reach a blade of grass, while at the sight of a "forsaken oat" all work was abandoned.

One day a lovely Southern girl and her papa arrived on the boat. She had those large soft blue eyes which seem to gaze in wonderment on everything. Especially did they do so when they rested on Mazeppa and his cart. The hill looked long and sandy, and after silently gazing at her tan slippers, and a long glance at the cart, she decided. With one quick leap she was seated, the tan slippers dangling derision at deep hot sand. Mazeppa had an inward impression that something was happening, and with one supreme creak his head swung around, one large sleepy eye gazing over the blinker. For one instant it remained sleepily fixed on the baggage, then it flashed fire, the head became erect, the old crooked legs straightened. No more was he a transfer horse; he was back in the Reign of Terror. Marie Antoinette was taking her last ride. As he marched up the hill with stately tread I could hear the blood-curdling yells of the French mob, "*Vive la République!*" One thing was lacking: Marie didn't take the situation quite seriously enough. Her happy smile made a difference of over one hundred years, but Mazeppa couldn't see that.

C. M. W., '08.

A Homily

"K. C." '11.

AS those who spent the whole of last year in receiving certain well-seasoned bits of advice are therefore competent to pass on the same, with, perhaps, a little more seasoning, there are a few points on which we would like to instruct the members of the incoming class of Nineteen-twelve. You are starting upon your college course with varying ideas of what such a course means. To some the odor of the "midnight oil" and the vision of books, and learned treatises piled high in one memory-defying mass, may be the first thing suggested, while others, whose prevailing motto is, "Be a sport!" consider, perhaps, inter-collegiate leagues and rugby trophies of prime importance. The more socially minded, no doubt, will enjoy the glamor of receptions and social functions which hang over old Victoria, whereas a few benighted individuals, growing less in number each year, are deeply imbued with the notion that Victoria is more or less of a theological seminary, and that most of our time is spent in attending religious meetings. We could do without none of these things, and anyone who will redeem our reputation in athletic circles, bring fresh interest to our receptions, or give new zest to our Association gatherings will be eagerly welcomed. But, of course, it becometh the superior wisdom of a senior year gently to urge burning perchance half a lamp of the evil-smelling oil and delving a little into the mysteries stored up in those uninviting tomes. For most of us shrink so from the bare insinuation of being styled a "plug," that by May "when those who are good shall be happy," we have shrunk far enough from the required percent. to necessitate our coming to college a little earlier in September than we had intended, or even to oblige us to join the ranks of the year we had hopefully aspired to "Bob."

To descend to the more frivolous details of academic life, there are so many ways in which we would like you to profit by our experience. For instance, in the matter of receptions, it is very disconcerting to put down "b.t." opposite a name to indicate "black tie" only to find, when the appointed moment

arrives, that the number of promenaders wearing the aforementioned style of neck gear has greatly increased. The amount of cheerfulness with which a promenade card is yielded up, you will find, varies directly as the personal attractions of the proposed partner. When the last quantity diminishes indefinitely until it approaches as nearly as possible to zero, said card frequently neglects to change hands. Such circumstances, however, are apt to lead to confusion if you find too soon afterwards that there are promenades left for some one else.

The frequency of class-meetings is a particular characteristic of the first year. These are not, as you may have imagined, of the old-fashioned kind peculiar to Methodism. Experiences of a vastly different order, such as unexpected cab-rides, are related with great feeling and gusto. Freshmen class-meetings are distinguished by the unnecessary amount of "hubbub." It seems, as the President remarked, that they have not yet put away childish things. Oh, well, children will be children, but of course it is the duty of their natural guardians, the sophomores, to endeavor as best they may, to guide their infant footsteps in the paths of rectitude. For that matter, if any doubt arises as to the correct method of procedure, one of the stale freshmen are quite willing to supply the necessary information and dilate upon what "we did" last year. Indeed, they would occupy the floor all the time were it not for the insistence of the newcomers who, whatever their private theories may be as to the golden sheen of silence, have no intention of letting their valuable opinions remain unknown for lack of the telling.

There are many other suggestions we could throw out, as that every little inadvertence on the part of a professor does not merit the exercise of muscle which it usually seems to occasion, and that students' gowns are not a public convenience; but we know that they would fall on deaf ears, and that every succeeding year will be "greener, oh, greener than ever before," and will continue to repeat the mistakes of their predecessors, despite all and sundry the warnings that are given them.

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Editorial

ACTA welcomes all Victoria's old students back again, and also has a particularly warm welcome for the students of the incoming year. Another eight months of college life is before us, and it is up to us to make the best of it. It behooves the members of the Freshman class particularly, to start in right. You will never have cause to regret registering at Victoria, for there, more than at any other college, a judicious mixture of intellectual, religious, physical and social life is obtained.

Rev. George Jackson, B.A.

An event in college life of more than local interest, and one which is by far the most important during the past few months, is Rev. George Jackson's acceptance of the chair in English Bible, at Victoria. The announcement of his appointment was commented upon editorially, and at some length in the leading dailies of the city, and the current number of the *British Weekly* expresses regret that he has decided to remain permanently in Canada. It is impossible, at this time, to estimate the significance to Canadian Methodism and to the University life in general, of the addition of Mr. Jackson to the Faculty of Victoria: but this much may be said with certainty, that his acceptance does credit to the Board of Regents, who

made the appointment, and brings them the gratitude of graduate and undergraduate alike. For, to quote the *Globe*: "Almost no man could be named in whom so many elements necessary to the task imposed on him are combined in such just measure."

Mr. Jackson is an Englishman. He was born in the town of Grimsby, Lincolnshire, in 1864, the second of eight children. When he was twelve years old his father died and his widowed mother, with her large family, was left in rather straightened circumstances. His early education was obtained at the public schools of his native town, and matriculating at sixteen, he went the following year to Redruth, a small mining town in Cornwall, to teach in a private school. Up to this time it had not occurred to him to preach, but while at Redruth, his pastor, a far-seeing man, asked him to fill a vacant pulpit one Sunday, and later, "to go on the plan."

He entered Richmond Theological College and, while pursuing his theological course, prepared himself by private study, for the bachelor's degree from the University of London, graduating in Arts in eighty-six. He offered for either home or foreign work, but did not qualify, physically, for the latter. After two years at Richmond, Mr. Jackson was taken from college to fill an appointment, Whalley, in the Clitheroe circuit, made vacant by death; to be thus deprived of his final year brought him much regret.

At that time, Edinburgh had but one Methodist Church, that in Nicolson Square. The church, founded in 1814, had made repeated attempts to establish a mission, which should do for West Edinburgh what old Nicolson Square was doing for the Methodists of the East side. But Methodism seems to have fared badly in Scotland and each attempt flickered out. Finally, in 1888, Rev. T. T. Lambert, then pastor of Nicolson Square, asked the British Conference to send him Rev. Mr. Jackson as assistant, and in the second year of his ministry, when barely twenty-four, Mr. Jackson began his work in the city with which his name as yet is chiefly associated.

His congregation numbered, at first, some sixty, meeting in Albert Hall, a shabby building on an obscure street, rented for the occasion, and used during the week as a second or third-

rate place of entertainment. Slowly the work grew. In June, 1890, thanks to the visitors at the International Exhibition, his congregations so outgrew Albert Hall, that the United Presbyterian Synod Hall, seating two thousand, was engaged for the Sunday evening services, with the intention of returning to the old Albert Hall at the close of the Exhibition. Synod Hall was never left, until a decade later, the congregation wearied of rented rooms.

In casting about for a home of their own, it became evident that Mr. Jackson had no patience with the practice which locates the fashionable church's mission on a back street, and which sends thither the torn hymn-books and worn-out wheezy harmony to do service there. Churches there were in Edinburgh, and good ones, with no need for more, but there was room for Mr. Jackson's mission, and if he was to father the scheme, the mission home they should build must be no common one. With the faith that removes mountains he persuaded his people to launch upon a scheme, which if they had known the outcome at the outset, would have staggered them. The result was the erection of the Edinburgh Wesleyan Methodist Mission Hall, Tollcross, at a cost of a quarter-million dollars. At the dedication in 1901, the *British Monthly* says: "No other church in the city is so thoroughly equipped. . . . It is no disparagement of the Wesleyan denomination to say that the success of this effort is due rather to the energy and personal popularity of Mr. Jackson than to its connection with the particular religious body to which he belongs."

Space forbids description of the mission. Suffice it to say that in the new commodious home with the consequent sense of permanence in the location, the work progressed more satisfactorily, and soon the seating capacity of Tollcross, too, was taxed to the utmost.

Having become so integral a part of the institution which had grown up about him, it is little wonder that Mr. Jackson broke down; he could find rest only away from Edinburgh. Two years ago, accepting the call to Sherbourne Street Church, he came to Toronto in the hope that the change would benefit his health, but with the explicit understanding that when his one pastorate should close he was to return, not to Edinburgh, for

his ministry there was closed definitely, but to the British Conference, to seek another appointment, overtures for settlement in which were not wanting.

In entering upon his work in Sherbourne Street Church, he undertook a difficult task; his reputation had preceded him, and it is not too much to say, now, that while there he has added to it. Both summers he has returned to the Old Land to be present at his Conference, coming back each time after reiterated assurances to his British friends that he would surely return to his own first love. But with the call to Victoria a new element entered. Mr. Jackson had remarked that no professoriate appealed to him but the chair in English Bible. The call has come. Regretfully he turns his back on the work to which he had hoped to return, renouncing the sympathy which, as pastor, he has, to give himself to college work. There is about his preaching a certain virility and a power to relate religious truth to practical life that fit him pre-eminently for his task. The moral coward squirms under his unflinching analysis of motive and conduct, and when he reads Amos, the literary and historical facts only serve him to press home the prophet's message to us of to-day. This characteristic manliness and the peculiar touch of life, coupled with his intellectual acumen and literary culture, qualify him as few men are, to give to the hundreds of students—arts and theological—who will sit in his classes, the much needed direction to their religious thinking in these days of theological restatement.



Should the Bob be Abolished?

A good many people, including an increasingly large number of undergraduates, believe that it should. Those who have watched carefully the Bobs of the last three years, have seen the wisdom of the Faculty when they restricted the time for its preparation to two weeks, knowing that in a very few years it would, inevitably, die a natural death. The Bob is a custom as unique as it is historic, but its day, as it at present exists, is past. It is doomed—or doomed to reformation.

There are several and cogent reasons for its reformation or decease. In the first place, the Bob fosters rather than prevents the hustles and scraps which it is supposed to replace. Three

years ago, during the six weeks' preparation, the only thing that prevented scraps was the distinct understanding that any such conflict between the first and second years would kill the Bob. Two years ago the same feeling prevailed, but it was only by a vote of 21 to 20 that the Freshmen decided to remain quiescent, and this was more than made up for by a couple of good-sized scraps in the spring, inside the college halls. Last year the same thing occurred, and was only quelled by the presence of the Chancellor himself. In this year, the senior classes also took part, it is regrettable to state, but it is not the purpose of this article to discuss the ethics of "tapping," and this fall there was a fair-sized scrap in the wee sma' hours of the morning, in which about fifteen Freshmen and thirty Sophomores indulged. There is little doubt but that there will be further scraps next March if '12 elects a Bob committee.

A second reason is the serious interference which the Bob has with lectures in the case of a majority of the first and second year students. When the Sophomores took six or seven weeks to prepare their Bob, a few lectures were missed, but the bulk of the Bob work could be done in the afternoon and evening. As it is now, lectures are sedulously avoided altogether by most of the members of the Bob and anti-Bob committees. Several do not even register till the third week of college, and to start so late in the Academic year is a serious handicap.

Thirdly, the Bob has lost its original character. It is primarily an institution which will show off on the stage the foibles, weaknesses and idiosyncrasies of the verdant first year students, with the avowed purpose of doing it in such a manner that the Freshmen will be led to correct these faults. But no one can deny that no such purpose exists with the present Bob. It is brought on in such a short time that very little accurate impression of the weaknesses of any Freshman can be gathered from his sojourn at college. Nearly all the material reproduced on the stage is that which has been gathered from his life previous to attending college, and as such is likely to be seriously exaggerated and distorted. That is not the purpose of the Bob, to rake up past memories, some of which should have been relegated to oblivion half a dozen years before.

In the fourth place, it is a physical and mental impossibility to get up a good Bob in the short space of two weeks.

The last three Bobs have been as good, we will admit, as can be gotten up in a fortnight, but they fall far short of the majority of the Bobs from that of the Century Class to that given by '08. There has also been an unmistakable tendency during the last two years to fill in recognized weak places with a plethora of sentimental slush, and this is a feature most certainly not to be desired. It is but another proof of the degeneracy of the Bob.

Another important reason for the abolition of the Bob is the serious way in which rugby practice, and concomitantly our aspirations for the Mulock Cup, are interfered with. It puts the rugby team back seriously to have the first two weeks' practice interfered with as it has been this year. By the third week we should have had several good practice games, whereas, this year, at the commencement of the third week rugby practices were really just commencing.

The question of what shall be substituted for the Bob may be treated in a later issue, lack of space preventing it in this number.



Student Support

Since 1899 ACTA has held an unique place in Canadian college journalism, and it will be the constant aim of the staff guiding the destinies of the monthly this year to maintain the reputation gained during the past decade. But to do this we need a great deal of assistance from the large body of graduates and undergraduates, more particularly the latter. It is the duty of the undergraduates of Victoria to help support their college magazine more than financially. Why be so bashful about your maiden efforts? In the majority of American colleges the editors are afflicted with a plethora of soulful utterances from overflowing pens, and have a quantity and quality of material to choose from that make many of the college organs across the line a distinct credit to amateur journalism. ACTA, so far, has been distinguished by the quality of its contents, but to get the majority of articles has been like trying to pull out an elephant's aching tooth with a piece of string attached to a swinging door. Whether or not you write anything yourself, help the Local and P. and E. editors in every

way possible, for their task is an onerous one and they need your assistance. We don't want Locals to be a record of the sayings and doings of a limited circle, confined principally to the friends of the local editors, but to be broader and more comprehensive than they have been heretofore.



The change in our contemporary, *Varsity*, from a weekly to a semi-weekly, and from a magazine to a newspaper, is a noteworthy one. "Varsity" is now issued every Tuesday and Friday morning, and each issue contains bright, up-to-date news in a crisp and interesting form. Once a month a literary supplement is issued. The new venture is worthy of the support of the students of the whole University, and we do not hesitate in advising the students of Victoria to subscribe for what is so essentially a newspaper.



This month's ACTA is written entirely by students registered at Victoria, and as such is more or less in the nature of an experiment. Any criticisms from graduates or undergraduates will be favorably received by any members of the Editorial Board.

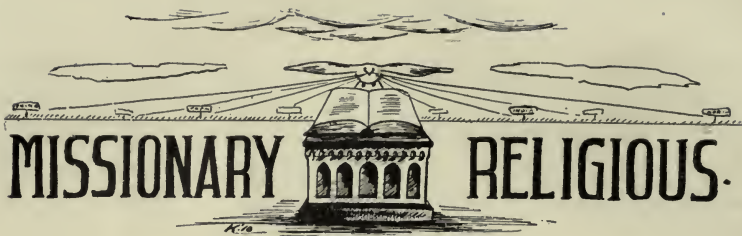


Literary Competitions

We wish to direct the attention of our readers to the annual essay and short story competitions. The same conditions and requirements will obtain as last year, except that the final date on which articles will be received is January 10.

The essay competition, for which a prize of fifteen dollars is awarded by the Union Literary Society, is open to all undergraduates who are members of one of the Literary Societies and paid-up subscribers to ACTA. No person having once taken the prize is eligible to compete again. All articles submitted become the property of ACTA Board, and must be in the hands of the editor-in-chief by the end of the first week of the Easter term.

A prize of ten dollars will also be given for the best short story. The same conditions will hold, except that this competition is open to all. Further announcements will be made in November ACTA.



Silver Bay

MISS C. E. HEWITT, '09.

TO the women students entering college in the fourth year, Silver Bay has become a familiar name, and to those fortunate enough to have enjoyed its privileges, a most delightful remembrance. Every year there gathers on the shores of Lake George at the particular indentation known as Silver Bay, a company of college women who are interested in the work of the Young Women's Christian Association, and who consider it of sufficient importance to claim ten days of their vacation for conference discussions and planning. The Convention is an American institution, but a hearty invitation and welcome is annually extended to delegates from Canadian universities. This summer, Toronto was represented by sixteen women students, ten of whom came from Victoria College.

If space permitted, a description of the trip to Silver Bay, with its variations and historic points of interest, would be most charming. Still more fascinating would prove a word picture of Lake George, situated as it is, in the heart of the Adirondack Mountains, and reflecting the beauty of the forest-covered hills, from whose summits the mists rise in the morning sunshine like incense from some greenwood altar, while in the evening the creeping shadows bring promise of quiet and rest.

Over five hundred delegates assembled at the Conference this summer. So carefully had provision been made for classes and meetings, that every one soon felt interested in the arrangements, and eager for work; and let it not be doubted that work is an essential feature of such a gathering. Each morning was spent in attendance at various groups for Bible and Mission

study, as well as for discussion on student problems. An open meeting held in the auditorium, and addressed by some Conference worker, ended the session for the first part of the day. In the evening the auditorium was again filled, and another address given. At its close the delegations met separately to talk over the day's work, and to sum up its important points. The afternoons were devoted to amusements and recreations, necessary to the pleasure and profit of the Convention.

The most remarkable characteristic of the Silver Bay Conference is its missionary spirit. This year we had the privilege of listening to Mr. Ellis, a journalist, who was sent around the world some months ago to make a study of missions in the interests of the press. In his address, Mr. Ellis carried his audience with him, in imagination, on his tour. In every country he pointed out a growing restlessness among the people, which has been termed democracy, or the "zeit geist," or "the spirit of the age," but which Mr. Ellis called the "Spirit of the living God" working in men's hearts. "Individuals," he said, "are reaching out for God, though they know it not, just as the starving people of India, so near death's door, knew not that food alone could save them. God is preparing a force to meet the needs of those lands which are groping after Him." One of Mr. Ellis' most striking statements was: "The force of a consecrated womanhood is the maintaining strength of the missionary propaganda," and the elaboration of his subject went to prove the value of his words.

On various occasions many phases of the missionary problem were discussed; its successes were recounted and its failures conscientiously admitted. Different fields of missionary enterprise were brought to notice, and the presence of Miss Hill, on furlough from India, deepened the interest considerably in the work of that land.

One of the most helpful addresses of the Conference was given by Mr. Mott, on "The Secrets of Success and Failure in the Association." Mr. Robert E. Speer, who was also present, spoke on "Fear." His direct words will best convey an idea of his sincerity and earnestness: "Fear is our commonest sin, our dominant motive, our deepest shame." The appeal for moral courage through the victory of Love over Fear, which Mr.

Speer made in closing, was indeed thrilling to the audience whom he had held in undivided attention. The last address of the Conference was given by Bishop McDowell. No speaker was so generally beloved as he, or given such a whole-hearted and enthusiastic welcome. He spoke on the Christ-like God from the texts: "Show us the Father," and "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." The words with which he parted from us were most heart-searching and long-to-be-remembered: "May the Christ-like person arise in me and may those who have seen me behold the Christ image."

Niagara-on-the-Lake

C. SINCLAIR APPLGATH.

WHILE six thousand Canadian soldiers in annual camp at historic old Niagara-on-the-Lake sought to increase their efficiency in the tactics of bloodshed, and hollow echoes of flying bullets at the rifle ranges mingled with distant murmurs of martial music, an international gathering of over two hundred men met to study the interests of a greater Kingdom than Canada or the United States, and to swear allegiance to a greater man than Roosevelt and a greater King than Edward.

From Manitoba, Ontario, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Michigan, Western New York, and Virginia, representatives of over fifty colleges and universities gathered for ten days from June 19 to 28, under the auspices of the International Student Y.M.C.A., to discuss the claims of Jesus Christ upon the college man, and incidentally to enjoy one of the best summer outings imaginable.

The keynote of the Conference was the question: "How can a College man invest his *Life* so as to obtain the greatest returns?" and one of the best answers given was that by Bishop McDowell, of the M.E. Church: "To fit your own peculiarity into the world's need."

Men of outstanding success in their own life investments were present to instruct and guide by information and exhortation those who had not yet decided on their life work.

Some of these leaders were, our own beloved President Falconer; Robert E. Speer; Bishop McDowell; Rev. Dr. James Elliott, of Manitoba University; E. C. Mercer, of the Jerry McAuley Mission, in New York; Geo. Irving, editor of the *Inter-Collegian*; Dr. Garfield Williams, of London, England; Frederick Almy, Secretary of the Buffalo Charity Organization; Prof. J. E. McFadyen, of Knox College, and D. A. Budge, the father of Y.M.C.A. work in Canada, as well as several returned missionaries from the Orient. It would be impossible to give anything like an adequate account of the real work of the Conference; but a brief statement of how the hours of the day were spent may be of interest.

Breakfast at 6.30 was preceded each day by the morning watch—private Bible reading and prayer. At 7 o'clock, immediately after breakfast, Rev. Prof. Elliott conducted what, in the writer's opinion, was the best class of the day. In a remarkably clear, satisfying manner, he dealt with that greatest of all questions—the divinity of Jesus Christ. Free from all cant and prejudice, with an open mind and a love for the truth that was really contagious, by question and answer he brought us face to face with that matchless character in such a manner that some who had been burdened by intellectual doubt, or saw “as through a glass darkly,” had their feet planted firmly again upon the Church's one foundation, and from every heart there went up the homage, *My Lord and My God*.

Dr. Elliott was the most sought after man upon the grounds. Scarcely a moment of the whole Conference, except while lectures and classes were in session, but he was to be seen arm in arm with one of the boys, speaking so simply and yet so convincingly upon the ideal life.

At 8 o'clock the Conference was divided into various mission study classes, embracing all phases of mission work. A new feature this year was the study of the “Problem of the City,” under the direction of Mr. R. S. Wallace, of the Buffalo Charity Organization.

At 9 o'clock Bible study classes, and at 10 o'clock life work conferences were held.

At 11 o'clock each day a platform meeting was held which was attended by all. At these meetings inspiring addresses

were given by Robt. E. Speer; Bishop McDowell; Rev. Robt. Freeman, of Buffalo; President Falconer and others.

This meeting, held in a big tent among the pine trees and overlooking the lake, concluded the morning's programme.

The afternoons were given up to rest and recreation, including baseball, tennis, track events, bathing and boating. Many interesting sights were to be witnessed at the military camp just half a mile away.

After supper the men were again rallied for the life work meeting. And who can ever forget those gatherings? In the sunset hour each evening, over 200 men sat among the daisies which almost literally covered the ground upon the banks overlooking Lake Ontario's peaceful expanse. As we sat there half consciously watching the glorious golden sun being extinguished, as it were, in the bosom of the lake, and casting its dying rays of amber light about us, we listened to some of the most impressive words of the whole Conference. Each branch of professional Christian service found a noble advocate in these meetings. Mr. Speer appealed for men to give themselves to Foreign Mission work, Mr. Budge for the work of the Y.M.C.A., and Bishop McDowell for the ministry.

One of the speakers who made a profound impression upon the Conference was Mr. E. C. Mercer, late of the Jerry McAuley Mission, in New York. Mr. Mercer is a nephew of Ex-President Arthur, of the United States, and was brought up in the White House. He is a college graduate who went out into life without his character decision made. He began to drink and in a very short time found himself cut off from all respectable associates, sleeping on park benches and in Bowery missions. He was rescued through the Jerry McAuley Mission. Mr. Mercer, in a series of "Plain Talks," gave some astounding facts. One out of every five men who come into the Bowery Mission as a drunkard is a college graduate. One-third of the men applying for work at the Bowery Y.M.C.A. are college graduates. Sing Sing penitentiary averages nine per cent. college men.

Education does not make character. Unless a man has his life ideals definitely formed in the matter of character and decision for Christ before he leaves the college halls, the probability is that his life investment will prove a failure.



The Modern House

FEW people imagined that Edison, the wizard in retirement, would re-enter the commercial world as a builder of houses; not ordinary houses, it is true, but remarkable structures of solid concrete, and created in a single day by the use of a wonderful system of iron moulds. The invention of the concrete house is likely to prove one of Edison's most valuable gifts to mankind, and it has only been made possible by his invention of iron moulds. These are of three-quarter inch cast-iron, planed, nickle-plated, and polished inside. The different parts vary in size, some of the interior parts being but two feet square. Early in the morning these castings are taken to a vacant lot and clamped together with bolts, thus forming a house of iron with hollow walls.

The workmen now mix their concrete—one part cement, three parts sand, and three parts quarter-inch crushed stone—and a derrick raises the mixture to the top of the framework, which is complete from cellar to roof-tree, the various parts being held together by trusses and dowel-pins. The concrete is pumped into the top of the moulds continuously by compressed air, using two cylinders, and there must be no halt during this operation, or a disfiguring line will appear.

These queerest of builders keep pouring in their "house" until it overflows at the top. In twelve hours your home has been poured inside the iron frame—rooms, floors, stairs, window-casings, fire-places, mantels, and even the bath-tub, all moulded in one piece. In six days the iron frame is unbolted and removed; in another eight days the concrete is completely hardened and the house is ready for occupation.

Strips of wood around the edges of the floors to tack down the carpets, at the angles of the stairs for the stair carpets, and some more around the walls for the picture moulding, are put in place before the house is poured in. The tiling around the

fire-places and in the chimneys, the gas and water-pipes are also placed in the same way in the concrete walls. Stove and heating pipes are also cast with the walls, so there will be no plumber's bills.

Children may attack the banisters of a concrete house with an axe to their heart's content, and it won't hurt the banister at all. The house is fire-proof, water-proof, and vermin-proof. To ensure great strength, twisted iron rods are set in the body of the material.

The success of the moulded house will mark a revolution in American life and habits. It means that the man of moderate means will no longer have to pay rent. He will be able to purchase a small lot in the suburbs and put up a concrete house. "The poor man need no longer live in a box for a house," says Edison, "he can own a palace. Before next summer I will build a three-storey indestructible concrete house that a laboring man earning only \$1.50 a day can buy and run. It will be as artistic and comfortable as any Fifth Avenue mansion, and will be built in half a day. I have done this for the working man who is doing his best to bring up a family. I won't make a cent on it—I am leaving the patent open to anyone. Competing companies will spring up, each making a different style of house. My only condition in disposing of the right to a builder to erect these houses is that he uses good concrete."

Any type of architecture may be followed in making the original moulds, which cost from \$25,000 to \$30,000 the set. But then the plant is practically indestructible, and an infinite number of practically identical houses can be made from the same moulds, each house costing about \$1,000, and being big enough to accommodate three ordinary families. Edison's first moulded house will be built in the style of Francis I, and some of the cleverest architects in New York have contributed their ideas. It will be richly decorated with designs that would be prohibitive on account of their cost, were they in stone. It will have a cellar, and be three stories high, with nine rooms. It will have a frontage of twenty-five feet and be forty-five feet from front to rear. The walls will be twelve, ten and six inches thick. The interior will be handsomely ornamented, making no further decorative work necessary after the moulds are removed, but

tinting can be resorted to, if it be desired to heighten the interior effect. There will be elaborate chimney-pieces, and the roof will be moulded to imitate tiling, and can be painted to suit the owner's taste. There will also be absolutely no trouble from leaky roofs.

All the interior appliances will be cast with the house, and to clean the house all the housewife will have to do will be to remove the carpets and the furniture, and turn on the hose. The house will never need repair, and there will be no fire-insurance to pay,—for there will be nothing to burn. There will also, of course, be no danger from lightning. In certain districts almost enough sand will be taken from the excavation for the cellar to build the entire house.

The quarter-size model which Edison has built is in the Queen Anne style, with a high peaked, tiled roof, and a bay front, very suggestive of the houses on Riverdale Drive, New York. There are eleven rooms in this model, and its walls are simply frescoed. At his factory at Orange, N.J., Edison is making cast-iron moulds which will build thousands of concrete houses. The pipes for the steam-heating systems of these houses will be so well insulated that only one-quarter of the usual amount of coal will be necessary to heat the house thoroughly.—*The Technical World*.

A Camp Dodge

One great difficulty in a military camp, as at others, has always been getting rid of the garbage and refuse from kitchens and stables. At Quebec this difficulty was overcome in a novel, but perfectly satisfactory, therefore perfectly simple way. As it may prove of value to some of our readers who are accustomed to go camping in the summer, we will describe it.

First a couple of trenches were dug in the ground, about eight inches wide and ten deep, crossing each other in the centre at right angles, and each arm about four feet long. Right at the junction of these trenches, at the ground level, a large headless barrel was placed on end, a bottom being first formed of a dozen iron rods laid criss-cross. The barrel was then covered to the top by a mound of clay re-enforced with stones, at least ten inches thick at the top, and twenty at the bottom, the trenches being protected by flat stones, and a fire was lit

under the barrel to bake the incinerator, as it was called. Of course the barrel burnt away, but the clay baked hard and kept its shape. In building one, do not use limestone in its construction, or the stone will burn to lime, and crumble, ruining the structure. This actually happened to one at Kingston camp. Then the incinerator was filled with all sorts of garbage and a fire kindled underneath, the arrangement of four trenches securing a draft no matter which way the wind was blowing. If more draft was required, another barrel was set on top to act as a chimney. It was simply wonderful the way that simple contrivance, easily built in an hour, devoured all sorts of refuse. Bones, meat, scraps of all kinds, tin cans, bottles, even a large hound, everything disappeared. At Kingston they built one large enough to accommodate horses, and they disappeared also. It wasn't necessary to keep a fire under it after it got started; a light smoke curled up from it day and night, and the garbage kept sinking. Nor was it necessary to dry the stuff,—a pail of water wouldn't even thicken the smoke!

When one has been at other camps where no such method was used, and the garbage was left to collect in open pits in the ground, or was left to be collected periodically, and has seen several cases of typhoid, and has been eaten by myriads of flies, one learns to appreciate such a method of expeditiously getting rid of all refuse, and the flies and disease at the same time.

Wolf

The cry of "wolf" has been so often raised, that when the real wolf comes, he finds no preparations, little belief, and no welcome. The newspapers have for years been heralding color photography as about to arrive, nearly here, or actually accomplished, and in every case where there was any ground for the rumor, the process was found imperfect, difficult, expensive, or with some other objection which made it a process only for the scientist and the laboratory. When, therefore, it was stated that color photography had really arrived, by a process which anyone could control, with the camera used for ordinary work, and with materials which were to be bought in the open market; a process which requires absolutely no special apparatus, save one yellow screen, which needed but one exposure on one plate in an ordinary camera with the usual lens, and which rendered

colors not merely "nearly perfect" or "almost as good," but absolutely and perfectly true to nature, and that all this marvel could be bought for a few dollars; naturally, perhaps, nobody believed it. Nevertheless, it is all true. The house of Lumière, of France, has placed upon the market what they call their Autochrome plate. These plates render colors as colors, not as tones of monochrome.

The plates contain the experience and the colors; all that is asked of the user is correct exposure, the use of the yellow screen, and care in the dark-room handling of the plates. There is no fake about this story, no "ifs" and "buts," and there are absolutely no apologies to make for the results. But there are limitations to the process. From any given exposure but one result is obtained, as in the tintype process of long ago. This one result is a transparency on glass, to be viewed by looking through it, and as yet no prints on paper can be made from it—at least, not in colors, for the same process which produces the colors in the plate is not available. However, it is expected that this same company will soon place on the market paper to achieve this latter result as well. Yet, if there is only one result from any given exposure, it is a wonderful photograph, as beautiful as it is wonderful, and striking the unaccustomed observer dumb with admiration and amazement.

Of the possibilities of the new process, little need be said. Portraits made with this plate are so life-like that they seem to be stereoscopic. In every science,—of its value as a record of a thousand things that the present photography must miss because it misses color,—the imagination may run riot, and yet not overdo the matter. There is nothing which can be said too extravagant for the facts to bear out as to the beauty and the simplicity of the process, and there can be no doubt of the fact that this time, not only has the wolf come and barked at the sheep, but has actually arrived in their midst.

That it is but a step towards color photographs on paper is true enough, but colors in a transparency in one plate with one exposure, and with no complications, is a much bigger step from the usual monochrome photograph, than is the step from colored transparencies to colored paper prints.—Adapted from *Technical World Magazine* for March, 1908.



PERSONALS AND EXCHANGES

ACTA cordially extends greetings and her best wishes to all Victoria's graduates. We feel an interest in your success and hope that you may not entirely forget us, but lend an interest to these pages by co-operation as frequent as occasion affords. By this means, perhaps, you may still be able to remain in touch with many old-time associations and friends. We require all your assistance but feel that with it these pages will be made a success.

Personals

W. N. Courtice, B.A., '08, has gone down to Pennsylvania to preach the better way of living. His address is 15 Pine Avenue, Kane, Pa.

Carleton Stanley, formerly of '09, is travelling for the J. Henry Peters Company.

In the Strathroy High School are to be found two of Victoria's graduates; Miss Dafoe, B.A., '07, is teaching Moderns, while R. W. Hedley, B.A., '02, presides over the Mathematics.

F. H. Langford, B.A., '08, though taking some B.D. work, is making his headquarters this year down town in the Mission Rooms. He is taking the place of Mr. T. E. E. Shore while he is away on his tour round the world, visiting all the Mission stations.

Births

We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Stapleford upon the advent into their home of a son. "Ernie" will now have to administer to one more crying need and will study at first hand the primitive music of the human voice.

One of the first recollections of life in Victoria of the editor is of a message of condolence sent to Vic. Odium, '02, on the arrival of twins. The editor is in receipt of a marked copy of the *Nelson News*, in which the following is underlined: "Born, on September 22, to the wife of V. W. Odium, a son." ACTA congratulates Vic.

"Bill" Connolly is to be congratulated on the birth of a winsome baby girl.

Marriages

It has been said that troubles never come singly, but it is surprising the number of Victoria graduates who have passed over in blissful ignorance this venerable theorem that dates from the time when the paths of Adam and Eve crossed. Perhaps the unusually high sustained temperature of this summer had much to do in bringing some chronic cases to a head. Or it may be that Cupid finds his work much more congenial in warm weather and so has enlisted more than his usual number of recruits in the Ancient Order of Benedicts. To those who find their happiness thus duplicated ACTA extends the heartiest congratulations and best wishes for a very happy future.

FEAR—MASON—On September 23 the first break was made in the ranks of the '08 girl graduates, when Miss Pansy Julia Mason was married at her home, 659 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, to Mr. Samuel Lorne Fear, son of Rev. and Mrs. E. R. Fear, of Exeter. The ceremony was performed by Chancellor Burwash, assisted by the father of the groom. The bride, who was given away by her father, Dr. Wallace Mason, was attired in her graduation gown. The bridesmaid was Miss Lilian Mason, of Winnipeg, while Mr. J. P. Armer, of Toronto, assisted the groom. The Wedding March was played by Miss Beth McLean, of North Tonawonda, N.Y., and the wedding hymn, "Oh Perfect Love," was sung by Miss Helen C. Parlow, B.A., '08, to the accompaniment of Mr. Elmer Ley, B.A., '08. After an informal reception Mr. and Mrs. Fear left for their future home near Detroit.

BRECKEN—OVERLAND—At the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. George Overland, Erin, Ont., on September 1st, their daughter, Miss Vida M., was united in marriage to Rev. Egerton R. M. Brecken, B.A., '04, B.D. The Rev. G. T. Watts officiated. Mr. and Mrs. Brecken spent a couple of weeks visiting their relatives in Ontario, and then about the middle of the month left for the West by the lake route. They spent a week in the Rockies, and then, joining the outgoing party of missionaries, sailed from Vancouver on October 7.

BALL—HARRIS—On Wednesday, July 22, 1908, a pretty but quiet wedding took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs.

John Harris, Atha, Ont., when their only daughter, Miss Cora Mabel, became the wife of Mr. E. E. Ball, B.A., '06. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. W. Totten, pastor of Claremont Methodist Church, in the presence of only the immediate friends of the bride and groom. The bride was attended by her cousin, Miss Luella Hobbs, of Pickering, and Mr. Milton Harris, brother of the bride, was best man. After the honeymoon, the newly-married couple took up residence in Clinton, Ont., where Mr. Ball imparts knowledge in the Modern Languages to the students of the Collegiate Institute.

AUGER—SMITH—Our good lecturer, Mr. Auger, B.A., '02, now that his peregrinations are over, could not settle down alone. Early last month he was married to Miss Lillias Pearl Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Smith, of Cowan Avenue. Rev. Professor A. H. Reynar performed the ceremony. Miss Lola Smith, a sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid, while Mr. D. Armour, of Chicago, was groomsman.

THE marriage took place in Dunn Avenue Methodist Church, and both the church and the home of the bride's parents, where a reception was held afterwards, were decorated in crimson and gold, Victoria's colors. Later, Mr. and Mrs. Auger left by boat for a trip down through Montreal and Quebec.

FORD—SCOTT—At the Methodist parsonage in Vesta, Minn., on September 9th, Miss May Scott was married to Arthur R. Ford, B.A., '03, of the staff of the Winnipeg Telegram.

ALLIN—JOHNS—A pretty wedding took place at the home of Mr. E. A. Banbury, Wolseley, Sask., on September 3, when his cousin, Rev. A. E. Allin, was married to Miss C. M. Johns, of Clinton, Ont. Rev. G. H. Bennell tied the happy knot. After a few days, Mr. and Mrs. Allin left for Lloydminster, where Mr. Allin has charge of a pastorate.

ELSON—HOCKEY—A pleasant event took place on August 6, at Silverbank, near Tillsonburg, the summer home of Rev. J. E. Hockey, pastor of Dunnville Methodist Church, and Chairman of the Welland District, when his eldest daughter, Evelyn A., was united in marriage to Rev. Albert J. Elson, B.A., B.D., pastor of Paisley Memorial Church, Guelph. The bride's father, assisted by Rev. S. W. Holden, of Cape Town, performed the ceremony. H. W. Avison, '09, posed as grooms-

man, and Miss Muriel Hockey, '10, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid. Mr. and Mrs. Elson spent a couple of weeks in Muskoka, before going to Guelph.

TRIBBLE—HILL—At "Inglenook," Shelbourne, Ont., the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Palmer, Miss Ermina E. Hill, their granddaughter, was united in marriage to Mr. J. Norman Tribble, B.A., '07, of the Auditor-General's Department, Ottawa. Rev. B. R. Strangways performed the ceremony, while Miss Edna Hill, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid, and the office of groomsman was occupied by Mr. S. Beatty, M.A., of Newark, N.J. After a wedding breakfast the happy couple left for Toronto and Rochester and a few other places before returning to their new home at 149 Fourth Avenue, Ottawa.

PEARSON—COLLING—"Rugby Bob, '04," having safely concluded his college course without having been wounded by Cupid's arrow, returned to Victoria College in 1906-7 for a post-graduate course in Theology. But Cupid aimed at him this time, and his work was fatal. Mr. Pearson is to be congratulated on his success in carrying off one of Vic.'s fairest undergraduates, Miss Beulah Colling, '09.

At Drayton, Wednesday, September 16th, the marriage of Rev. Robert Pearson and Miss Beulah Colling, daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. Thomas Colling, was solemnized. Rev. Thomas Colling performed the ceremony, and the bride's uncle, Rev. Joseph Colling, gave her away.

Rev. Robert Pearson continues his work as assistant pastor with Mr. Kirby, First Methodist Church, Calgary, whither the bride and groom journey presently. ACTA and their many friends at Toronto University join in wishing them happiness and success.

GALLOWAY—McKINNON—At Singhampton, Ont., Rev. W. E. Galloway, B.A., '06, rounded out more fully his happy life when he married Isabella Mary, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Neil McKinnon. We feel now that Rev. Mr. Galloway will be able to do more efficient work in Sedgewick, Alta., where he is now located as parson.

HILES—VEALE—Another member of the class of '07 has manifested his superior wisdom by joining the sacred order of the benedicts. Rev. William L. Hiles, B.A., '07, will be accompanied to his new circuit, Bayfield, by a fair and highly-

accomplished daughter of the parsonage. At high noon, June 18, he was married to Mary Isabelle, daughter of Rev. John Veale, of Kirkton. The bride's father performed the ceremony.

BROOKS—SHERSON—Who would have dreamed that Rev. O. G. Brooks was not immune to the swift darts of wary little Cupid? Perhaps he did not know himself, but anyway he took unto himself a wife at the Methodist Mission House, White Whale Lake, when he was united in marriage to Miss Margaret Sherson, of Proton Station, Ont., by the Rev. W. E. S. James, M.A., B.D. Mr. and Mrs. Brooks take up the work on one of the difficult mission fields. Their address is Mewassin, Alta.

OLIVER—BOOK—Last Easter, at St. Annes, George Oliver, one of '10's superannuated members, set a lofty example to all followers in getting married. Miss Ona Book was the fortunate bride. At present George is very busy teaching the rising generation in Grimsby Park school house.

ALBERTSON—WEAVER—A marriage was celebrated on Saturday, Sept. 5, at the home of Mrs. John Weaver, in Hamilton, between her daughter, Georgia, and the Rev. Wilford B. Albertson, missionary to West China. Miss Fern Wood, of Orillia, was bridesmaid. Mr. Clinton J. Ford acted as best man, and the Rev. Dr. I. Tovell performed the ceremony.

QUIRMBACH—HARRIS—A quiet wedding took place at Cranfield House, Pape Avenue, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. William Harris, on September 1, when their daughter, Caroline Winnifred, was married to the Rev. Albert Quirnbach. The Rev. F. W. Fallis, of Woodgreen Tabernacle, performed the ceremony, assisted by the Rev. S. E. Marshall, of Berlin. The bride was attended by her sister, Margaret, Miss Elizabeth Quirnbach, sister of the groom, and three small nieces, Caroline Fluery, Leone Harris and Ruth Harris, while Mr. Paul Brecken was groomsman. Mr. and Mrs. Quirnbach left for China, where she and her husband will work under the Methodist Missionary Society.

MOORE—MORRIS—Teddy Moore, '07, has also joined the happy throng of benedicts, keeping to the letter the promise he made during the last year or so of his college life. The story of the event was told in one of the Stratford dailies, early in the summer, as follows: "On Thursday, June 18th, at the

home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Morris, Avondale Avenue, their daughter, Clara Winniford, was joined in wedlock to Edward James Moore, editor of the *Canadian Grocer*, Toronto. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Geo. F. Solton, pastor Central Methodist Church, in the presence of only the immediate relatives. After a brief honeymoon trip, Mr. and Mrs. Moore will reside in Toronto."

Deaths

We all join in deeply sympathizing with Miss E. L. Hildred, B.A., '08, upon the death of her sister, on April 7th last, in Woodstock, Ont.

Rev. David Wren, B.A., '07, has also our heartfelt sympathy in his sore bereavement. His father, Mr. George Wren, an esteemed resident and loyal Methodist, of Hensall, was called home, August 29.

The classmates and other personal friends of Mr. A. G. Stacey, M.A., will sincerely mourn the death of one of their most brilliant members. He graduated in 1902, with the highest standing in that year. He immediately entered the Civil Service at Ottawa, in the Surveyor-General's department. After securing his D.L.S. certificate he was sent to Athabasca, where he remained two years. In the spring of this year he took a contract to survey twenty-four townships in Alberta. In June, however, he was taken sick with typhoid fever, which carried him off on June 4th.

On September 1st the Rev. F. W. Thompson, B.A., crossed the bar. His death comes as a special loss to his wife and five children. The Hamilton Conference also, no doubt, will sadly miss such a promising young minister. He graduated in Arts and Theology from Victoria, in 1900, and has had charge of pastorates in Kenilworth, Perth, Bright, and Brantford, and was located in College Avenue Methodist Church, Woodstock, when he had to give up his work last March because of tubercular trouble. The funeral was held from his father's home at Ashgrove, where he passed away.

We also wish to express our sincerest sympathy for Mr. L. L. Lawrence, B.A., '07, upon the death of his mother, the wife of Rev. John Lawrence, at Walpole Island, on August 22nd, last.



Value of Athletics

COLLEGE spirit rests to a great extent upon athletics, and through it finds its most spontaneous expression. And as the freshman stage in the development of the college mind is the most favorable for the inculcation of this very inspiring spirit, it is therefore particularly incumbent upon every freshman who aspires to be a unit in the college whole to turn out regularly upon the campus and participate enthusiastically in the various sports. Of course, the students of graver years have acquired some little wisdom in their previous college life, and should require no admonition along this line.

We owe it to ourselves to keep our bodies in the finest possible condition, and college athletics can work wonders for us here. But more, a hearty interest in athletics lends a zest to our studies that can be derived nowhere else, and which the best of us cannot afford to be without. It is, as it were, the leaven of the whole lump of college life.



We join heartily in congratulating E. G. Saunders, B.A., '08, on being chosen captain of the University lacrosse team. In the brilliant successes which have been won in previous years for the Blue and White, Eddie has ever been a prominent figure, and we confidently expect from his leadership during the year another series of victories. We look on his election to this position with the more satisfaction, because, aside from his excellent record as a player, he has always stood for fair, clean, and honorable sport, and we have no doubt that the high reputation of the University in athletics will be well upheld by him. Besides holding a strong place in all college sports, especially Association football, Eddie has taken a high stand in both Victoria and 'Varsity tennis. During the coming year ACTA wishes

the popular captain both victory in the field and success in management.



Vic's hope of winning the Mulock Cup promises to be fulfilled this year. The rugby players have already had some good practices, and the men are rapidly getting into shape. There are some valuable and experienced players among the Freshmen, who will greatly strengthen the team. In past years lack of team work has seriously handicapped Vic., and this fall, in view of this fact, a second team has been organized, which should give the first team some hard practice. A few practice games with other teams before the commencement of the regular series would undoubtedly aid in fitting the team for the more strenuous games to follow.



Captain Vance is very enthusiastic over the prospects in Association football. There are several very promising candidates among the freshmen, and the team this year will be as strong, if not stronger, as ever before. But, as in other sports, practice is of infinite importance, and the men who are regularly at the practices are the only ones who can reasonably expect to make good. The one team which Vic. will enter should retain the laurels gained last year by again bringing the championship to Victoria.



The interest which has been taken in tennis this fall, is proof of the popularity of that game at Vic. In previous years, the old courts have been found inadequate for the large number of players, a difficulty which will be obviated to a great extent by the addition of the two new courts. The entries for the tennis tournament far exceed those of former years. G. Adams, the secretary of the club, has been very zealous in preparing the schedule, and in compelling all the players to run off the games as scheduled. There is also a decided impetus given to tennis by the gift of an inter-year tennis cup from C. F. Ward, '05. The aim of the inter-year competition is the creation of a strong college team to play University, Knox, and other col-

leges. The regulations which have been suggested by the donor are as follows:

I. Each year to have a team of four men (4 singles, 2 doubles).

II. Matches (1st year vs. 2nd year; 3rd year vs. 4th year, and winners vs. winners) to be played before October 31st.

III. A match to be arranged, if possible, between Victoria and University College (6 men team); the team to be chosen from players showing good form in the inter-year competition; a team committee to consist of (1) a member of the Faculty, (2) a graduate, (3) President of the Athletic Union, (4) President of the Tennis Club, (5) Tennis rep. on Athletic Union Executive.



To alley enthusiasts the new alley board will be a welcome sight. For the last few years the old board has been in such a dilapidated condition that it was an impossibility to have a good game of alley. The increased size of the board also provides room for two additional players, which will materially aid in overcoming the lack of accommodation which formerly was such a handicap. That Vic. has not had a winning team, has been attributed to the poor condition of the board, a reason which no longer is a valid one.



There were several entries in the recent tennis tournament at 'Varsity from Vic., most of whom acquitted themselves very creditably. Among those entered were Miss McLaren, Miss Spencer, Miss Denton, Miss Horning, Miss Graham and Messrs. McKenzie, Saunders, Hetherington, Willans, McCullough and Horning. Miss McLaren was very unfortunate in having to play the first game in the open event with Miss Lois Moyes, but she was more successful in the Lady Undergraduate series. McKenzie was defeated in the semi-finals of the open, while the rest were very successful.



Reg. Gundy, '11, and Jack Birnie, '11, have been elected captains of the rugby and hockey teams respectively.



The 36th Bob

“Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
 “To see oursil’ as ithers see us,
 “’T’wad frae mony a blunder free us,
 “And foolish notion.”

ON the evening of Friday, October 16th, Victoria’s unique function, the “Bob,” was presented for the thirty-sixth time. If any criticism were to be offered regarding the entertainment as a whole, it would be in reference to the



K. J. BEATON, *President.*

seeming spirit of levity which crept into the treatment of subjects which the general mind views more seriously. Of course the difficulty of bobbing theological students must be borne in mind. But apart from this, the sharpness of wit, and, in some cases, the keenness of perception shown in the portrayal of the individual characters, could not fail to elicit the praise and admiration of a highly-appreciative audience.

The Chairman, Rev. G. S. Faircloth, B.A., B.D., opened with a few pithy remarks.

In the first scene,

"Quo Vadis," prospective Freshmen presented their qualifications before a tribunal of justice, incidentally answering sundry charges of past misconduct, and in some cases outlining their brilliant future career.

The second scene, "Les Miserables," the Freshmen class-meeting, though not original, was exceedingly well executed. The scene had a peculiar interest for the Freshmen, who saw in it a faithful reproduction of their first meeting.



B. H. ROBINSON, *Secretary*.

The conventional faculty scene introduced some new elements. The initiation of Prof. De-Witt, with the energetic assistance of a real live goat, was interesting not only from the standpoint of the goat and the professor, but from the audience as well. The canonization of the retiring Professors, Drs. Bain, Burwash, and Reynar, as St. Nicotine, St. John and St. Morpheus, respectively, was another interesting feature.

The Restaurant scene afforded ample opportunity for the characteristic Irish maid to display her native wit; and many good hits were worked off on the Freshmen attracted thither by the elaborate menu. The close of the scene where the Freshmen President talked not only the individuals, but also the chairs out of the room, was a dramatic climax to a good scene.

The Freshettes, who hitherto had been merely onlookers, now began to "sit up and take notice," and blushed their

blushiest as the audience (through the medium of the Bob song) were taken into the confidence of their most cherished secrets. The song, which was sung in three sections, was the joint composition of C. M. Wright, B.A., R. E. S. Taylor, and B. H. Robinson, '11. The choruses, by the Bob Committee, were bright and catchy, and the three divisions of the song prevented its being tedious.

A new feature of the entertainment was the lantern-slides, snapshots of representative Freshmen in their characteristic moods.



E. J. PRATT, *Treasurer.*

The last scene, "Love's Labor Lost," was undoubtedly the strongest. Purgatorial regions were represented in a most realistic style, and the punishments meted out to the various offenders, were well adapted to their several necessities. Van Wyck as Mephisto, and Pike as second in command, did excellent work in giving unity and brightness to the scene.

The programme was brought to a close with the presentation to Robert, who made a short reply in his usual genial

manner.

At the close of the programme, a reception was tendered by the Sophomores to the newly-fledged undergraduates of the first year, in Alumni Hall, where a pleasant half-hour was spent in eradicating any unpleasant thoughts that might have been engendered by the previous entertainment.

The committee consisted of: President, K. J. Beaton; Secretary, B. H. Robinson; Treasurer, E. J. Pratt; H. B. Van Wyck, Reg. Gundy, F. E. Hetherington, W. A. Deacon, Jack Birnie, C. S. Applegath, H. Purchase, Doug. Leach, W. Wilder, F. N. Stapleford, J. B. Hunter.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS PICKED UP AT THE BOB.

Guy Bagnall—"I'm an officer in His Majesty's mounted infancy."

Fleming (at restaurant)—"Can I pay in car-tickets? I can get them easier than money."

Ecclestone to Mephisto—"I come from Hamilton. Do you know Hamilton?"

Mephisto—"Oh, yes, I spend most of my time there."

Robert (speaking of his Western trip)—"I travelled through rocks and hills, and hon and hon and hon."

Freshman—"Have you heard my father sing?"

Mephisto—"Not yet."

Robert—"When I was at Winnipeg I was taken for Dr. Crummy. I think that is why he has a call to that city."

Mephisto (referring to "Merry Widow" hats)—"The idea of Freshmen criticising the very best production I ever sent out of here."

PICTURES ON HISTORY'S WALL.

(With due apologies.)

FIRST YEAR.

"HE."

He was long and he was gawky,
 And with work his face was chalky,—
 William Greenback was the way he signed his name.
 He had prizes, he had medals,
 And the way he worked the pedals
 Of his brain, would surely lead to fame.
 With a steady chug-a-chug
 He had settled down to plug,
 For from High School *triumphs* darling Willie came.

“ SHE.”

She was sweet and she was pretty,
 And the Freshettes called her Kitty,
 For *deep* books she didn't just exactly care.
 Of *course* she came for education,
 At least,—so read her registration:
 [That was so, her mother wouldn't get a scare.]
 Her eyes had no need of college,
 For there lurked a deeper knowledge,—
 Deep blue eyes ere this have proved a dang'rous snare.

FOURTH YEAR.

“ HE.”

Willie has no chalk complexion,
 He is seized by an infection,
 And I believe by a dissection
 You could never find his heart.

“ SHE.”

Kitty, now sedately pretty,
 Enjoys drives about the city.
 “ Willie is so very witty,”
 [Tells her confidantes at Ann'sley Hall].

Ad Infinitum—

In deep-cut characters upon the Arch we read:
 “ The Truth shall make you free.”
 But ah! of late it seems to me we need
 New words for Freshies' eyes to see.

For if upon the sands of time, they trace
 The footprints that before them be,
 That old stone arch should wear upon its face—
 “ The Truth is that you *won't* be free.”

“ Clare.”

M—y—r, '09, (two weeks before college opens): "I was the first man at the Hall this term."

1st Freshman—"What course are you going to take?"

2nd Freshman—"Arts."

1st Freshman—"I hear that's a good course, I believe I'll try it myself."

The following notice, received at the University Y.M.C.A., may prove to be of value to some Freshman wishing to secure a room:

"House middling clean, all daughters in good positions down town."

Ask Mr. Edmison, '09, about the time he undertook to take a young lady out canoeing, and as he was about to step into the frail barque, changed his mind, and instead, gracefully slid into the deep.

One of our graduates of '08, upon being asked what she was expecting to do, replied, "Oh, I am going to be a confectioner's blacksmith." Her explanation was that she intended spending her summer "shooing flies."

The Y.W.C.A. held their first meeting on Monday, October 5th, at 5 p.m., in the Ladies' Study. As it was the opening meeting for the year, addresses of welcome were given by Miss Hill, '09, Miss Brewster, '10, and Miss Shorey, '11, to convey the greetings of their respective years to the students of 1912. Miss Findley very appropriately replied on behalf of '12. At the close of the literary part, fruit and candy was served, and a very enjoyable social half-hour spent.

A. L. Smith, '11, while supplying for the pastor in the town of S—, was obliged one evening to drive a few miles into the country. On the way, he heard a chug-chug behind him, and not knowing what his spirited livery horse might do when the automobile passed, he jumped out and held it by the head. After a patient wait of five minutes and still no auto, he turned for advice to his companion, a small boy of twelve.

"Ah, jump in, it's only an old bull-frog," was all the satisfaction he received.

Teddy Moore, '07, (on the tennis court)—“ Miss Whitlam's playing a rattling good game of tennis this year, but it's awfully mussy.”

B—sh—d, C. T., (relating his trip to S. African War)—“ I'm not sure, but I think our ship made about 310 knots an hour.”

H—nt—r, '11, (registering)—“ Halloa, Doc., glad to see you.”

Sophette—“ I was down at Eaton's to-day, and had a perfectly delightful time.”

Junior—“ What were you doing there?”

Sophette—“ I was in the children's play-room.”

Junior—“ Oh, renewing your freshette days?”

The following was overheard in one of the city churches:

1st Sophette—“ There is Pat Miller, back again.”

2nd Sophette (greatly excited)—“ Where? Oh, yes, I see his ears.”

Miss A—i—d, '10—“ I think the freshmen are the most innocent looking bunch this year, they look as if they had just kissed mamma and come away.”

Scene:—On a boat en route for Winnipeg. Albright, '08, (after securing two of the largest berths that were available)—“ Well, Jack, this is not so bad, after all.”

Brownlee, '08—“ Yes, but I'm too darned long.”

Miss St—l—y, '10—“ All summer long I only saw two college people I knew, and for some strange reason, I didn't *inhale them*.”

It is a well-known fact that Miss B. used to object very much to any fond endearments, consequently, when she, of her own accord, greeted a lady of '09 with a hearty kiss, there was an exclamation of surprise. “ Ah,” said Miss B., “ You see what a summer will do for you.”

Wilder, '11, (pulling out Y.M.C.A. hand-book)—“ Gee, I think I'll just look up here and see where I do live.”

Miss Meh—l, '12.—“ It is so nice being a freshie, because everybody is so ready to wait on you.”

Prof. R—y—r, in II. year Eng.—“ Mr. Auger has typhoid fever.”

Miss Sh—r—y, '11—“ What! Mr. Auger has typhoid fever? Well, marrying does not agree with him.”

W—h—g—n, '10—“ What were you doing this summer?”

B—t, '10.—“ Well, I put in two weeks' hard work in our dining-room.”

Miss G—y—n, '10—“ I had my photo taken this summer, and it turned out double. It was good, too, there wasn't a flaw in it. If I had sent it to the Strand they would have given me a dollar for it.”

Miss Gh—t, '10—“ What would they give you the dollar for?”

Miss G—y—n, '10—“ Oh, they always do for freaks like that.”

O—k—y, '09, (on street car, to boy raising disturbance behind)—“ Say, you, look out kid, or I'll take you across my knee.”

Boy—“ Oh, you want to grow some whiskers first.”

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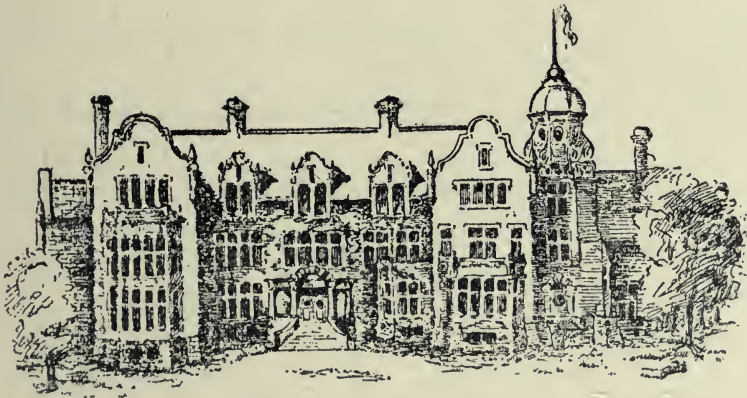
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**EDUCATION DEPARTMENT CALENDAR
FOR 1908 (in part)**

October:

1. Night Schools open (Session 1908-9).
Notice by Trustees of cities, towns, incorporated villages and township Boards to Municipal Clerks to hold Trustee elections on same day as Municipal elections, due.
31. Inspectors' application for Legislative aid for free Text Books to Rural Schools.

November:

9. KING'S BIRTHDAY (Monday).

December:

1. Last day for appointment of School Auditors by Public and Separate School Trustees.
Municipal Clerks to transmit to County Inspectors statement showing whether or not any county rate for Public School purposes has been placed upon Collector's roll against any Separate School supporter.
8. Returning Officers named by resolution of Public School Board.
Legislative grant payable to Trustees of Rural Public and Separate Schools in Districts, second instalment.
Last day for Public and Separate School Trustees to fix places for nomination of Trustees.
9. County Model Schools Examination begins.
14. Local assessment to be paid Separate School Trustees.
15. County Model Schools close.
Municipal Councils to pay Secretary-Treasurers of Public School Boards all sums

levied and collected in township.
County Councils to pay Treasurers of High Schools.

18. Provincial Normal Schools close. (First Term.)
22. High Schools (First Term), and Public and Separate Schools close.
24. Last day for notice of formation of new School Sections to be posted by Township Clerks.
25. CHRISTMAS DAY (Friday).
High School Treasurers to receive all moneys collected for permanent improvements.
New Schools and alterations of School boundaries go into operation or take effect. By-law for disestablishment of Township Boards takes effect.
30. Annual meetings of supporters of Public and Separate Schools.
Reports of Principals of County Model Schools to Department, due.
Reports of Boards of Examiners on third Class Professional Examination, to Department, due.
31. Protestant Separate School Trustees to transmit to County Inspectors names and attendance during the last preceding six months.
Trustees' Reports to Truant Officer, due.
Auditors' Reports of cities, towns and incorporated villages to be published by Trustees.

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Edgar, Ph.D., Wm. Wilfred Campbell,
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*Yet a few sunny days, in which the bee
Shall murmur by the hedge that skirts the way,
The cricket chirps upon the russet lee
And men delight to linger in thy ray.*

*Yet one rich smile and we will try to bear
The piercing winter frost, and winds, and darkened air.*

—W. C. BRYANT.

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Beyond the Sunset

A. L. BURT, '10.

“O MOTHER, dear mother, what lies beyond
The sunset's great golden sea?
O mother, dear mother, the skies beyond
Are smiling so pure at me.

“O mother, dear mother, the golden gates
Are opening wide for me;
O mother, dear mother, an angel waits
Up there with a flaming key.

“O mother, dear mother, what music sweet
Pours out from that mansion fair?
O mother, dear mother—the golden street!
O where does it lead, O where?

“O mother, dear mother, why weep you so,
The place is so passing fair?
The glory is calling and I must go;
You'll follow me, won't you, there?”

The dear little maiden has flown away;
But when all the work is done,
The mother, she sees at the close of day
A smile in the setting sun.

The Moral Problem of the Theatre

REV. E. R. CRUMMY, B.A., D.D.

THE problem of theatre-going is one which cannot but challenge the earnest consideration of everyone who takes life at all seriously. On the one hand, it is not so simple a matter as it may seem to take a negative attitude toward any practice. One might somewhat naturally think, "Why, theatre-going has been objected to as unworthy of Christians; I can find plenty of ways of being entertained without it; and so I shall not go, and there's an end of it." But it is doubtful whether one can morally dismiss moral questions so lightly. Our negative attitude toward life and conduct should have a rational basis, as well as our positive attitude. And when we come to really give this phase of the subject our thought, the difficulty is enhanced by the fact that a great many good men in the past and present, the genuineness of whose Christianity we have no right to question, have patronized, or do now patronize, the theatre. One might mention here the names of Queen Victoria and Browning and Tennyson, besides many distinguished clergymen of undoubted piety.

On the other hand, we have to face such facts as the rules of the Methodist Church. And here we may wholly omit any discussion of the relative merit of the footnote as compared with the older portion of the Rules. It is well known that the older rule referring to amusements or "diversions" was, and from the very beginning, universally and consistently interpreted as condemning the theatre. Nor need we discuss whether the Rules are, in the nature of the case, mandatory or recommendatory. In either case they must be assigned the highest significance, not only by the members of the Methodist Church, but by all persons whose purpose is to live the best life possible to them; just as no one, of whatever church, seeking to practice the highest ethical conduct, can ignore the judgment of the Roman Catholic bishops on the subject of dancing. It is perhaps a misfortune that the Rules are not so stated that these discussions might be eliminated, as they serve too frequently, it is to be feared, to divert the attention from the real question at issue. It is well known, more-

over, that the pulpit of the other Protestant churches—or most of them—is just about as pronounced as the Methodist pulpit in its attitude toward the theatre. The reasons for this attitude, when any are assigned, are various, and many of them of small validity, but the attitude itself is simply a matter of fact.

I have now briefly stated the problem as it presents itself to us, and it needs only to be stated thus to show that the weight of the evidence of those whose duty it is to give special attention to the question of public and private morals, condemns the moral and spiritual influence of the theatre; and this condemnation, if not altogether exclusive, is practically so. It embraces the theatre as it is generally known to the people at large, and that, too, not in its more obtrusively immoral aspects, but the theatre that solicits the patronage of people of decency and self-respect.

But that this condemnation has not always been merited will be clearly shown by the history of the theatre itself. On the contrary, it was, at least in its earlier years, a great power for good. This suggests two conclusions; first, that the evil is not inherent in the stage itself, and second, that we may discover that it is a loss greater than we are justified in suffering, to allow one of the historic agencies for good to be turned against the moral forces of the day. It may just be questioned whether we have any other that can exactly take its place.

To discover the germ of disease that preys upon the stage may point in the direction of an effective treatment of the disease. We may note in passing the marked tendency to deterioration on the part of that which caters only to amusement. This seems equally true, both in the case of persons and institutions, and would suggest the necessity of associating amusement with some other and more serious purpose, or that it be engaged in only with a distinct view to the end to be served, and with a due sense of proportion. Otherwise, it is likely at once to degrade the entertainer, and to develop in those who are entertained a tendency to an unserious and trifling conception of life.

But when the entertaining function of the stage is kept strictly subservient to its educative function, the difficulty under which it has struggled, and beneath which it has sunken, begins to be apparent. Certainly there can be no evil tendency in the

acting itself. If reading to a company of listeners is good, surely acting, which is simply better reading, is better. The evil must be sought for in the play or players, or both. And it is obvious that, in the player, you have both included. Given a worthy actor or set of actors, and it goes without the saying that they will present no play unworthy of them. Given, on the other hand, a set of actors morally or intellectually unfit to enter with sympathy into the serious problems of life, and even a Shakespeare, or the Bible itself, must be morally despoiled at their hands. This, it seems to me, is the seat of the disease. Even if the common actor did not see fit to parade his vulgarity in public places and public conveyances, as he so frequently prefers to do, still we should demand some prior assurance of the fitness—not of one of the company, but of all—to interpret life to us before we risked having our own lives poisoned at the source. We require warrant of fitness on the part of a teacher before we entrust our children to his tuition and influence.

And now I think the evil and the cure are increasingly obvious. When the stage takes itself seriously as an educational agency, it stands in precisely the same position as other agencies that cater to the higher education of the people. And the mass of the people do not regard ideals of sufficient worth to pay for them. This is the case alike with the pulpit, the press and the school. Just so far as they rise above the conception of common utilities, they must depend upon endowment in some form or other. The few of higher vision must make the sacrifice, and extend the privileges they provide to those who would not seek them for themselves. For reasons that are obvious, the state, as a whole, while it cannot keep pace with the more intelligent and aggressive of its citizens, can, and often does rise above what the average would dictate. To state endowments, therefore, to some degree, but to private endowments to a greater degree, must we look for the maintenance of all those activities that cater to the nation's ideals, and the theatre which can, upon its merit, claim a right to be, will find its place among these. Until this, with exceptions so rare that the very rareness adds pathetic emphasis to the general situation, seeking good in the theatre must closely resemble the proverbial "seeking a needle in a haystack."

The Silent Places

MABEL E. CREWS, '10.

ABOVE, around and about, brooding over the earth like a guardian angel, hovered the great all-pervading Spirit of Silence. The vast stillness of the night was unbroken save by the intermittent crackling of the logs as they burned brightly before the wigwam door, and threw a rosy glow upon the two copper-colored faces beside it. The night wind came whirling past, sending up tongues of flame from the ruddy fire, then, sweeping on to the forest, sighed away among the bare brown branches. All about lay a crisp carpet of autumn leaves, brought at last in all their splendor to the earth to perish. Above, in the high vault of heaven, twinkled myriads of tiny stars, which seemed to the Indian brave, as he looked up from the gun in his hand, like countless bright eyes through which the Great Spirit looked down upon the world and saw them both as they sat there alone.

All at once the silence was broken by a piercing cry of pain. The Indian looked across to where his squaw sat with a troubled expression on her face, and he saw that some illness had suddenly come over the child which she held in her arms. Instead of abating, the little one's distress momentarily increased, until it became apparent that something must be done at once. The pale face Medicine-Man must be sent for, as he alone, they believed, could bring relief; so, thinking not of the terrors of the night, nor the dangers of the long journey, the Indian brave threw a few logs upon the fire, then passed silently beyond its ruddy glow—out into the night.

Left alone, the squaw lifted her bronze face toward the starry heavens, reaching out dumbly for aid from that higher power, known only to her as the "Great Spirit." Then, folding the babe closer to her breast, she sat there far into the night moaning and crooning sadly.

The scudding winds bore the canoe lightly along the crests of the waves as they splashed over its bow. The chill night air fanned his swarthy cheek. His keen eye pierced the almost unfathomable blackness ahead, as, skillfully guiding his canoe

with the swift powerful stroke peculiar to the red-man, he safely passed one dangerous spot after another. On, on, ever on, with always that great Spirit of Silence about him.

As the Indian looked above into the vast infinitude of space, the stars had disappeared and there, with a magnificence such as only those who have been in the great northland can conceive, the Northern Lights spread their curtain of splendor over the heavens. Great creamy folds flashed and trembled across the sky, shifting and dissolving into fantastic shapes of ethereal beauty.

On, on the canoe glided, till at length, trembling on the edge of the rapid which alone lay between the brave and his goal, it shot through the turbulent water under the careful guidance of an expert's hand.

But alas for the fallibility of human skill! A sudden crash upon a hidden rock below the surface, a leap into the air, an ominous splash,—then the empty canoe dashes on over the rocks, borne away and beyond by the same chill dark flood which, with a gurgle and a murmur, triumphantly bears off its burden into the Happy Hunting-Ground.

The fire still burns faintly before the wigwam. Its light still falls upon the bowed head of the Indian woman, who crouches there yet in the chill hours of the early dawn, awaiting the return of her husband. The tongues of flame leap up again, and now as they quiver and disappear, the little life, too, in that ragged bundle is burning low. Still the mother clutches to her breast the warm but almost lifeless form of her babe, and, swaying to and fro, croons a plaintive melody, which is wafted on by the sighing wind and dies away in the forest beyond.

SUMMER'S DEPARTURE.

“Autumn winds once more returning,
Chant the summer's solemn knell;
Youthful hearts forever yearning,
Throb a silent, sad farewell.”

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Pages from a Summer Sketch Book

F. H. LANGFORD, '08.

I.—SEEN FROM THE WINDOW OF A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

THE country where my trip began is something like my life has been of late—monotonously level. (I had just finished the annual “grind” of May.) Ups and downs, both in a landscape and in life, give more than mere variety; they lend value. Flat lands produce little but willow shrubs and a coarse grass that must be sadly lacking in nutrition, and so, I fancy, is it with the life that never varies from the dead level.

The monotony in the landscape didn't last long, however, for soon the ground became hilly enough to suit the most jaded taste. One freshly-plowed knoll carried to my mind an irresistible impression of a huge fist, whose brown knuckles were seamed by constant toil, and another slope, wood-crowned, brought to me sweet, half-lonely memories of the dear old home I was leaving behind.

As the train tore past gently sloping, wooded fields, suddenly I caught a refreshing glimpse of a ravine, which broke the level ground. A brook rippled along its bed, and a long, broad ribbon of marsh marigolds gladdened the eye, disappearing with their brook under an old red bridge, just before the ravine lost itself in a tangle of evergreens.

I was immensely interested in a coquettish brook that appeared shortly after, and that I suspected to be the same stream that had parted company from the noisy train some time previously. When I first saw it, it was bounding gaily, joyously along, paying no attention whatever to the course of the rushing engine, but yet never wandering far away. Now it would hide itself in the dark cedars, and again it would come racing back, scattering its spray in the bright sunlight. At one time it would half-conceal its charm behind a leafy screen, dimpling demurely in placid self-approval; at another, it would scold petulantly at the obduracy of some boulder that refused to make way. But slowly the train swerved to the left, and the brook was all but lost, when, with one final and supreme effort to display all

her charms in one moment, she turned and came fairly toward us, gleaming, sparkling, full of life and buoyancy. In the next instant she had rushed past and was losing herself in the recesses of the forest.

I was interrupted in my moralizing on this incident, by the sight of a piece of woodland almost literally covered with stones, ranging from those the size of a turkey's egg to great boulders that might have been the missiles of the gods in their warfare. Brown stones, grey stones, blue stones, white stones, stones of all colors and all combinations of color that could be imagined—here they were, just as they have been for immemorial ages. But the next field presented a marked contrast. It had no fewer stones than its neighbor, but they were arranged in neat piles here and there over the field, and meadow grass was showing dark and rich over the cleared places. Faithful the toil, faithful the toilers, that had accomplished such work. But not yet was I through with stones, for on a near-by hill I saw another cluster, shining white marble or polished red granite, which marked the last resting-places of the pioneers whose work I had been observing. But why call such the monuments of the dead? Are not those great heaps of stone, gathered from the once cumbered ground, and those smooth, smiling fields, far truer monuments of those who worked, and suffered and died? Noble men, these! Men who did not grudge their lives to the welfare of their children, but so lived as to make a happier, richer, deeper life possible to those who should come after. Oh, to be a pioneer! To remove the rocks and boulders from the way of one's brother man! To make the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose! This is a monument more enduring than marble slab or granite tomb.

II.—AMONG “THE TALL TIMBERS.”

We launched our canoe amidst the thousands of logs that were awaiting their fate at the mill, found the lowest log of the boom and slipped away from the world of activity. Rounding a point, we faced the “long glance,” a straight stretch of a mile or more of *brown water silently but strongly opposing our progress.

* It is a fact that the water in the rivers of this region is of a clear brown color.

On either side lay the hills, silent, changeless, majestic, but their stern, rugged outlines were softened by the fresh verdure of the poplars which veiled their sides. In the midst of the poplars rose here and there a lordly pine, lifting his haughty head above his lowly neighbors, and thoroughly conscious of his sovereignty. Now and then the river encircled with protecting arm an island, beautiful enough with its myriad shades of green to merit the favor of the wandering waters, though in their course from the hills of Algoma they had passed by some of the noblest scenes on earth.

After half an hour's steady paddling, there fell on our ears the sound of swiftly rushing waters, and as we swung around a bend in the river, we beheld a maze of white, seething rapids, where our river plunged between and over the relentless rocks that opposed its advance. So furious did the stream become at this check to its progress, that even after it had reached a level place below the fall, it took a long time to recover its equanimity. It would break out in a vicious eddy, or would curl itself into dark, sullen rings, or snarl spitefully as it tossed up a fleck of foam from the midst of a peaceful pond.

From a rock above the fall we saw it in all its glory. The smooth, oily surface above the rapid showed how every drop of water was reserving its force for the plunge against the rock whose brown shoulder rose defiantly from the very midst of the narrow channel. Then all in a moment the dark, placid current changed into that white mass of roaring, plunging, bounding waters, that made one's blood tingle with the joy of swift, fierce action.

After a portage we launched our canoe once more, and paddled swiftly over a stretch of water so beautiful that we did not dare to make a sound. Even the tinkling of the water that dripped from the blades of our paddles sounded distinct in that silent wilderness. Through a narrow channel, between mighty overhanging masses of grey rock, we glided, and then out into a wider stretch of placid water. Here the banks abounded in a wealth of color, and from above the clear blue sky laughed through the white bars of fleecy cloud that half-revealed and half-concealed the glory beyond. In the water all this rare beauty lay revealed in clear yet softened outline, while the

ripple that stole shoreward from our canoe touched, as with a fairy's wand, all this slumbering loveliness, and made it move and live. Our spirits were soaring far on the wings of fancy, when suddenly we were recalled to earth with a thud by a low, tense ejaculation from the lad with the trolling line, "I've got a bite!"

And now we came in sight of a rocky cliff known as Skull Point, where, my companion informed me, a battle had been fought in the far-off days when the red man frequented these rocky shores. Nowadays the cliff had received its name from the grim memorials of that encounter that were to be dug up along the shore. Who can tell what tragedies were enacted there, where the life or death of a nation hung in the balance? And yet now the passing traveller merely turns his inquisitive glance upon the spot with a momentary interest, and then dismisses it from his thoughts. Somewhere, though, on the eternal record, these tragedies are chronicled, and there the glory is given, not to the man who conquered, but to the man who did his duty, "as a man is bound to do." And though our lives, with their battle-grounds, should not be remembered by our successors even for a day, there is a record under the eye of God, and we may rest assured that He will never forget or overlook the hard-fought field where we did our duty, even though our hearts bled, and the marks of conflict were left upon our brow.

A Camp Fire

E. H. L., '08.

ON a summer night in '05, a group of fellows lay upon the red sands which line the Bay of Fundy, two miles from the village of St. Martins. A huge fire, kindled earlier in the evening, was just settling down into the redness succeeding the roaring and crackling of its first stages. Long red gleams shot out across the gently heaving surface of the sea, breaking and shifting as the waves moved.

Three weeks previously, eighty boys, all from New Brunswick towns, had gathered there in a camp on the sea-shore. The

camp-fire of this evening signalized the last night prior to their separation—a separation rendered the more painful by memories of the twenty-one days of close and congenial companionship which had preceded it.

The tents of the camp were pitched on the red sandstone cliffs which overlooked the sea at this point. Pine and spruce woods lay behind, where material for fragrant and resilient couches was abundant. At the base of the cliffs, only thirty feet below, was a boulder-strewn beach, a few yards wide at high tide, but a quarter of a mile in width when the ebb was at its lowest. Here we had often disported ourselves in the salt water, or indulged in sun-baths, when sheer laziness deterred us from other pursuits.

But on the afternoon of this final day the boys had not felt inclined to swim, or even to play the usual games in the field beyond the trees. Instead, we had toiled manfully, dragging heavy pieces of driftwood along the beach, or foraging in the woods for suitable bits of brushwood, until we had piled up enough fuel to burn for hours. Now we were gathered around the fire, wrapped in blankets, some stretched out on the sand in the lee of boulders, others perched upon the ledges of the crumbling cliff, the soft sandstone particles of which still adhered to their clothing. We were equipped for a pleasant evening, for was not our camp phonograph there, ready to pour forth the latest march or operatic favorite, as we might desire? Was not George Whittaker, of St. John, there, inimitable in the relation of droll yarns? And Fred McNally, of Moncton, the greatest reader of Drummond's "Habitant" selections in the Province? Moreover, our camp quartette was grouped in a prominent position, ready to run the gamut of its hastily acquired repertoire.

As we sat around, waiting for the noise of the fire to subside sufficiently for our voices to be heard, I am sure that many of us were thinking of Longfellow's "Fire of Driftwood," wherein he describes the various successive moods of those seated around the blaze. Nor was such an association of ideas inapt:

" Oft died the words upon our lips
As suddenly from out the fire,
Built of the wrecks of stranded ships,
The flames would leap and then expire."

But finally someone began to sing, and all joined in an old and familiar melody. Then we sang together many of the choruses which are wont to be sung by a group of healthy, care-free lads on such occasions, such as "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean," and "My Old Kentucky Home." Then the phonograph was started, selections from which were interspersed with stories and readings, so that the rocks echoed with the unwonted sound of musical and literary classics. "The Stovepipe Hole," McNally's favorite recitation, never sounded more amusing than on this occasion, nor did we fail to appreciate some of the oft-repeated stories related by Whittaker. George had a pet yarn concerning a cave near the mouth of the St. John River, which he had explored thoroughly, discovering a second entrance, and finding various indications which led him to conclude that Captain Kidd had made use of it on at least one occasion. This, when told to the accompaniment of the beating surf, was quite realistic and thrilling.

But, to have closed our evening in this way would have been sacrilegious, in view of the solemnity of the surroundings. Accordingly, our leading spirit, L. B. Wilson, of St. John, read, by the waning light of the fire, from the 107th Psalm that beautiful reference to the sea, which seemed peculiarly appropriate on this occasion. As he read in his manly, sonorous voice, all of us were deeply stirred. I believe that the impression of that hour lives in the memory of all of us to this day:

"These see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.

For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof.

They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble.

They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end."

We recalled majestic scenes that we had witnessed on stormy days, when the sea was in a fury, and we remembered nights when we had remained awake to listen to the thundering of the sea upon the beach. On such a night one could not help believing in God, and looking to Him for protection. As the reading proceeded, we could understand the words of the Psalmist:—

“ And he bringeth them out of their distresses.
He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still.
Then are they glad because they be quiet ; so he bringeth them unto their
desired haven.”

As Wilson closed his Bible amid an eloquent silence most of us were occupied with serious thoughts, and there was little more conversation that night. Soon we broke up, to retire to our balsam-scented beds, there to listen to the measured breaking of the waves on the shore, and to recognize, as never before, the majesty and the imminence of God.



“The 136th Annual Bob”—A Pipe Dream

“SOMNIATOR,” ’09.

FROM the capacious depths of an easy-chair, I speculatively watched the greyish-blue fumes curling upwards from my pipe, and reviewed once more the various scenes of the “Bob.” Outside, the city’s roar had given place to its nightly lull; nothing was to be heard save the occasional wearied hum of a street-car, mingled with the approaching or receding step of some belated pedestrian. Briefly, indifferently, the great clocks announced the fact that the first hour of another day had become a part of the silent past.

Whether it was due to the traditional witchery of the hour, or whether the cynical Mephisto of “Love’s Labor Lost” had cast one of his weird spells upon me, I know not; but by some magic power the time was suddenly changed from the twentieth to the twenty-first century. Instead of the inexorable judges of “Quo Vadis” and the coy Irish waitress of “Vanity Fare,” I now saw the presentation of the “One Hundred and Thirty-Sixth Bob in the History of Victoria College.”

Of the class of 2012, I need say little. As it was in the beginning, and is now, so, I suppose, it ever shall be. In they trooped for all the world like their great-grandparents of a century before, save in one respect. Thanks to 21st-century inventive genius, they were provided with a kind of particularly diabolical trumpet, by means of which they succeeded in creating a din which outclassed all the tumultuous achievements of past generations.

Neither is it necessary to describe in detail the chairman’s address. It was composed chiefly of reminiscences of the “larks” of his undergraduate days, “away back in the eighties,” accompanied by seasonable advice to the class of the hour. After a reference to the ancient and honorable origin of the “Bob,” such as, perhaps, had been made on one hundred and thirty-four similar occasions, came the performance itself.

In this part of the programme, however, I was surprised. I had expected to see merely a slightly varied repetition of ancient glories. But “different times, different manners”; even such

an historic institution as the “Bob” must yield to the touch of time. The committee in charge of its production, with true twenty-first century independence, had consigned the logic involved in that one-time popular hymn, “The Old-Time Religion” to the limbo of exploded fallacies, and boldly asserted that the mere fact that a thing was good enough for their ancestors was no all-sufficient reason that it should be good enough for them.

Instead of having seven or eight utterly disconnected acts, the “Bob,” as presented in the year of grace 2008, consisted of a unified whole. It was in fact a kind of musical drama in three acts, cleverly written, artistically staged, and well acted. The play itself was an adaptation of “Pilgrim’s Progress,” and portrayed the adventures of one Freshman Green throughout the first year of his quest after higher education. A well-trained orchestra and several choruses supplied the necessary musical features of the production.

Throughout the performance the rather odious personalities that we twentieth-century fossils had been accustomed to regard as “jokes” were entirely eliminated. Nor was any attempt made to personally caricature any particular freshman. Strange indeed to say, nothing seemed to be lost by this. Humor there was, and in abundance, but humor such as even the most sensitive freshman could enjoy. From the opening scene, depicting the principal character, as he left the paternal “City of Obstructions,” on his search for some charm which would relieve him of his burden of rusticity and ignorance, to the fall of the curtain, there was not one dull moment.

Upon enquiry, I found that this method of “Bobbing” had been inaugurated about 1975. I was told that the old method, with which I had been familiar, had survived, “with slight improvements,” up to that time, when it was finally realized that the Bob, as then presented, had lost its usefulness. The old jokes had finally worn out. In fact, some of them had acquired such a perennial nature that a clever, but lazy, committee had had records made of them, and saved themselves the trouble of repeating them by running them off on a phonograph. The performance had continued to attract a fairly large audience, but this was due rather to the force of custom and tradition than to any other reason.

Realizing that the performance was degenerating into a farce, unworthy of Victoria, the entire undergraduate body had taken the matter in hand, and had transformed the "Bob" into the form of an amateur theatrical. In the spring of each year a prize was offered for the best play, to be presented by the middle of the next September. The committee having the performance in charge then decided as to which effort was the most suitable for their purposes, selected the performers from among those of the students who were known to have the best histrionic ability, and had everything ready to commence practice by the first of October. Semi-weekly rehearsals were then held during October, in conjunction with the orchestra and choruses, and the performance itself was given about the first of November. It had now become a dramatic production, recognized by all competent critics as being one of the best amateur events of the year.

But audience and performers had now departed. Whimsically, I began to look about me and take note of the new features of the college—the new residence, just completed; the assembly hall, in which the performance had been given.

Crash! A heavy box had fallen from a twentieth-century dray upon the pavement beneath. The sunlight was doing its best to penetrate the closed shutters. With the eager gladness of one arisen from the dead, I bounded to the window, sprung the blind to the top, threw open the casement, and, leaning out, welcomed again to my heart the life and interests of 1908 A.D.

PAST AND PRESENT.

The years a golden halo weave
 Around long vanished forms;
 And in their path a peace now leave,
 Where once were angry storms.

The distant charm will soon gain ground
 To claim these ripening years,
 To brave a joy where pain is found
 And sweeten all these tears.

Forget the present pain until
 A fuller music roll

Down all the years and, growing, fill
 One grand harmonious whole.

—A. L. B., '10.

"*The Tables Turned*"

A. H., '10.

"**I** S THAT you, Mack?" asked the city editor through the telephone.

"Yes, sir," responded the young reporter, whom the impatient ringing had awakened.

"There's been a terrific explosion at Leighville, 60 miles north. Over twenty miners are reported killed, as well as three or more capitalists who happened to be visiting the mines. Hon. Thomas Davidson is one—said to have been blown to pieces. Now, then, this is the biggest thing for years. I've tried to get our more experienced reporters, but they are all out of reach, doing political meetings. It's up to you, Mack. If you make good to-night, you'll stay on *The Sun* for sure. Here's the order: Take the first train for Beaufort. Get a good big story and telegraph right on the second. If you're ahead of the other papers—well, you'll not regret your hustling."

With that, the city editor rang off, and Mack was alone with his anxiety. And reason enough for anxiety had he, a raw young immigrant from Scotland, not yet a month in Canada, "the new land of promise across the seas." A short story submitted to the editor had so pleased that worthy that the young man had been taken on the staff on a month's probation. Three uneventful weeks, during which he could gather scarcely a line of news along his beat—railway and marine—had caused his hopes of a permanent position to "fade away and gradually die."

"To-night's my last chance," he repeated to himself time and again. The very magnitude of the task nerved him to the highest tension.

Rushing towards the station, he was accosted by Simpkins, a rival reporter, sauntering home from the theatre.

"Where now, Mack?"

"To the big explosion up north," said Mack unguardedly.

"Explosion! What explosion?"

Mack saw his mistake, but the slip was made, and he told the scene of the accident with what grace he could summon.

"Why, the first train leaves exactly midnight," stated Simpkins, authoritatively.

Accepting his statement, Mack turned into a hotel waiting-room to rest for a couple of hours before train time.

He was relieved when the wait was over, for there was no rest for him with the burden of his momentous work pressing on his mind. With no little complacency, he found himself the only passenger alighting at Beaufort.

"I've scooped them all!" he exclaimed, gleefully rubbing his hands. In fact, it looks as if I'm the only newspaper fellow in sight."

"What's the best way to Leighville?" he inquired of the dozing despatcher.

"Humph! Another reporter," was the only response.

"Another!" cried Mack excitedly. "Am I not the first?"

The telegrapher laughed. "You're nearer the twenty-first, for I'll bet I've directed more than a dozen reporters to this explosion."

Mack was crushed by this unexpected intelligence.

"That settles my fate," he moaned inwardly. "No journalistic career for me." Before the operator, however, he maintained an appearance of unconcern.

"Well, I'm late," he went on, with affected carelessness, "but how can I reach that wonderful explosion?"

"I don't see any possible way," slowly returned the despatcher. "It would be easy if you had an auto. Three auto-loads of reporters have used me as a finger-post to-night. Then, on the earlier train came four *Gazette* men, who had a rig waiting to hurry them over to Leighville."

Poor Mack! The *Gazette* and the *Sun* were deadly rivals, each of whose be-all and end-all was to knife the other. All was reckoned fair in their fierce warfare. For Mack to find himself pitted alone against four journalistic foes was overwhelming.

"But let me see," he mused. "Simpkins is one of their cleverest men, and he didn't know of this affair till I told him. Surely the telegrapher is mistaken." And, hoping against hope, Mack plucked courage from the possibility that the dreaded *Gazette* did not have a quartette on the spot after all.

But the man at the key stuck to his story.

"I should think I do remember those four fellows," he continued. "They bounced in here fairly splitting with laughter. One of them, Simpson, or some such name——"

"It was Simpkins," broke out Mack, in despair.

"Yes, that's the name. He was crowing to me about the way he had scooped the *Sun* by telling their innocent 'ninny' that the midnight train was the very first, while he and three others of the *Gazette* staff managed to make the earlier train. The best part of the joke, in his estimation, was that he didn't know the first thing about any explosion until that new reporter blurted it out."

"I'm that 'ninny,'" said Mack, controlling his emotions only by a supreme effort. "I'm down and out with a vengeance."

The operator was touched.

"That was a beastly way to use a new hand," said he. "I wish I could do something to help you, but it's too late. It's too far to walk, and besides, the others will soon be back here to telegraph their stories to their different papers."

Pacing the small, dimly-lighted waiting-room in a futile effort to control his emotions, Mack's feelings were anything but enviable. Disappointment, chagrin, anger—he knew not which was uppermost. Thoroughly fatigued at length, he flung himself into a chair and huddled close to the station stove. Mechanically taking out last evening's paper, he carelessly glanced from page to page. Suddenly he leaped to his feet.

"I have it!" he fairly shouted. "I'll beat the whole brigade of them after all."

"What's your idea?" eagerly asked the despatcher.

"You'll soon see," laughed Mack. "I'll show them that I'm not a negligible quantity after all."

"Hurry up, old chap!" demanded the spokesman of the party, as a dozen reporters filed into the telegrapher's office. "My stuff goes first, and get a move on."

"Tick, tick, tick," continued the key, and neither the operator nor Mack at his side appeared to hear the peremptory press man.

"Come on," he snapped. "We don't propose to poke around this cubby-hole all night."

Mack looked up. There stood Simpkins.

"So you got here at last," he sneered.

"I believe I did," replied Mack, briefly.

"Must be a fine story you got," continued Simpkins, "without leaving the station. But here's my telegraph stuff," he added, turning to the despatcher. "Get busy with it."

"I'm already busy; don't you see?" he returned with exasperating blandness.

"Whose stuff are you sending?" persisted the nettled Simpkins.

"My young friend's here," answered the operator, turning to Mack.

"How long will you be?"

"Can't say for sure, gentlemen. At present I'm telegraphing to the *Sun* the front page of their last issue verbatim. That will take me five or six hours," he laughed.

"Well, Mack, that scheme beats the Old Nick by some odd miles," put in another reporter.

"Yes, Simpkins," continued the despatcher. "'He laughs best who laughs last.'"

The others recognized in the incident a fitting example of Nemesis, and expressed themselves as willing to take their medicine.

"We're licked, all right," ran the general confession, "and that by a novice."

"You hold the trump card," admitted the crestfallen Simpkins. "Name your terms. Better anything than that none of our stories should reach the city."

Mack stipulated that, as he had first got wind of the catastrophe, he should telegraph the first account to the *Sun*.

"That's a mighty stiff dose," said Simpkins, "but it's up to me to get outside of it. I hang out the white flag."

"Good boy," chimed in the squad of reporters. "That's a good square deal."

Since that night Mack has never been regarded as a "cub" among the press fraternity. To this day, travellers at Beaufort are regaled with the telegrapher's pet yarn, which he calls "Mack's Recovered Scoop."

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Editorial

WE REGRET that, owing to the illness of our Editor-in-Chief, Mr. J. V. McKenzie, this issue has been somewhat delayed in going to press. We also trust that our readers, bearing in mind the difficulties attending its publication, will be lenient in their criticisms of the number, and especially of its editorial pages. They will, doubtless, be greatly relieved to learn that Mr. McKenzie's illness is of no more serious a nature than an attack of that puerile malady commonly known as "measles," and that he will in all probability be "on the job" in ample time to supervise the getting out of the Christmas ACTA.

Professor De Witt, B.A., Ph.D.

Among the recent appointments upon which the college is to be congratulated is that of N. W. DeWitt, B.A., Ph.D., to the Chair of Latin and Ancient History. Professor DeWitt thus succeeds Dr. Bain, who retired last summer after fifty years of splendid service to his alma mater.

N. W. DeWitt came to Victoria from the Hamilton Collegiate Institute, with the Prince of Wales Scholarship, in 1895. At the close of what was throughout a very successful course, he graduated in '99 with first-class honors in classics, winning the Edward Wilson gold medal. During his undergraduate career

he also took a most active part in college life, and in his senior year was President of the Literary Society.

After teaching for two years in an academy in Tennessee, Mr. DeWitt applied for a Fellowship in the University of Chicago. In accepting his application, the Board departed from their almost invariable rule of appointing to such positions only men who had taken work in that University. The two-fold reason assigned for this departure is interesting—the high estimate placed upon Mr. DeWitt's undergraduate work by his instructors at Toronto, and the equally high standard of scholarship which the collegiate world had learned to expect in first-class honor graduates in the department of classics of the University of Toronto.

In his second year as a Fellow at Chicago, Mr. DeWitt became the representative of the University in a competition for a Fellowship offered by the Archæological Institute of America. By winning this, he was enabled to spend a year of study abroad, in Germany, Greece, and especially Rome. Upon his return to America in 1904, he was appointed Professor of Latin and Greek in Lincoln College, Ill., which position he resigned in 1905 to join the staff in Classics at Washington University, St. Louis, Mo. Only a year ago another promotion came, when Prof. DeWitt was given charge of the Department of Greek in Miami University, Ohio, whence he now returns to his alma mater.

Professor DeWitt obtained his Ph.D. degree at the University of Chicago, the subject of his thesis being "The Dido Episode in the Aeneid of Virgil." He is a member of the Archæological Institute of America, and of the American Philological Association, to whose journal he is an occasional contributor. Professor DeWitt's splendid work since graduation is abundant proof of his ability to fill the position which he now holds, and we welcome this addition of one of our own graduates to a faculty of which Victoria men are justly proud.



The University Magazine

Seven numbers of this excellent Canadian magazine have been published, and in spite of the fact that it is conducted by an editorial committee strongly represented in our own University, it is doubtful whether five per cent of our students are aware

of its existence. Several numbers have come into our hands, and so striking have been the merits of the articles they contain, and so thoroughly national in the best sense of the word does the whole undertaking appear to us, that we make no apology for introducing the *University Magazine* to the attention of the readers of ACTA.

From Dr. Edgar, one of the editors, we have gathered certain facts as to the origin of the *Magazine*. The old *McGill Quarterly* went out of existence to make way for a magazine of a more national character. Some Montreal writers asked for assistance from certain people here interested in the furtherance of Canadian literature. The Canadian Society of Authors seized the opportunity of practical usefulness, held a dinner, at which McGill and Toronto universities were strongly represented, and the present *University Magazine* was instituted. The *Nineteenth Century and After* ranks it with the great English monthlies. ACTA VICTORIANA will not venture to improve upon the praise of a contemporary journal, but will simply say that it welcomes the ambition to publish in Canada a dignified national magazine, learned without pedantry, and witty without malice, and wishes it abundant success.



Death of Dr. Bain

As we go to press the College is plunged into mourning by the news of the sudden death of our Registrar, Professor Abraham R. Bain, M.A., LL.D. We regret that at present we can do no more than tender our sympathy to his bereaved family. In our next issue we hope to dwell more at length upon the valuable services Dr. Bain has rendered to Victoria throughout his long and active professional life.

Owing to this bereavement, the annual Conversat. of the College will not be held on December 4th, as had been arranged.



Our Literary Competitions

We trust that none of our readers will forget the annual essay and short-story competitions. We sincerely hope that the experience of last year in this connection will never again be repeated. We quote from an editorial of last February: "That

there exists such a dearth of literary ability as the competitions this year would indicate, we do not believe. There are plenty who can write, and write well, and we believe it is the duty of such, both to ACTA and to the College, to do what they can for their college organ. We hear a great deal about making ACTA a paper by the students; yet few of these same "knockers" will make the slightest effort or sacrifice of time on its behalf. The success of any college enterprise must ultimately rest upon the loyalty of the students, and that loyalty should be shown in a practical way. The failure to award the prizes is not the most creditable advertisement for the College, and we hope that next year may have a different record." It is unnecessary to make further comment. "Get busy," and remember the date, January 10.

In this connection we beg to announce that the judges in the essay and short-story competitions will be: Professors Robertson and Edgar, Mr. M. H. Staples and the Editor-in-Chief, and Dr. Reynar, the Literary Editors and the Editor-in-Chief, respectively.



The Poetry Competition

We are also glad to announce that the Woman's Literary Society has placed at our disposal ten dollars, to be awarded as a prize for a poem. This competition is open to all undergraduates who are paid-up subscribers to ACTA, and members of either of the literary societies.

All contributions must be submitted in person to the Editor-in-Chief or one of the Literary Editors, without any signature. All contributions become the property of ACTA Board, and must be handed in not later than January 15, 1909.

There is no limitation as to the kind or length of poem, but it must reach a certain standard of excellence to be eligible for the prize, such standard to be determined by the judges, Professors Edgar and Reynar.



Xmas Acta

We wish to direct the attention of our readers to the announcement regarding our Christmas number, which appears on another page. No effort is being spared to make this year's

Xmas ACTA a high-class literary production, one in every way worthy of the high position it holds in the realm of college journalism. As in past years, the issue will contain contributions from the pens of some of Canada's best writers in prose and verse. At the same time, a number of articles by graduates and undergraduates will make the number representative of Victoria, and valuable as a souvenir. As a Xmas gift to your friends, nothing could be more suitable. What better way can there be of showing your appreciation of our efforts and your loyalty to your alma mater than by a generous support of Xmas ACTA?



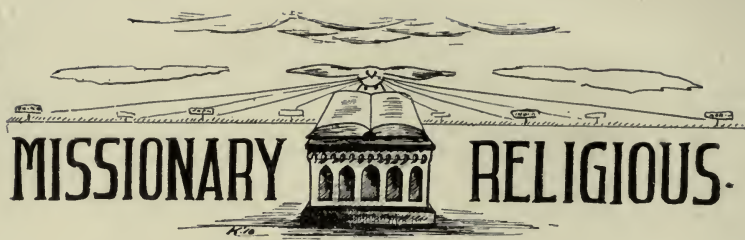
The opening of the new men's residences marks a new stage in the development of our University. While complimenting the authorities upon the successful completion of so important an undertaking, we feel that the undergraduate body is more to be congratulated upon the opportunity now afforded it of testing the benefits to be gained from life in residence. We sincerely trust that this newest feature of our university life will be an important factor in making for the more complete federation and unification of the greater U. of T. In a later issue we hope to discuss the various aspects of the question at greater length.



In conferring the degrees of LL.D., *honoris causa*, upon Viscount Milner and Earl Roberts (*in absentia*), the University of Toronto truly did itself honor. An event of this nature is significant, both from a university and from a national standpoint. It is no small thing for the University to be able to number among its alumni such world-famous men; while in this tribute from a Canadian seat of learning, we see an indication of the increasingly important part Canada is bound to play in the destiny of the British Empire.



The announcement, on the 16th inst., of the publication of Mr. G. G. S. Lindsey's "Life of William Lyon Mackenzie" is of especial interest to Canadians. This volume is the twentieth and final number of the biographical "Makers of Canada" series, the first of which was published Nov. 16th, 1903. Its advent marks the completion of an important historical and literary landmark, of which, as a nation, we may well be proud.



Job xxxvii: 1-38

REV. PROF. J. F. M'LAUGHLIN, M.A., B.D.

THE following translation is of the nature of an experiment. An effort is made to imitate the rhythm of the Hebrew verse. Similar attempts have been made again and again, but, until recently, without any large measure of success. The laws of Hebrew metre were imperfectly understood and the difference in form and accentuation of our words, as well as in the structure of our sentences, was discouraging. Besides, there was a feeling that the metrical form did not matter, and that, in translation, all that was wanted was the meaning. Or the Bible, at least the Authorized Version, had come to be looked upon as an English classic, and any change, on the ground of literary form, was naturally looked upon with suspicion. I have much sympathy with such views and prejudices, but I think that something may now be said on the other side.

Recent investigations have thrown much new light on the form and structure of the Hebrew poem. A knowledge of metrical laws appears to help greatly in bringing out the true sense of many passages. And, moreover, it is often possible, with the aid of these laws, to restore a broken or corrupted text.

The metre appears to be based upon an interchangeable use of iambic and anapaestic feet. For either, the spondee is sometimes substituted, and, in the middle or at the end of a line, the amphibrach. Sometimes, too, the anapaest is followed by a short syllable, which is either lightly pronounced or actually combined in pronunciation with the preceding heavily accented syllable. The character and length of the foot is determined not so much

by long and short syllables as by the recurrence of the heavy accents.

The following passage consists of trimeter lines, arranged in four-lined stanzas, the only exception being the fourteenth stanza, which has six lines. It is possible that some alteration of the original text has caused this irregularity.

The translation is as nearly literal as the English form will permit. There is no pretence of originality, and renderings of one or the other of the English versions are freely used. I am indebted, also, for valuable help, to Duhm's translation and commentary and to Peake's commentary.

“Then Jehovah answered Job out of the storm and said:

‘Who is he that darkeneth counsel
By speech that is lacking in knowledge?
Gird now like a hero thy loins,
And that which I ask do thou tell me.

‘Where wast thou when I built the earth?
Declare if thou hast true knowledge.
Dost thou know who fixed its measure,
Or who stretched upon it the line?

‘Whereupon were sunk its foundations,
Or who laid its corner-stone,
When the morning stars sang together,
And shouted all angels of God?

‘Who shut in the sea with doors,
When it burst as a babe from the womb,
When I made of the cloud its garment,
And darkness its swaddling-band,

‘When I marked upon it its bound,
And set for it bar and doors,
And said, “Hitherto shalt thou come,
And here thy proud waves be stayed”?

‘In thy time hast thou ordered the morning,
 Made the dawn to know its place,
 To lay hold on the ends of the earth,¹
 Which is changed as the clay by the signet?²

‘Out of it the wicked are shaken,
 And stand as men ashamed;
 From the wicked their light is withholden,
 And the arm of pride is broken.

‘Hast thou entered the springs of the sea?
 Hast thou walked the range of the deep?
 Have the gates of death been revealed?
 Hast thou seen the warders of the night?

‘Comprehendest thou the breadth of the earth?
 Declare, if thou knowest it all.
 Thou knowest, for then thou wast born,³
 And great is the number of thy days!

‘Where is the road to the dwelling of light?
 And darkness, where is its place,
 That thou shouldst take it unto its bound,
 And bring it to the paths of its house?

‘Hast thou entered the chambers of the snow?
 Hast thou seen the guardians of the hail,
 Which I hold for the time of trouble,
 For the day of battle and war?

‘By what way is the storm-cloud parted,
 And the cold rain spread o’er the earth?
 Who hath cleft a channel for the flood,
 And a way for the lightning of the thunder?

¹The dawn lifts up the mantle of darkness which covers the Earth, and in the light the Earth stands forth revealed in sharp outlines as the stamped clay when the seal is lifted.

²v.v. 14a and 13b. are transposed.

³V. 21 should follow V. 18. The language is ironical.

'So that rain falls on tenantless lands,
On the wilderness where none dwell.
To satisfy the desolate waste,
To make grass spring forth from the desert.

'Is there a father of the rain,
Or who hath begotten the dewdrops?
From whose womb came forth the ice?
Who gave birth to the hoar-frost of heaven?
So that water is frozen as a stone,
And the face of the deep is hidden?

'Canst thou bind the chain of Kimah,⁴
Or loose the bands of Kesil?⁵
Bring forth Mazzaroth in his season,⁶
Or lead Ayish and her sons?⁷

'Dost thou know the laws of the heavens?
Canst thou set their dominion upon earth?
Canst thou lift up thy voice to the cloud,
That plentiful waters may answer thee?

'Sendest thou the lightnings that they go,
And say to thee, "Lo! we are here"?
Who set wisdom in darkening mists,
Gave discernment to the signs of the skies?⁸

'Who spreadeth the clouds in wisdom?
Who poureth out the bottles of heaven,
When the dust runneth into a mass,
And the clods cleave fast together?' "

⁴Either the Pleiades or the constellation of Canis Major. In the latter case the chain is that by which the dog of Orion is held in leash.

⁵Probably Orion, famous in Greek legend.

⁶A constellation unknown.

⁷Probably the constellation of the Bear.

⁸Variously interpreted as meteors, comets or the Aurora Borealis and looked upon as signs of a change of weather or portents of coming events.

To Preachers

WE have come into a priceless heritage, last century's gift to this—the historic mind. Many stalwart men of the 19th century have labored hard, sometimes keeping the faith, sometimes losing, but ever striving, and we are entered into their labors. At no other time could men state their faith with more assurance than now. The scientific mind has made the historical and literary study of the Bible inevitable; and we who stand at the transition between the old and the new must learn becoming reserve. It is only a method, after all, bringing afresh to us the same eternal and abiding truths that came to our fathers by another way. Even we have not come to our present point of view in a day. Quietly, patiently, we have been led, until now the old way is as impossible to us as the new is to others. But the truths remain quite unchanged. We, young preachers, need to tack up, where we shall often see, Marget Howe's conversation with her minister. Carmichael, "an ingenuous lad, with the callow simplicity of a theological college still untouched," had begun a "course" in Biblical criticism, which was to place Drumtochy of the "*Bonnie Brier Bush*" on a level with Germany. But Lachlan Campbell had taken him to task, and in his distress he calls at Whinnie Knowe to tell Mrs. Howe of his controversy with Lachlan. Marget speaks:

"It's a strange buik, the Bible, and no the buik we wud hae made, tae judge by oor bit creeds and confessions. It's like a head o' aits in the harvest time. There's the ear that hands the grain and keeps it safe, and that's the history, and there's often no mickle nutriment in it; then there's the corn lying in the ear, which is the Evangèl frae Eden tae Revelation, and that is the bread o' the soul. But the corn maun be threshed first and the cauf (chaff) cleaned aff. It's a bonnie sicht tae see the pure grain fallin' like a rinnin' burn on the corn-room floor, and a glint o' the sun through the window turning it intae gold. But the stour (dust) o' the cauf room is mair than onybody can abide, and the cauf's worth naethin' when the corn's awa."

"Ye mean," said the minister, "that my study is the threshin' mill, and that some of the chaff has got into the pulpit."

"Yir no offended?" and Marget's voice trembled.



The Modern House

PART II.

IN OUR LAST ISSUE we discussed Edison's revolutionary method of building a house; in this issue we propose to follow up that subject by a description of the interior fittings of the Modern House. This article will consist mainly of an account of three homes—one at Troyes, near Paris, France; one at Carrollton, Illinois and one at Schenectady, New York. The first of these was that built by Mr. H. W. Hillman, of Schenectady, in the spring of 1905, and is a long step towards the ideal house—without fire or chimney, without coal or ashes, with a minimum of domestic labor and discomfort; yet well heated and lighted, and a great advance in convenience.

This house is equipped with every conceivable manner of electric device for doing the work of the household, chopping the meat and vegetables, cooking them, boiling the kettle, running the sewing-machine, and numberless other contrivances.

Mr. Hillman found, in building his house, that he could save more than enough money by having a cellar under part of the house only to more than pay for the extra wiring throughout, and to buy a complete line of attractive cooking, baking, and ironing devices, radiators, chafing dishes, and other miscellaneous electric articles. On entering the house, in September, 1905, the electric kitchen equipment was in operation within two minutes from the time the table was taken off the wagon. Ever since the family has cooked and baked by electricity alone.

The cooking and baking outfit is very simple, consisting of a wooden table about four feet long and three feet wide, standing at the same height as a coal or gas range. This table is equipped with seven regulating switches for turning the current off and on. Three of these switches have one "heat" only, and are used for controlling small dishes. The others are

devised for three heats, known as "maximum," "medium" and "minimum." The maid, in starting to bake, turns the switch for the maximum heat; in fifteen minutes the oven is ready, and at the proper time the switch is turned for securing medium or minimum heat. The three-heat switches are also used to regulate such devices as the four-combination cereal cooker, the meat broiler, and the vegetable kettle. To illustrate—the large frying-pan, having been used for frying the eggs and bacon, can be left with minimum heat for keeping the food warm. If the dish had only one heat, the food would either be



COOKING AND BAKING OUTFIT.

The seven regulating switches are in a row at the back of the table.

over-cooked, or when the heat was turned off, would get cold. The gridiron cooks the most delicious brown cakes, and requires only two minutes' notice for maximum heat. The meat broiler is ready in about the same time. In his many years' experience with other systems for cooking and baking, Mr. Hillman has never found any other system so quick, convenient, and effective as the electric.

As regards cost, the best way to estimate it is by comparison with monthly cost of operating with coal and gas. Mr. Hillman calculated, after long and careful observations, that the average monthly cost for electricity for two years, was \$6.69 a month, or only 10 per cent. higher than coal or gas. Then there are no fires to build, no ashes to cart away, and the electric system is

very much more expeditious and efficient, very much cleaner and healthier.

There are many other electric devices besides the kitchen outfit. For example, in the dining-room, there is a small electric table in quarter-cut oak, wired for coffee percolator and chafing-dishes. On the verandah and in the den, electric cigar-lighters make matches an unknown quantity in the house. In the sewing-room, the sewing-machine motor and the three-pound electric iron are articles without which Mrs. Hillman could not now get along. The first cost of such articles is small, and the cost of operating is hardly noticed on one's monthly bills. The bathroom is complete with electric contrivances—a shaving mug supplies hot water for shaving in less than a minute, a radiator warms the room almost at once, a water heater ensures hot water for the bath at any time, and a massage motor is handy for quick service when one misses his daily exercise.

The house we have mentioned at Carrollton, Illinois, is one more step in advance. Besides doing all their cooking by electricity, the family heats the house by steam from a central station. It utilizes the exhaust steam which usually goes to waste around small electric plants, and dispenses with the furnace in the cellar, demanding constant care and attention. The steam is piped underground to the house, and utilized in the usual steam radiator. Apropos of this method, it has been stated to the editor of this column, by a prominent engineer, that, were the University of Toronto to build a central power station, and transmit live steam underground to the group of buildings in Queen's Park, it would not only cut down its coal bill one-third, but have a much more efficient service. The owner gives the cost of cooking by electricity as only \$3.50 a month for a family of five. The difference in these figures is probably due to cheaper electricity.

But by far the most interesting house in the variety of its applications of the simple fundamental principles of electricity is the residence of M. Knap, near Troyes, France.

The villa stands in a beautiful park, planted with trees and shrubbery, and surrounded by a wall. On approaching the arched entrance gate, you press an ordinary electric door button, and step at once into a land of wonders, which are calculated to take the breath of even the most experienced. Almost at the

instant you ring, there comes to you, from apparently nowhere in particular, the sound of a voice enquiring your name and the purpose of your visit. Instinctively you answer, speaking to the iron gate in your usual tone, that you have called with a note of introduction to M. Knap. The voice answers that the master of the villa is at home, and will be pleased to see you. Forthwith, apparently of its own volition, the great gate swings open for you, and you proceed along the curved walk that leads to the house. In the most mysterious way the voice which greeted your ring seems to follow you as you walk through the park. It is the average normal voice of a gracious host bidding you welcome, and possibly calling your attention to various rare and beautiful flowering plants that you may happen to be passing at the time. And you notice that the plants are all of a very unusual size and brilliancy, which you later learn is due to electro-culture. It is difficult to realize, without actually experiencing it, the weird effect of holding a somewhat prolonged conversation with an absolutely invisible person, who seems to keep perfect pace with you, no matter whether you are walking slowly or at a rapid gait.

As you mount the steps which lead to the front entrance to the villa, a curious carpet-shaped brush, which is set in the floor of the platform, starts to revolve, and instantly removes all traces of mud and dust from your shoes. At the same moment the front door opens, and the mysterious voice invites you to enter, precedes you to the reception room, requests you to be seated, and informs you that your host will be down in a moment.

Doubtless, if your introduction comes from one of M. Knap's friends in Paris, you will be asked to stay to dinner, and in the dining-room your wonder will certainly be greatly increased. The table, of curious and yet extremely convenient shape, is laid for twelve, but you are puzzled to observe that there are no servants in the room. When you are seated, and just as you are beginning to admire the beautiful and brilliant decorations, which stretch around the table in an oval wreath of fiery flowers, you are startled to see arise, apparently through the solid mahogany, a great silver soup tureen. As though it were endowed with life, this tureen starts to move slowly around the table, stopping just at the left hand of every guest, so that he

may help himself. When each of the guests has been served, the tureen disappears.

With the mysterious appearance of the fish, which is already carved and ready to be served, you are startled to observe a complete change in the table decorations. What was an instant before a great glowing wreath of roses has now apparently become incandescent molten metal, in which chrysanthemums are blooming.

Returning to the upper floors of this wonderful house, one's wonder keeps increasing. In the bedrooms the temperature is kept absolutely constant at any desired degree, by an electric device controlling the hot and cold-air radiators, while the air is completely changed every half-hour. In place of hot-water bags, the guests are furnished with electric foot-warmers, which may be turned off or on at an instant's notice.

In the sleeping apartment of the host a number of astonishing devices are installed. Nowhere in these rooms is the telephone visible, but by simply turning a button, and speaking in an ordinary low tone of voice, M. Knap can speak with anyone in the house, or even in the garage or stables outside. Or it is possible for him to hear with perfect distinctness anything that is said or any noise that is made anywhere in his establishment.

Like all true artists, M. Knap, already the creator and owner of the most wonderful house in the world, is planning a yet more wonderful masterpiece. His next house is to have double walls, making it much easier to maintain the same temperature summer and winter, as well as affording space for running the necessary wires and piping. It will be possible, by pressing a button, to raise or lower all the curtains in a room, or to open and close the windows. Sliding doors will be operated in a similar manner, and a great variety of other ingenious improvements are planned.

All these wonders are accomplished by a comparatively simple installation of electricity. All the more desirable of them are readily procurable by the average householder, and on the authority of M. Knap, the expense of operating is not much greater than that of conducting a household in the time-honored and unscientific way.

(For the material in this article I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness to *The Scientific American*, *The Technical World*, *The Engineering Age*, and other periodicals. —J. E. H.)



PERSONALS AND EXCHANGES

Personals

THE next number of ACTA is the Christmas number, and we are all concentrating our efforts towards its success. For this, however, we are relying upon the co-operation of the graduates. We trust that they will be kind enough to forward any information that might add an interest to these pages. It was like pumping water from a dry well, collecting material for this issue, but a mere suggestion is enough.

J. W. Sifton, '98, is Superintendent of Education in Moose Jaw, and is on the Senate of the new University of Saskatchewan.

J. H. Adams, '06, is teaching in the High School at Peterboro. His great interest in athletics has already inspired quite an enthusiasm for sports among his youthful protégés.

W. L. Bradley, late of '09, is completing work for his degree in McGill.

G. Buchanan, another ex-member of '09, is teaching at Hamar, Sask.

A. E. Doan, another of '09's late members, is preaching at Woodstock, Ont., and taking extra-mural work in the fourth year.

D. W. Ganton, who was last with '09, has at last taken to his medicine and is now studying in the first year.

Wilbert Hall, '07, is Science Master in Whitby Collegiate Institute, and 'tis whispered that he sometimes lectures in the Ladies' College.

The Class of 1908

J. E. Brownlee is in business here in Toronto.

F. S. Allbright is in Beamsville, assisting his father on the farm.

E. T. Coatsworth, W. W. Davidson, R. P. Stockton and W. J. Cass are training their legal minds at Osgoode.

Elmer Ley is with the Wilcox Publishing Company, Toronto.

W. A. McCubbin is demonstrating in the Biological Department of Toronto University.

Eddie Halbert is demonstrating in the Chemistry and Mineralogy Department.

C. B. Kelly is pursuing his course in medicine at Toronto University.

G. A. Steele is preaching at Muna, Alta.; W. N. Courtice at Kane, Penn.; A. O. W. Foreman at Shallow Lake, Ont.; F. N. Bowes at White River, Ont.; A. N. Cooper at Conn, Ont., and C. E. Kenny at Earleton, Alta.

Allan Bowles is teaching at Magrath, Alta., while both R. A. Downey and H. L. Dougan are teaching at River View, Sask.

K. H. Smith is registered at S. P. S. in civil engineering.

The Faculty of Education has received its usual consignment of ladies this year: Misses Baird, Pinel, Jamieson, Laird and Hildred.

Mrs. Fear (nee Mason) is *registered* at Amherstburg, Ont.

Miss Gibbard is teaching at the Evangelia Settlement, Toronto.

Miss Bearman is at her home in Ottawa.

Several others are registered at "Vic" in theology and post-graduate study. The addresses of all members would be gladly received by the permanent secretary, C. Montrose Wright.

Weddings

(Continued from October).

MADDEN—WHEATON.—One of the prettiest weddings of last June took place at 362 Oxford Street, North London, when Miss Bertha Wheaton was united in marriage to Rev. Morley Madden, B.A., '07. The ceremony was performed by Rev. F. E. Malott, pastor of Colborne Street Methodist Church, assisted by Rev. A. H. Birks, pastor of Askin Street Methodist Church, South London, and Rev. C. F. Logan, M.A., '07.

The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Eva Wheaton, while the groom was assisted by his brother, Mr. Percy Madden. ACTA extends congratulations.

KENNEY—SELKIRK.—Elmer Kenney, B.A., '08, was such a congenial fellow that he could never be without company, so on

September 24, at Leamington, he took unto himself a wife, when he was married to Miss Blanche, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. McR. Selkirk. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Jasper Wilson, M.A., Methodist pastor at Leamington, assisted by Revs. Hamilton and Hunter, also of Leamington, and Rev. Millson, of Kingsville. Only immediate friends were at the ceremony. The happy couple at once left for Detroit and points West. ACTA joins with all Elmer's large circle of personal friends in congratulations, and wishes him and his bride a very happy future.

DOWN—ROANTREE.—In Thorold, on June 10 last, a happy event took place, when Rev. Charles Wesley Down, B.A., '08, was united in marriage to Miss Bertha Evelyn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Roantree. Rev. F. M. Mathers, B.D., the Methodist minister at Thorold, tied the blissful knot. The newly-married couple took a short trip to the "Highlands of Ontario," and in the first of July they turned their faces towards Port Lambton, where Mr. Down is now stationed. ACTA joins in wishing them a most happy and useful future.

WREN—MALLORY.—Another ex-President of the "Lit." set a noble example, when Davy Wren, B.A., '07, was married to Miss Janet Louisa, daughter of Mr. Burnham Mallory, of Belleville, County Treasurer. The wedding took place in Belleville on September 23. It was a private affair, the bride and groom being unattended. Miss Edeline Rose acted as flower girl. The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. S. Laidlaw, B.A., pastor of St. Andrew's Church, assisted by Rev. Dr. Dyer, principal of Albert College. Together with "Davy's" large circle of personal friends, ACTA extends cordial congratulations and wishes the happy couple a very happy and useful future.

LOGAN—WATERHOUSE.—Everything was smiling on Sept. 1 at Lambton Mills, when Rev. Clark F. Logan, M.A. (B.A., '07), of Point Edward, was united in marriage to Miss Edith Waterhouse. The ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Johnston McCormack, M.A., of Malden, assisted by the Rev. W. W. Colpitts, of Lambton Mills, was witnessed by a large number of friends. E. H. Toye, '10, stood up as groomsmen, while Miss Jennie Waterhouse posed as bridesmaid. After a short reception at the home of Mrs. James Anthony, sister of the bride, the happy couple left for a trip down the St. Lawrence.

Deaths

ROBERT LOCKEY BIGGS.

It is a far cry from Newcastle-on-Tyne, in the north of England, to Calgary, Alberta, Canada. At Newcastle Robert Lockey Biggs was born, at Calgary he departed this life.

Only thirty years of age: so young to die, we say, and in that we say truly, though in some respects Robert Biggs was not young. If we counted time by deeds, by experience, I think he would be considered of mature years.

Very early in years, at the age of twelve, he went to work, and from that time until his death he lived a strenuous life. He knew men by personal contact with them in the coal mine, as a railway employee, and as a farm hand.

Five years ago he entered the ministry of the Methodist Church of Canada in Newfoundland, and for three years served her most faithfully on the Wesleyville circuit. The circuit is a large one, there is much walking to do, and the roads are bad. Many journeys have also to be taken in open boat, necessitating exposure to all kinds of weather. Mr. Biggs did not spare himself, but rather attempted too much, and, we fear, undermined his constitution. He rendered the circuit noble service. His memory will be fragrant for years to come in many homes in Bonavista Bay. Even in busy college days, he remembered his old parishioners, writing sometimes twelve letters at a sitting, and humble hearts in lonely places were gladdened by a letter from the "passon" at college.

He entered Victoria College in 1906, with high hopes, and there acquitted himself well, gaining the respect of the professors and the good-will of the boys. He was a well-read man, with a wide and accurate knowledge of the best theological and homiletic writings. He was especially interested in sociological questions.

The days of his ministerial probation were almost over, and he was looking forward to ordination and to service for his Master in the North-West, when the blow came. He was stricken with a hemorrhage of the lung, and for several weeks lay dangerously ill. He gathered strength later on, and we were hopeful of his ultimate recovery, thinking that Calgary and the ministrations

of his capable and devoted wife would effect a cure. It was not to be, however, and on Friday, 23rd October, he passed quietly away.

He bore his trying sickness with Christian patience, hoping to the last that he might be permitted to get well. There was a manifest deepening of spiritual life in the few months preceding his death. In one of the last of his letters to me he wrote, "I have to thank God for many friends in Calgary, but chiefly for the abiding sense of His presence."

The Methodist Church has lost one of the most promising of her young ministers; a father in the homeland has lost a son whom he loved as the apple of his eye; and many classmates will mourn the loss of a true friend. Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to the brave young English lady who bears his name.—*Loch Ranza*.

We deeply sympathize with E. J. Halbert, B.A., '08, in his recent bereavement. On October 20 his father, who had long been ailing, passed away at Shelburne, Ont.

F. H. Barlow, '10, also has our heartfelt sympathy upon the loss of his mother, which occurred on October 30.

Two years ago G. A. King, B.A., '07, was president of our Y.M.C.A. He was married upon graduation, but is now alone again. We all join in deeply sympathizing with him upon the death of his young wife on October 31st last.

Exchanges

The *University of Ottawa Review* contains an interesting article on the Lake of the Woods Massacre. The story illustrates some of the hardships and hazards the early missionaries fearlessly faced in carrying Christianity to the heathen Indian. In 1732, Sieur la Verandrye led an expedition to the West, and founded a fort on the Lake of the Woods, which he named St. Charles. The happiest of relations existed between these missionaries and the surrounding Crees. But lack of supplies forced them to descend to Lake Superior for food, and they had to pass through the country of the Sioux, who were then at war with the Crees. The inevitable happened, and the whole party of twenty-one was massacred. The remains were interred in St. Charles. Soon the fort was abandoned and all traces of it lost.

Though many expeditions were sent out, the remains of the unfortunate party were never found until July of this year, when a number of men from St. Boniface finally discovered them.

It is a healthy sign when we see a university publication, such as *Queen's University Journal*, not allowing its outlook to be cramped by the narrow horizon of the student world. We ought to manifest a lively interest in matters of importance in the world around us. In the October number of this magazine there is an exceedingly sane article upon the very unsatisfactory conditions that prevailed in the recent electoral campaign. It is excellent, and is well worth reading.

The *Notre Dame Scholastic*, an interesting weekly, affords a pleasant surprise. Though published weekly, there is something of real worth in each issue; matters in the world outside are freely introduced and handled very ably. Sound editorials upon such subjects as the American public school system, the Irish in America, the opposition to Governor Hughes, and the questionable character of many political campaigns, invest this publication with a pronounced strength of character.

The October number of the *O. A. C. Review* devotes much space to the claim of college organizations, and here it deals with a matter of vital import to the student just entering upon his college career. A very lucid and forceful article from the pen of Professor Keys of University College is quite capable of converting the most inveterate "plug." Every college student should peruse this article.

One of Toronto's most prominent business men steadily affirms that a college education is prejudicial to a success in business. While we do not swallow this statement whole, there are a few grains of truth in it, and the question is one that almost every college man will have to face at some time. One of the clearest and fullest articles on this question is found in the October number of the *McMaster University Monthly*, "The Call of the Business World." It is very convincing, and should be read by all who give any serious thought to the matter.



Mulock Cup Schedule

THE following schedule was arranged for the first round of the inter-faculty Rugby competition for the Mulock Cup:

- A—Nov. 16.—Dentals vs. Junior S. P. S.
- B—Nov. 17.—Junior Meds vs. Senior Arts.
- C—Nov. 18.—Victoria vs. Senior S. P. S.
- D—Nov. 19.—Junior Arts vs. Senior Meds.



St. Michaels, 1—Victoria, 0

Such was the result of the first practice game in Rugby. As indicated by the score, the teams were very evenly matched, the outcome of the game being in doubt until the end. Our men were unfortunate several times, when, with the ball in their possession near their opponents' line, they lost it on off-sides. The back division of the Vic. team played a very strong game, while the wings held their men well. The game was of a very friendly nature and devoid of any roughness, but by an unavoidable accident the center half of the St. Michael's team had his ankle broken. The following men represented Vic.: Livingstone, Ecclestone, Gundy (captain), Wilder, Gerrie, Birnie, Graham, Swinerton, French, Kitt, Hemingway, McKenzie, Morrison, Miller and Oldham.



Varsity III., 9—Victoria, 0

In the second practice game of the series, against Varsity III., Vic. was again defeated. It was a hard-fought game all the way through, but a few costly errors gave our opponents an advantage. During the first half the only score was one point, secured by Varsity on a kick to dead line. After half-time Varsity

came with a rush, and quickly added the other eight points on a converted touch-down, a rouge and a kick to dead line. For the remainder of the game Vic. held their own, but were unable to score. Reg. Gundy's centre rushes and bucks, and the tackling of Gerrie and Ecclestone were the features of the game. The result, although not highly gratifying to our pride, shows that our weaknesses are mostly such as may be overcome by practice. The Vic. team was composed of the same men as in the previous game.



O. A. C., 22—Victoria, 5

On Saturday, October 31st, the Victoria Rugby Club took their annual trip to Guelph and played the O. A. C. chasers of the pigskin. The Guelph team was composed of seven men from their first team and seven men who will probably help round out next year's fourteen, so it was virtually Vic. vs. 1909 Senior O. A. C. When to this is added the fact that the players on the Vic. team were considerably lighter than their opponents, and were lacking in experience, it is not surprising that they met defeat to the tune of 22—5. In the first half O. A. C., kicking with the wind, scored 10 points to Vic's 0, and in the second half, kicking against a much lighter wind, they scored 12—5. Vic.'s only touch was scored by Ecclestone on a beautiful run after intercepting a pass between the O. A. C. halves. The Vic. team was composed of the following: Livingstone, Ecclestone, Gundy (captain), Wilder, Gerrie, Guthrie, Shaver, French, Swinerton, Birnie, Graham, Jewitt, Morrison and Miller.



Association

The first game of Association football in the inter-faculty series was played on October 21st between Victoria and Knox. As Vance, the Vic. captain, had received no notice of the game until two hours before it was to be played, great difficulty was experienced in mustering a team. But rather than default, they played under protest. For the first half Vic. held their own successfully, but in the second half Knox, who this year have a strong and well-balanced team, were able to secure two goals. Their failure to add to this score was due largely to the brilliant

playing of Gundy at centre half and of Wilder in goal for Vic. The rest of the team played well, but were seriously handicapped by lack of practice in team work. Vic's line-up: Goal, Wilder; backs, Smith, Jewitt; half-backs, Bright, Gundy, Newton; forwards, Taylor, Willans, Hadden, Rumball, Livingstone.



Jottings

It is with sincere regret that Vic. students learn that Jim Pearson has been forced to quit Rugby for this year. But this regret is somewhat tempered by the fact that Jim has thus been able this fall to devote more time to the coaching of the college team. This has materially aided the captain and players in their practices and games.

Vic., however, is still represented on the University teams. On Varsity I. Jones has been ably filling a place in the scrimmage, while J. E. Lovering held a position on the wing line of Varsity II. until forced by an injury to drop out.

A very strenuous and evenly contested game of Rugby was played between the sophomores and freshmen, in which the former succeeded in obtaining 8 points to their opponents' 3.

Another interesting game was that between the B.D.'s and C.T.'s, in which the former won by a score of 10—0.

The first game in the inter-year Association series was between '11 and '12. The sophomores, who played a much better game than the freshmen, won by a score of 4—0.

The second inter-year game, played between the Seniors and Juniors, resulted in a win for the latter. Although '09 had much the better of the game, they were unable to secure a goal, while their opponents scored one under cover of the darkness.



Alley

The benefits of the new alley board have already been demonstrated by the better class of alley now being played at Victoria. This year Vic. accomplished a feat that has no precedent for many years past, by defeating St. Michael's on their own board. It was a close game throughout, the final score being 21—18. But in the two games with the Dentals Vic. was not as fortunate, being defeated each time. By these victories the Dentals retain the championship of Series A for another year. The team representing Vic. was: Burt brothers, Jewitt, Richardson.

Tennis

The interest which was manifested in the fall tournament of this popular game this year was the just reward of the efforts of the secretary. All the games were played with zeal and enthusiasm, and were keenly contested. A new feature, in the form of a handicap series, was introduced this year in the ladies' tournament. In the men's handicap event, the schedule was especially well drawn up, the handicap being arranged with equality and justice, according to the merits of the players. The lovers of this game have been very fortunate, with three new nets, two new courts, and the three old courts in perfect condition for fast playing. The schedules below indicate the results at the time of going to press, and also show the large field out of which the winners emerged victorious.

COLLEGE CHAMPIONSHIP

Manning.....	Manning.....	Manning....	Willans....	Wiegand.... 1-6, 6-3, 6-0, 6-1	
McKenzie.....	College Champion				6-2, 4-6, 6-2
Miller.....	6-2, 8-6				
Adams.....	6-2, 8-6				
Van Wyck.....	McCulloch.....	Willans....	Willans....		
McCulloch.....	default				3-6, 6-3, 6-3
Horning.....	Willans....				
Willans.....	6-0, 10-8				
Hetherington.....	Fleming.....	MacLaren....	Wiegand....		
Fleming.....	default				6-2, 6-1
MacLaren.....	MacLaren.....				
Conn.....	6-0, 6-0				
Hemingway.....	Hemingway.....	Wiegand....	Wiegand....		
Ockley.....	6-0, 8-10, 6-4				
Stevenson.....	Jones.....				6-4, 7-5
Jones.....	default				
Wiegand.....	Wiegand.....	Wiegand....	Wiegand....		
Clement.....	6-0, 8-6				default

HANDICAP CHAMPIONSHIP

15	Manning.....	Manning.....	Willans....	Willans....	
15	Horning.....	6-8, 6-2, 6-2			6-1, 6-3
15	Willans.....	Willans.....			
s	Stevenson.....	6-3, 6-2			
15	Hetherington.....	Conn.....	6-2, 6-3		Wiegand... 4-6, 6-2, 6-1
15	Conn.....	6-4, 9-7			
15	Wright.....	Wright.....	6-2, 6-2		Wiegand... 6-2, 6-3
15	Richardson.....	6-1, 6-1			
15	Wiegand.....	Wiegand.....			Wiegand... 6-2, 6-3
s	Jewitt.....	3-6, 6-2, 6-1			
30	Raymer.....	Hemingway.....	6-2, 6-3	Wiegand... 6-2, 6-3	
15	Hemingway.....	6-2, 9-7			
s	Van Wyck.....	Miller.....	4-6, 8-6, 6-2	Wiegand... 6-0, 7-9, 7-5, 8-6	
15	Miller.....	6-2, 6-0			
15	Ockley.....	Ockley.....			
15	Adams.....	7-5 6-0			
30	Saunders.....	Sau ders.....			
s	Jones.....	8-6, 6-3			
s	Fleming.....	MacLaren.....	6-3, 5-7, 6-3		
15	MacLaren.....	6-4, 6-2			
15	McCulloch.....	McKenzie.....			
40	McKenzie.....	7-5, 2-6, 6-3			
s	Burnett.....	Burnett.....	5-7, 6-0, 7-5		
s	Clement.....	7-5, 7-5			

MEN'S DOUBLES

Manning and Ockley.....	Manning and Ockley.....	6-1, 6-4	Manning and Ockley	11-9, 7-5, 6-2
Saunders and Richardson..	Horning and Hetherington..	7-5, 7-5	Ockley	
Horning and Hetherington..	Hemingway and Miller.....	6-4, 6-4	6-4, 3-6, 3-6	
Willans and McCulloch....	Clement and Wiegand.....	6-0, 7-5	Clement and Wiegand	
Hemingway and Miller.....	McKenzie and Birnie..	a bye	Wiegand	
Raynor and Wright.....			7-5, 5-7, 6-2	
MacLaren and Adams.....				
Clement and Wiegand.....				
McKenzie and Birnie.....				

The fourth annual Intercollegiate tennis tournament for the girls of University College, St. Hilda's and Victoria was played on the University courts on October 21, 22 and 23. The cup has twice been won by the Victoria girls and once by St. Hilda's. This year it goes to University College. The players for Victoria College were: Miss Maclaren, Miss Denton, Miss Spencer, Miss Hyland, Miss Jamieson, and Miss Crews. The result of the tournament was as follows:

Single Championship—Miss Fairbairn, University College.

Double Championship—Miss Maclaren and Miss Denton, Victoria College.

Score: University College, 11 points; Victoria College, 3 points; St. Hilda's, 3 points.





THE Freshman year is certainly starting off well. We submit the following as a fair sample of its literary ability. What may we not predict for the future?

There is no violet in the wooded glade,
No summer's sunshine 'neath the forest shade;
The wild geese south are turning now,
There ain't no pasture left for grandma's cow.

The maple leaves have fallen one by one,
Gone is their glory and their life-work done,
They go a lowlier mission to fulfil,
The man what rakes them grumbles fit to kill.

Gone are the joys of summer and of fall,
Gone the warm sunshine and the light flowers all;
About the door drift high the pure white snows,
And where we put the shovel goodness gracious knows.

In the dining room at the Hall:

Maid—"Why, Miss C—e, '09, I have been looking for you fifteen minutes! Where have you been, behind the teapot?"

Miss G—t—"What did Dr. Burwash mean when he said there was language before Eve was created? Did Adam say, 'I am lonely'?"

Miss F—n—y, '12—"I think it is so funny that every person at South Hall seems to have found their infinity but me."

Mr. B—n—e, '11—"Well, I am glad the 'Bob' is over, for I am so tired of being a professional ass, now I can be quite natural."

Miss H—y, '10—"I certainly would do it if my heart didn't fail me."

Miss D—d—n, '10—"You seem to be having a lot of trouble with your heart lately."

Miss H—y, '10—"Yes, I do wish I could get rid of it, but it seems an impossibility."

Miss G—y—u, '10 (on her way to a Latin lecture)—"Come along, girls; the Philistines are upon us."

The initiation of the freshettes by the sophettes at the Hall this year took a very different and very novel form. On the afternoon of October 14th every freshie received a summons to appear that night at eight o'clock in the court room. Needless to say, they all came, some in fear and trembling, others very bravely and, to outward appearance at least, very calm and collected. Miss Shorey, '11, made a very imposing judge; Miss Keagey, '11, acted as lawyer for the prosecution, and one of the juniors as lawyer for the defence. Miss Crawford, '11, made a very able clerk of the court, and Miss Dafoe, '11, an excellent crier. Seven prisoners appeared before the judge and answered to the charges of being too fresh, too familiar to their superiors, the worthy sophomores; lacking in discretion, and disturbers of the peace, other charges being vagrancy and self-consciousness.

Notwithstanding the fact that they had a lawyer to plead for them, they were all found guilty and received such sentences as Her Worship thought most beneficial. The court was then adjourned and all present invited to partake of a feast of good things provided by the sophomores. At the repast the two years joined in burying the hatchet forever, thus ending a very pleasant and profitable evening.

The following is a gem gleaned from Robert's speech to the freshmen:

"I hope that you freshmen will go home with the freshettes at night, for while thus doing good to others you will be helping yourself."

McN—v—n, '10 (above the din at the reception)—"Holloa, there, you old hairpin!"

S—n—r—n, B.D. (at boarding house)—"Will you pass me the sweetness, please?"

T—y—or, '09—"No, she's out in the kitchen at present."

B—m—e, '11 (after carefully examining the lock of his boarding house door)—"Say, that's just the same as the lock on the front door of Annesley."

Greer, '12—"I don't want to go to the reception, but I suppose I had better go and get used to it."

B—t, '10—"How are you this morning, Cass?"

C—s—m—e, '10—"I feel as happy as a pig in a puddle."

Dr. John Burwash (in Religious Knowledge lecture)—"There are three heads and three applications."

G. W. A—a—s, '10—"You'd think this was a barber shop."

Lyonde (photographer for *Torontonensis*)—"The secret of my success is that I make women look as pretty as I possibly can."

Miss C—l—k, '11 (at Eaton's)—"Can you tell me where I can get a mortar-board?"

Clerk—"You will likely get it in the woodenware department, miss."

Miss J—m—n, '10—"When you tell anything around Victoria it is like casting your bread upon the water—it never comes back void."

Miss McC—ll, '11—"Isn't there a chapter in the Bible called St. Paul's? It seems to me I have heard the name some place."

As a warning to students not to try and travel on pink tickets we would give the following illustration: The other day Miss —, '11, when on her way to the Lillian Massey School, put a pink ticket in the box, whereupon the conductor said: "You're more than sixteen, and I got orders not to take pink tickets from ladies wearing veils, as altogether too many married women travel on them."

Mr. E—s, '12—"If a stranger saw a group of college men together and was asked to pick out the professor, he would never pass over French for Owen."

On the evening of October 23rd Alumnae Hall was once more in gala attire, it being the occasion of the reception given by the Women's Literary and the Union Literary Societies. The whole upper floor of the College looked very inviting, with its decorations of autumn foliage and pumpkins, not to mention the college banners and cushions. After a very entertaining programme the usual promenading was indulged in, and everyone claims to have passed a most enjoyable evening.

JOTTINGS FROM THE RECEPTION.

Freshette—"Well, I have heard of promenading, but I never before saw it made a business of like this."

Miss G—d—y, '12—"How is it that only one of the 'Hall' proctors has her stick here to-night? Don't they all have to carry them?"

Miss McL—, '12—"I prefer to sit out my promenades, because then I have so much better opportunity for studying human nature."

Dr. Reynar (in third year English, explaining the different consonantal sounds)—"When the consonant R precedes a vowel it has a harsh sound, as tr-r-r-rumpet, but when it comes at the end of a word, as in beer, it becomes liquid and disappears."

We are pleased to note that Smith, one of our '08 graduates, though taking "applied science" across the Park, has not forgotten his old friends at Victoria. The other day he was talking to an acquaintance on the college grounds, when he happened to spy a party of students coming out of the East entrance.

"Those must be freshettes," said he, after a short pause.

"Why?"

"Because I don't know them," was the laconic but convincing reply.

Gifford, '11, while passing through the exit at the Union Station, upon his first arrival in Toronto, was given the usual reception by the line-up of hotel porters as they saw him hove in sight, bearing a large grip in each hand. When opposite the King Edward porter that worthy gentleman, placing his hand on Gifford's shoulder, cried out: "King Edward!" Thoroughly astonished, Gifford turned and said, "I beg your pardon, but you are mistaken; I'm Gifford from Stratford."

The paper chase given by St. Hilda's College Saturday, October 30th, was even more interesting and exciting than usual. The three colleges, St. Hilda's, Varsity, and Victoria, were well represented at the meeting-place in High Park.

Now, it so happened that a walking race, given by one of the newspapers, was held there at the same time. The crowd that had gathered for this thought the group of college girls were competitors in the race and surrounded them. It seemed almost

impossible to make the truth known, so the only thing to do was to look pleasant and bear it and be properly grateful for being in the public eye even beyond the dreams of "Bobs" or "Carrie Nation." When finally the people did find out their mistake they gazed on the girls with an injured air, as if they had been cheated out of some treat.

The hares were given eight minutes' start and the chase began. The trail was quite tangled and seemed to take a perverse delight in going through the thickest bushes and wettest streams possible. Four girls succeeded in following it and arrived at the end soon after the hares.

Afterwards refreshments were served at St. Hilda's and the gathering broke up after the various college and class songs had been sung.

Dr. Edgar (to a fourth year class in English)—"You will see the subjects for your essay on the board, and will notice they fit in nicely with your English, so, you see, you can kill two birds with one stone."

Miss D—n—te, '09—"I suppose he means himself and us, too."

The freshmen have evidently profited by the lesson they received at the "Bob," and carry on affairs in their class meeting in an expeditious and business-like way, as the following items taken from their minute book will show:

Moved by H. W. Manning, seconded by F. C. Gill, That the President lead our yell to-night. Carried.

Moved by G. C. Geerie, seconded by W. C. Graham, That the Treasurer pay Mr. Geerie 85c. for paint. Carried.

Moral for Freshies.—Take care of the minutes and the locals will take care of themselves.

Va—ce, '09—"Why didn't you come home earlier, L—yd?"

M—rr—s—n, '09 (whose locker had refused to open)—"Modesty forbade."

B—shf—e—d, C. T. (after the first reception)—"May I have the pleasure of accompanying you home?"

Freshette—"Oh, thank you, but we all go home together."

President of A. U. (referring to recent losses from the athletic building)—"I think I'll have to see the Chancellor about it."

McN—n, '10—"Why, you don't think he took them, do you?"

It is sometimes extremely difficult to follow the trend of thought of some people. Here is a sample:

Lost.—Will the fellow who lifted my hat kindly return at once. The owner wears a No. 9 boot.—L. C. McR—b—rt.

Dr. Bell (in third and fourth year pass Latin)—"What kind of a genitive would you call that, Mr. Haynes?"

H—yn—s, '09 (with some effort)—"Epexegetical."

Dr. Bell—"Well, if you haven't moved your jaws for a long time, that's a good answer."

One evening last week Pete E——, with his friend, Si H——, were busily engaged in plugging Economics, when Pete suddenly noticed that he had left the drawer of his dresser open. Getting up, he endeavored to shut it, but the drawer stuck and refused to close. Finally, when his store of patience was exhausted, he backed up and, with a thundering crash, came full broadside against the obstinate piece of furniture. Realizing what had happened, Si quietly remarked, "That's right, Pete; you know the Theory of Rent, Put the room on the hog."

Pat M—ll—r, '09 (at Y.M.C.A., explaining group Bible study to new students)—"There's nothing more important in college life than Bible study. The group study is a very informal affair. A few of the boys gather in one of the fellow's rooms, some sitting on chairs, some lying on the bed, while others sprawl on the floor; everybody sticks in his gab any old time and says any old thing that comes into his head. That's the best way to study the Bible."

W—dd—I, C. T.—"I hear that Meredith, '10, attended college at New Westminster, B.C., then took his second year at Winnipeg, and now he is at Victoria. It seems to be a trans-continental course that he is taking."

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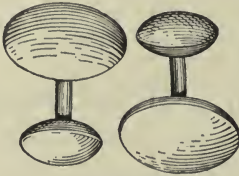
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FOR 1908 (in part)**

October:

1. Night Schools open (Session 1908-9).
Notice by Trustees of cities, towns, incorporated villages and township Boards to Municipal Clerks to hold Trustee elections on same day as Municipal elections, due.
31. Inspectors' application for Legislative aid for free Text Books to Rural Schools.

November:

9. KING'S BIRTHDAY (Monday).

December:

1. Last day for appointment of School Auditors by Public and Separate School Trustees.
Municipal Clerks to transmit to County Inspectors statement showing whether or not any county rate for Public School purposes has been placed upon Collector's roll against any Separate School supporter.
8. Returning Officers named by resolution of Public School Board.
Legislative grant payable to Trustees of Rural Public and Separate Schools in Districts, second instalment.
Last day for Public and Separate School Trustees to fix places for nomination of Trustees.
9. County Model Schools Examination begins.
14. Local assessment to be paid Separate School Trustees.
15. County Model Schools close.
Municipal Councils to pay Secretary-Treasurers of Public School Boards all sums

levied and collected in township.
County Councils to pay Treasurers of High Schools.

18. Provincial Normal Schools close. (First Term.)
22. High Schools (First Term), and Public and Separate Schools close.
24. Last day for notice of formation of new School Sections to be posted by Township Clerks.
25. CHRISTMAS DAY (Friday).
High School Treasurers to receive all moneys collected for permanent improvements.
New Schools and alterations of School boundaries go into operation or take effect. By-law for disestablishment of Township Boards takes effect.
30. Annual meetings of supporters of Public and Separate Schools.
Reports of Principals of County Model Schools to Department, due.
Reports of Boards of Examiners on third Class Professional Examination, to Department, due.
31. Protestant Separate School Trustees to transmit to County Inspectors names and attendance during the last preceding six months.
Trustees' Reports to Truant Officer, due.
Auditors' Reports of cities, towns and incorporated villages to be published by Trustees.

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CHRISTMAS, 1908

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TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1908.

No. 3

Christmas Greeting

REV. G. M. MILLIGAN, D.D., LL.D.

G*REAT gifts come to men through the medium of men. Steam was given the world through Watt, and America through Columbus. The greatest of all gifts, even newness of life eternal, and therefore beyond our conceiving in richness, comes to us through Jesus Christ. The channel through which man's highest blessings come to him is man. Christ came that men might have life, and have it in abundance. The one among many lessons taught us by Christmas is that a people are rich only as they are rich in character. What the world lacks to-day is rich personalities. The worst famine that can reach any land is a blight which attacks its religious and moral life. The spirit of Christmas I would express thus in brief and acrostic terms :*

*Courage to redeem the bad,
Hope to brighten all the sad,
Rigor to rebuke the mad.*

*In life, aims to set us free,
Sightless eye-balls make to see,
Trials bring to victory.*

*Matters these for Christmas-tide
All to think of far and wide,
Seed thus sown good will abide.*

*Ours is Christmas truly then,
Unifying us as men,
Rendering life a mount, not den,
Safe thus not by sword but pen.*

The King in His Beauty

MISS A. M. BOWERS, '10.

IT was night. Stillness deep and intense rested on the Judean plains, and the silent stars looked down with gentle friendliness on the little band of weary shepherds, reclining with their flocks on the grassy hillside below.

All day long they had wandered over flowering meadows, and among green valleys, halting sometimes by sparkling streams to refresh their thirsty flocks, then pressing on again to some new stretch of verdant pasture, their ears ever on the alert for the least sound that might threaten danger to their beloved charges. With gentle patience they had pulled the thorns from their fleecy sides, stopping ever and anon to disentangle some stray lamb, fast-caught in an overhanging thicket. And at last, as the darkness was gathering, they had gladly turned their steps towards the secluded spot where the night's vigil was to be kept.

At their feet the flocks slumbered peacefully. Not a sound disturbed the silence of the night, save the occasional subdued murmur of voices, as the shepherds spoke with each other concerning the day's wanderings, and formed fresh plans for the morrow, or the soft bleating of a wee lamb, as it woke for a moment to gaze upon the unfamiliar darkness, and then nestled closer to its mother's warm side.

A little apart from the group sat one whose long, flowing locks and snowy beard proclaimed him to be older by many years than his companions. Ever since they could remember had old Michael shared with them their lonely vigils. Often he would sit the whole night through without uttering a word, his head resting on his hands, his staff at his side. Sometimes he would break the silence and tell them strange tales of the past, but oftener he would speak to them, his voice vibrating with anticipation and longing, of a King, their King, who was coming, coming soon. And then, as the shepherds would gaze at him, their faces full of wonder and awe, the light would die out of his eyes, and he would drop into a reverie, and they would hear him murmur sadly, "How long, oh Lord, how long?" Then the shepherds would look at each other, and shake their heads, while they talked in low tones of this King.

To-night an unusual excitement seemed to possess him. He sat, not in his customary stooped fashion, but upright, gazing with rapt expression into the starry heights above him. Now and then his lips moved, but the shepherds could hear no sound. "Old Michael is praying," said one, softly. The night wore on. Suddenly a half-articulate cry broke upon the stillness. The shepherds, accustomed to wakening at the slightest sound, looked at each other in bewilderment. Then by one consent they sprang to their feet, their gaze directed towards old Michael. He was standing, his hands clasped upon his staff, his eyes fixed upon the far East. The shepherds followed the direction of his gaze. A soft radiance pervaded the distant sky. "The dawn is yet far off," said one. "Hark!"—it was old Michael's voice, clear and imperative. His white head was bent as if to catch some distant sound. The shepherds listened intently. Far-away strains of sweetest music were stealing forth upon the night. They stood as if entranced, while like a great billow of light the radiance rolled rapidly nearer. A strange trembling seized upon the rugged men, and they fell upon their knees, hiding their faces before the dazzling splendor. The whole sky around them had become filled with an innumerable white-winged host, the air resounded with celestial melody. Far out upon the midnight floated the sound, "Peace, peace on earth! Good-will, good-will, good-will to men!" Louder, clearer, sweeter grew the strains. The shepherds remained motionless, their heads bowed. But what were they singing now, those heavenly choristers? Hark! the message, "Unto you is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

The music died away as it had come, the radiance faded from the sky. Again all was stillness. The shepherds still knelt, gazing steadily towards the point where the last streak of glory had vanished. They were aroused by old Michael. The old man's eyes were flashing, his voice had the ring of youth. "Come," he cried, "and let us seek our King."

Already he was half-way down the hillside, and seizing their staffs, his wondering companions hastened after. But why did he pause? In the excitement of the moment all thought of their helpless flocks stretched out on the plain below, looking in the starlight like a soft, ill-defined white blur, had left them.

Old Michael's ears alone had caught the gentle appealing cry of a restless lamb as it stirred uneasily in its slumbers. The old man hesitated, his eyes bent on the ground, his brows contracted as if in pain. When in all the years had he left his flock thus deserted? But then he had waited so long. Could it be that the King had come, and he should not be the first to welcome Him?

The fierce struggle was soon over. Slowly he retraced his steps and rejoined his waiting companions. His face was pale, but his voice was firm. "Go!" he said—"go ye and seek the King! I will guard the flocks." Persuasions were useless. Old Michael had made his decision. Sadly his fellow-shepherds turned away and left him alone with his sheep.

He watched them till they had disappeared in the darkness, and then gave way to his overwhelming grief. Not for one moment did he doubt the success of their quest, and his feeble frame shook with sobs as the bitterness of his own disappointment was borne in upon him. Long he sat, his white head bowed upon his shaking hands, his sore old heart breaking with longing. How dark it was and cold; he shivered slightly and with trembling fingers drew his mantle closer about him. But hark! what sound was that, like distant voices singing? He strove to rise but fell back panting; a strange weakness seized upon him. He reached for his staff, that loved companion of so many long years, and drew it feebly to him. The music drew nearer, how sweet it was. Surely the angels must be coming back again.

* * * * *

In the early dawn the shepherds returned, eager to pour into the ears of their old comrade the story of the night's journey. They approached the hillside with rapid strides. "We have seen Him, we have seen the King—we have worshipped the Christ-child!" they cried. But when they caught sight of the prostrate form on the grass a great fear came upon them, and their voices were hushed. Filled with awe they drew near, and looked down upon the old man, as he lay, a happy smile on his worn face. Then the shepherds knew that old Michael, too, had seen "the King in His beauty," and that he worshipped Him now "in the land that is very far off."

*Hew o' the Harp**Marjorie L. C. Pickthall*

O I hae sang the yellow leaf
And I hae sang the red,
And I hae sang the white, white birk
That grows abune the dead.

O, I hae sang the laverock down
Ayont the apple trees,
O, I hae sang the heather bloom
Burdened wi' gowden bees.

Twined frae the rowning string, each note
Sae softly fa's and light,
It seems a winsome siller rose
Loosing her leaves at night.

But O, for me nae lassie binds
Her locks wi' white and blue.
Nae lightlier footstep wakes the hinds
Deep i' the early dew.

O, aince three harpers passed me by
Upon the Maybole road,
Ain was crowned wi' plaited reed,
Ain was crowned wi' gowd.

O, aince upon the Maybole road
Three harpers passed me by.
The last was crowned wi' wool-white locks,
And waly, that was I.

Women Students in a German University

MRS. A. P. MISENER.

IT was at the beginning of an autumn "Semester" at Leipzig University that I first became acquainted with the academic life of German women. On Registration Day, I went with a woman graduate of Sydney, Australia, through the quaint, narrow streets, across the "Ring" which marks what was once the ancient city wall, to the great square, upon one side of which the University fronts. As we entered the "Wandehalle," and looked at the elaborate decorations and the busts of the distinguished sons of the University, I could not but wonder what the main halls of our Alma Mater will be like, when Toronto University is centuries old. Though so modern, Toronto has about the same number of students as Leipzig; but the first day had not passed before one realized in many ways that Leipzig is a university with a great past, with laws not in a state of flux and formation, as with us, but almost as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. And one soon became aware of sharper social distinctions than with us, maintained in the university as elsewhere in German life, for we in Canada have only an aristocracy of wealth, while in Germany there is an aristocracy of birth and education. So the university professor holds a position he does not here, and between him and the students there seems to be a gulf fixed.

We entered the Registrar's office with some trepidation, for we had been in Germany long enough to learn the German fondness for statistical exactness in all departments of official life. There we met its academic side, for we were asked to fill in forms stating many details of family history, as well as our academic standing and the lectures desired. We then discovered how recently the doors of this University had been opened to women, for not until the spring of 1906 were German women admitted to the Leipzig degree, and even yet no foreign women, even though they be university graduates, are given the standing of matriculated students. I later learned

that with the general movement for higher education of women, a few had tried to enter this old conservative university, at first attending the "public" and then the regular lectures. Though discouraged by the authorities, a statement of the lectures they attended was finally granted them. And even now, though they are admitted to the degree, some professors are antagonistic to them, while others are simply tolerant.

When lectures began, I was surprised at the comparatively small number of German women, for, to use their own term, they were "weisse Raben." There were in all about one hun-



Universität (Wandelhalle).

Nach einer Original-Aufnahme von Eugen Ravenstein, Verlag J. B. Klein's Kunsthandlung, Leipzig

dred women registered, of whom sixty were foreigners. Many of the latter were of the races of Austria-Hungary. There were several Russians, a few chic, vivacious French maidens, and Australians, more English than the English. Two Jewesses from Poland were ostracized by the German women, because of race prejudice. There was one clever girl from Greece. Several American women were also studying there, but so far as I could ascertain, there were none from Great Britain. But we were most interested in the forty German

women, most of whom were from the upper middle class—the daughters of professional men or of well-to-do “Kaufleute.” One or two were daughters of noblemen. One of these university women of noble birth was the handsomest German woman I saw, and she was the only one I heard openly express ideas regarding politics. In a toast she proposed to the Kaiser, at a gathering of university women, shortly before the last general election of Germany, she discussed the colonial policy of the government and the impending political crisis. The other German women seemed surprised at such an expression of opinion by a woman, though in private conversation, one had told me “the Kaiser talked and did nothing, while King Edward was silent and gained what he wished in Europe.” In fact, the attitude of these women to the existing conditions in Germany is not unlike that of the women of other lands, when their claims for higher education were first being recognized. While a few tend to go to extremes, and to break entirely from the wise as well as senseless restraints of the past, others are seeking quietly to secure reforms that will really help their sex, many of whom are so down-trodden, in those densely peopled centres, where the female population so far exceeds the male.

To compare their university work with ours is well-nigh impossible, because their secondary schools have a higher standard than ours. As a consequence, the average German woman student is older and has a better general knowledge of literature and art than her American sister. The absence of examinations until the student deems herself ready for the degree, and the greater freedom allowed in the selection of courses of study, also render comparisons difficult. In their habits of work, I found the majority of these women very methodical. They avail themselves of every opportunity to master the languages which they are studying, and are always eager to exchange lessons with foreigners. In English, their detailed knowledge of Shakespeare’s plays would be a revelation to some of our graduates. During lecture hours, they pay strictest attention, for to be inattentive or indulge in conversation during a lecture is almost an unpardonable offence there. If there is the least disturbance the students express

their disapproval of the culprit by a shuffling of feet, while a more serious offence calls forth a stinging rebuke from the professor.

As yet, the authorities have not provided rooms for these women, who have entered a university founded and maintained for men. There is no ladies' study, such as we have. A small general reading room is the only place where they can wait. When one remembers that lectures begin at 8 a.m. and continue until 9 p.m., the inconvenience of this can be imagined. There is not even the luxury of a separate cloak room. Rows upon rows of racks, in the corridors outside the



Universität (Augusteum).

Nach einer Original-Aufnahme von Eugen Ravenstein, Verlag J. B. Klein's Kunsthandlung, Leipzig.

lecture rooms, are the only provision made for the student belongings. The unpleasantness of waiting for even a half-hour in these halls thronged with men students smoking, or eating the ever-present lunch of "Schwarz brot," has to be experienced to be understood. Naturally, there is as yet no residence for women, so a few of them band together, lease a house, hire a housekeeper and maid, and have what we would call a sorority house. But most of them are "en pension," or rent rooms and do light housekeeping.

In a land where only a small proportion of the people regularly attend church, and where in many ways the moral and religious atmosphere is much like that of England at the time of the Wesleys, one need not be surprised to find no organization among these university women corresponding to our Y.W.C.A., for nowhere is national life better reflected than in a university centre. A student, who had learned the value of such an association when abroad, tried to organize one in Leipzig. But, though supported in her effort by Professor Ihmels, the most influential theological professor, the German women did not respond, and in fact, ever after nicknamed her "the Christian girl."

The average German has not the love for athletics the Englishman has, and again the national tendency is reflected in the university. Imagine a body of university students with no organized football teams, no baseball, lacrosse, tennis, golf or hockey. There are splendid athletic feats among the men each "Semester," if duelling may be termed athletics. But the only physical exercise of the women students is a walk in the beautiful parks of the city, and during the few weeks that the Pleisse is frozen over, they enjoy an occasional skate.

But German students have their recreation. Their idea of a good time, as well as that of the man on the street, is at bottom a social one, and is still rather aptly expressed by a motto which I saw in a fifteenth century Gasthaus, in old Goslar,—

"So lang das Deutsche Reiche steht,
Der Deutscher auch zu Bierre geht."

"Auerbachs Keller," which Goethe makes the scene of such merry-making on the part of Leipzig students, and where Faust and Mephistopheles added to their conviviality, still stands, but is now the haunt of tourists rather than of students. But it has worthy successors in the vicinity, where the different students' "Verein" meet. These Verein vary as our fraternities do. Some of them meet for a purely social time, others have features corresponding to a literary society. Somewhat after the model of the latter class of men's Verein, the women have formed their organization. Instead of meeting once a week, or oftener, as the men do, they have but four meetings

a year. As there are no rooms provided in the university for such social gatherings, they usually rent rooms.

On a university holiday, in the early summer, this Women's Verein took a trip to Weimar, and judging from the many references I heard to the journey, they spent a happy time roaming about the homes and haunts of Goethe, Schiller, Herder and Wieland. In the autumn, the meeting was of a more social nature, as they invited friends for a week through the parks and fields, to the suburb of Connewitz, where, at a restaurant, they had refreshments and dancing. The next meeting was held a week before Christmas, while at the final meeting before Easter they had a masquerade.

Early in the autumn, one of the German women, with whom I had become acquainted, had asked me to join the Verein, so when the Christmas meeting drew near and I was again cordially invited, I decided to go. About seven o'clock of the evening of meeting, my friend, Fraulein H——, called for me, laden with several mysterious parcels. When we reached the hotel where the meeting was to be held, and were ushered into a small dressing room, where girls were unwrapping similar parcels, amid outbursts of laughter, I then learned we were to have a Christmas tree, and many of the presents were "Spass-geschenke"—jokes upon some foibles of the recipients. Then we went into a brilliantly lighted room, in one corner of which was the great Christmas tree, reaching to the ceiling, ablaze with candles and gaily decorated. Beneath stood a weird, grey-haired and grey-bearded little figure, in a long mantle, with the left hand distributing the joke presents, from the table beneath the tree, and with the right, holding a bundle of switches, which were applied to the shoulders of each, as she bowed to receive her gift. Despite this disguise, I soon recognized a little German student, whom hitherto I had known as "the funny girl, who wrote poetry and made the other girls listen to it." Just as I recognized her, she lifted from the table a hobby horse, whose mane was decorated with "wild feathers"—a gift for herself. Amid an outburst of laughter, she began riding her "hobby" at once. Many of the presents were quite original, as the signboard, bearing the English legend, "French spoken here," presented to a girl,

who purposed teaching and who spoke atrocious French, though her English was fairly correct and fluent. After a half-hour of this merry-making about the Christmas tree, we repaired to the supper room, where no dainty refreshments such as our women serve were spread. Huge platters of various kinds of cold meats, decorated with slices of cheese and pickle, and large baskets of "Brötchen" graced the bare-looking table. The Honorary President, a teacher from one of the Leipzig schools, presided. How the meat and "Brötchen" disappeared, for the merriment about the Christmas tree seemed to have whetted the normally good German appetite! The waiters next served beer and "Selter-wasser," and a course of cakes and bon-bons. As the trays of chocolates and "Marzipan" were passed, a buzz of conversation recommenced, and soon all gathered about the tree again. The President then distributed the real presents. They were characteristic student gifts—books, pictures and boxes of bon-bons—and as each student was remembered, the English women then felt very much at home.

But this was not to be the end of our evening, as I supposed, for we returned to the supper room, where, from a side table, the vapors of a steaming bowl of punch greeted us. Around the table we gathered, and with glasses of punch or lemonade we drank to the Kaiser, our University, and our Verein. The remaining minutes until midnight were spent in singing college songs and Christmas ballads, while a few of the German women enjoyed cigarettes, much to the annoyance of others. For though some of them deemed it a part of a liberal education to thus break social traditions, the majority had decided smoking was not to be allowed in the Verein. However, the rule has ever since been broken, I believe. Soon in twos and threes they bade the President a "Gute Nacht," and only my friend, the rest of the committee and myself were left to dismantle the tree, which was to be taken to one of the city hospitals in the morning, as a gift. And as these half-dozen girls stripped it of its "Wurst" and "Kuchen," its candles and gilded nuts, and wound the scintillating tinsel thread in each other's hair, I saw the German college girl to be quite akin to her Canadian sister in her enjoyment of a frolic.



WOMEN'S LITERARY SOCIETY EXECUTIVE, '08-'09.

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Miss C. B. DUNNETT, '09, Lit. Editor.	Miss I. A. WHITLAM, '09, Pres.	Miss M. E. T. ADDISON, Hon. Pres.	Miss W. KNOX, '09, Vice-Pres.	Miss E. A. CLARK, '09, Critic.	

*The Mystery**Wilfred Campbell*

WHEN autumn's silence tranced the skies,
And all life held its breath,
Unto Rosanna's lips and eyes
Came the white moth of death,—

That moth whose wings are feathered light,
From out oblivion's deep,
With magic pinions, petalled white,
Of folded sleep on sleep,—

And fluttered dim and vague and gray,
Above her lips and brow :
And other beauties gild life's day
With other glories now.

For earth's hushed pallor of the morn,
And love's dim trance of night,
From out the realms of sleep, reborn,
Fell on her soft and white ;

With those pale dreams of old, which tame
The tide of the heart's wild will :
And all that mask of love became
A mystery white and still.

An Idyl of the Gold Fields

ADELINE M. TESKEY.

SHE was a tall woman, yellow and sunken-cheeked; her dark hair was parted in the front and lay smoothly plastered down on each temple; her dark eyes had the expression of not seeing anything that was present; while little over thirty, Maria Finlay looked fully ten years older. She was bending over a washtub which rested on a bench standing out at the west end of her home, and was rubbing with vigor on the zinc washboard a muddy-looking garment which at one time had been white. Once she straightened up, as if to rest her strained muscles, placed her hand to her side, and looked off at the sinking sun.

It was a weird and impressive sight which at that moment smote her soul. Great fires had swept the forest country all around the small farm-place which she called home, and the tall, blackened trunks of trees, giants in height and girth, stretched like spectres of woe up towards heaven. The sun, wading through the smoke which seemed to envelop the universe, looked like a scarlet ball of fire, and a tangle of cloud, or heavy smoke, had formed itself into an arch over it, curiously giving it the appearance of a great red eye looking down upon the things of earth. A less impressionable person than Maria Finlay might have thrilled, or shuddered, at the sight. She gazed a few seconds in silence at the dead black trees and surrounding desolation; then her eyes lingered on the sun, and she whispered in awed tones:

"The eye o' Gawd. What is it a-lookin' at me fer? What did He mean by makin' me at all, an' puttin' me here in Burnt Lands?" The mystery and pain of life touched her as never before. "'Taint much of a place—this world," she continued, still looking at the red, smoky sun, "not much worth the trouble. Used to think when I was younger that there wus somethin'—somethin' good in the world, but I've found out there ain't. . . . Gettin' married looks well when yer seein' it ahead, ownin' children looks well when yer seein' it ahead, but none o' them comes up to what yer wantin'. The man

ain't what ye tho't he'd be; the children grows up from babies an' grows away from what ye want."

She looked wildly, hungrily, this woman of the Burnt Lands, into the smoky distance, and challengingly at the great red eye in the sky, then turned again to her washtub.

In a short time three boys came shouting out of the woods and gathered around her; strange, unkempt, rough little creatures they were, children who had grown away from babyhood and away from their mother. Their father, Nat Finlay, shortly followed, coming from somewhere out of the smoky distance. He was covered from head to foot with grey ashes, and something in his stealthy walk reminded Maria, as she glanced up from her work, of a great gray wolf. His conduct and appearance explained the children—the wolf's cubs were like the wolf.

Although it was an hour before the usual supper time, they all clamored for their supper; and the wife and mother wrung out the garment she had been washing, and proceeded to start the fire to boil the tea-kettle.

After the early supper was over, the man lighted his cob pipe, stuffed his hands into his pockets, and loafed off into the smoke and ashes again; the wife proceeded to finish her washing.

Maria Finlay had just wiped her hands out of the suds when out of the smoky distance walked another man, carrying a pack, which looked "like a great wen that had grown out of the nape of his neck."

This man was a pedlar, and, pausing at the farmhouse door, he politely asked for something to eat.

This was nothing peculiar in the sparsely settled country of the Burnt Lands, and Maria Finlay in a short time had set before the stranger, who had deposited his bundle on the kitchen floor, bread, butter, and cheese, and a pitcher of milk.

When the pedlar had finished his meal, he proceeded to unpack his bundle, for the purpose of giving some of its contents to his hostess to pay for his supper. He spread out before her a tray of cheap jewellery and looked for her approval. She shook her head. He drew out some ends of flaming ribbon, but this peculiar woman again shook her head.

He showed lace and buttons of startling design; the obdurate customer was still untouched. While tossing the bundle over in his vain search for something satisfying, there rolled out a small, worn, paper-bound book, a copy of Scott's *Lady of the Lake*. Immediately the woman picked it up, and said with a strange eagerness in her tone.

"I uster read onct—afore I wus married. I brought two books here with me to the Burnt Lands when we first come; but one day Nat—he's my man—wus mad 'cause the wood wus wet, an' he could not get the fire to start, an' he up an' tuk my two books to start it; we've never had no readin' 'round here sence. If ye'll gimme this book I'll call it square," she added, clasping her seamed, horny hand over the small volume.

"Why, suttainly," returned the pedlar, well pleased with the bargain, and rolling up his bundle he proceeded on his way.

Dropping down on the rough, unpainted floor, Maria Finlay opened the book and began to read where her eyes alighted:

"All twinkling with the dewdrop's sheen,
The briar-rose fell in streamers green;
And creeping shrubs of thousand dies,
Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs."

"That's somethin' like it's 'round here, in Burnt Lands," she said, with an air of surprise,—“afore the fire struck the clearance it wus; dew a-shinin' on all the leaves, briar-bushes hangin' thick with posies, vines creepin', creepin' everywhere; I've seen it look jest like this book reads.” She turned the leaves and continued to read:

"Boon Nature scattered, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain child.
Here eglantine embalms the air;
Hawthorne and hazel mingled there.
The primrose pale, and violet flower,
Found in each cliff a narrow bower;
Fox-glove and night-shade, side by side—

"Purty, wasn't it?" she said aloud, looking off toward the black tree trunks standing among the smoke with unseeing eyes, or eyes seeing naught but a flower-decked landscape.

She dropped her eyes to her book again:

"From underneath an aged oak,
That slanted from the islet rock,
A damsel, guider of its way,
A little skiff shot out to bay.

The maiden paused, as if again
She thought to catch a distant strain.
With hand upraised, and look intent,
And eye and ear attentive bent,
And locks flung back, and lips apart,
Like monument of Grecian art,
In listening mood she seemed to stand,
The guardian Naiad of the strand.
And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A nymph, a naiad, or a grace
Of finer form, or lovelier face."

"Purty, wasn't she?" she said, wistfully, again looking off toward the black desolation without seeing it. She read on:

"A chieftain's daughter seemed the maid;
Her satin snood, her silken plaid,
Her golden brooch, such birth betrayed.
And seldom was a snood amid
Such wild, luxuriant ringlets hid,
Whose glossy black to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven's wing."

At this point Maria Finlay laid the book on her lap, face down, and drawing a great steel hairpin from which the black japan had for a long time been worn away, leaving it a shiny gray in color, from the knot of hair which crowned her head, she let fall over her shoulders a long coil. Shaking it loose, she looked at it (this woman was still young), and said:

"My hair was onct as purty, an' shiny, an' black as the raven's wing—now they's white threads into it." In a few seconds she had picked up her book again, and read on and on. How she thrilled and glowed over that story of beauty and romance. She paused once and a great light flushed into her face, obliterating for the moment the seams and wrinkles, and said in an awed whisper:

"The eye o' Gawd seen me, how lonesome I wus here, an' He sent the book." On and on she read, forgetful that the great red eye in the sky had sunk below the horizon. She was only brought to a consciousness of her surroundings and duties when the cow, which she had forgotten to milk, came and "mooed" discontentedly in through the open door.

"I declare for it!" she cried, jumping to her feet, "I clean forgot to milk Spot." Shoving the book behind a pan on the

pantry shelf, she hastily seized a pail and went out into the semi-darkness.

An hour later Maria went to bed, placing the precious book under her pillow, for fear Nat might again want some paper wherewith to start the fire. She left the outside door unbarred for her husband. For some months the surrounding country had been suffering from the depredations of thieves, who stole wheat from the farmers, and though he had never told her so, Maria had every reason to believe Nat was one of them.

"He'll be stragglin' in about three or four o'clock," she thought aloud, in strange bewilderment, as if she had lived so long beside evil that the line between it and good had become well-nigh obliterated.

A mouse was rattling some loose mortar in the wall, the cheap clock in the kitchen was harshly striking three, and the rooster in the barn was presenting his first challenge to the new day, when Maria heard Nat pouring grain into a bin which he had constructed in an inner room under the home roof. She turned uneasily and put her hand on the book under her pillow.

During the following winter Maria lived in a sort of heaven of her own; every spare minute she was reading *The Lady of the Lake*; and while her hands were busy in the washtub or bread-trough, her thoughts were far off in the Highlands of Scotland, following the fortunes of Roderick Dhu, Douglas, Fitz-James, or, more than all, glorying in the beauty and grace of the Lady of the Lake. From constant reading she committed to memory a large portion of the poem; and the wondering squirrels and birds would listen to her, as she walked in the gloaming in search of the cow, repeating in a high sing-song voice her favorite lines.

More than one night Nat heard her softly murmuring in her sleep:

"A chieftain's daughter seemed the maid;
Her satin snood, her silken plaid,
Her golden brooch, such birth betrayed."

On such occasions he would rise on his elbow and gaze almost fearfully into her sleeping face, muttering nervously, "Satin-silken-golden, consarn it! What put them into *her* head?"

As time went on this woman seemed in her absorption to forget the harshness of her life and Nat's oaths. Her powers

of observation increased, she "saw as with a microscope, she heard as with an ear-trumpet," the beauties and sounds which crowded around her common little home. She seemed to have gained admittance into the "inner and finer heaven of things." She heard the lisp of the trees, and saw the colors of the flowers as something that had never reached her before. Her brown, calloused feet, as they trod the forest, hesitated as they had never done before about crushing the tiny flowers that grew in her pathway.

About a year from the time she procured the book there came another claimant of love and care to Maria Finlay.

"A gal, an' seeh a purty one," whispered the woman, who had washed and dressed the baby, into the ear of the half-conscious mother.

"What air ye goin' to call the kid, Maria?" said Nat nonchalantly when the little daughter was some weeks old.

"Lady-o'-the-Lake," returned Maria without hesitation.

"She hasn't a relation in the world called by *that* name," said Nat, looking bewildered. Then he dismissed the subject from his mind and never thought of it again.

So "Lady-o'-the-Lake" the little girl was called, no one making further remark on the name, which was recorded nowhere but in the mother's heart.

"She's jest exactly like the Lady o' the Lake I read about in the po'try," said the proud mother in her secret soul, as she watched the child from day to day develop in beauty of face and form.

After a while the beauty of the baby began to make an impression on even Nat. He would at times, when everyone else was out of the room, steal furtive glances at her, and whisper, "'Tain't like the other young uns wus." Then an awed expression would creep into his lank, weather-beaten countenance, as if he were looking at something supernatural, and he would steal out of the house on tip-toe.

Nat Finlay had never paid any attention to his boy babies, beyond yelling to the mother when they were crying, "Stuff something into that brat's mouth, Maria," but the little Lady did not purpose to remain unnoticed. As soon as she was able to toddle around the cabin floor she took it upon herself to

wait on "Dah." When she saw him preparing to go out she would run and bring his hat from the corner where he was in the habit of throwing it. She would make such endeavors to climb on his knee (all the other children had been afraid to go near him) that he was simply compelled to take her up, though looking very much ashamed of the weakness. She presented him with posies of wild flowers which she was constantly gathering from among the weeds that grew around the small house.

"*She* picked posies of wild flowers—the lady in the po'try," said the mother exultingly in her heart when she saw the pastimes of her little daughter.

The little one would at times sit and stare at her father wonderingly with her round, baby eyes, in a way that made him feel uncomfortable. One day when she was thus staring at him he said to Maria, with something like trepidation in his voice,

"What does she look at me that a-way fer? She kin't see anythin' pertickler 'bout me other folks kin't see."

"I dunno," returned Maria mysteriously, "mebbe she kin; babies is kind o' witches, an' knows most all they's wuth knowin' 'bout folks, they say."

Nat stirred uneasily, as the baby still continued to stare, and in a few seconds he reached his long, sinewy arm over toward the corner where he kept his hat, picked it up and sped outdoors.

As soon as he was alone he began to talk to himself: "Kin she know her 'dah' is a thief? Kin that baby know by lookin' at me that I am stealin' wheat from the neighbors? Makes me powerful uneasy them eyes lookin' at me that a-way."

None of the boys in the Finlay home could read; the beneficent influences of church and school had not reached Burnt Lands, and the boys' mother never seemed to have time to teach them. But with Lady circumstances were not going to be allowed to control; the mother determined that as far as lay in her power her girl should have every advantage which fell to the lot of the Lady in the book. So she began early to teach the child her alphabet out of the one book in her

possession. In the course of time Lady could read the book fluently.

When the girl was thirteen a mineralogist making a tour through the Burnt Lands in the interest of science sought lodging for a week at the Finlay homestead. As could readily be imagined, he was greatly surprised and impressed by the young girl's beauty and refinement. Owing to the gentleman's interest in Lady, the mother was led to tell him about the pedlar bringing the book, and that her young daughter was in mind and body like the heroine of the story as she had appeared in the mother's imagination.

Before he left the learned man had talked with the little Lady's father about sending her away out of the Burnt Lands to obtain an education.

It was a new idea to Nat; he scratched his head and looked bewildered. He had given Lady brass rings and cotton-backed ribbons, but he had never even thought about giving her an education. The great man went on to impress him with the responsibility of being the father of such a beautiful girl.

Nat never heard such talk as that before, and the following night he lay long on his sleepless couch thinking about it.

"The responsibility of being the father of sech a gal," he said to himself several times, "the *responsibility* (the large word filled him with awe), an'—an' I a thief. I ain't stole no wheat since Lady wus a little better than a year old; didn't feel all-fired comfortable the way she looked at me, an' I give it up; but I ain't ever give it back—the wheat I had stole."

Nat Finlay was very proud of a crop of wheat he had just reaped. His first thought when the stranger was talking about sending Lady off was that the wheat would go a long way toward covering the expense. But, suddenly, after repeating that long word, "responsibility," and thinking about "that beautiful gal," Lady, it seemed to him as if he must take his big crop of wheat and carry it to the neighbors whom he had robbed.

It took him nearly a week to go around to all the neighbors from whom he had stolen the wheat, choosing only the small hours of the night for his work. At the end of the week he came back to an almost empty bin, with barely enough wheat to keep the family in flour during the winter.

After this Nat began to think seriously about sending Lady off to get that wonderful thing the great man talked about—nothing was too good or wonderful for Lady. But where was the money to come from?

It was just before the ground was frozen that an inspiration came to him. The mineralogist had told him that the rocky Burnt Lands were rich in minerals, gold especially. He had even pointed to a spot on Nat's farm, a "washout," which, he said, had every appearance of being rich in the precious metal. Nat's inspiration, which came to him like spoken words right in the middle of the night, was, "Search in the washout for gold."

Fearing that it might seem an utterly useless undertaking to the family, Nat said nothing about it, but every morning he shouldered his pick and shovel and went to the far corner of the farm, presumably to dig a drain.

He dug industriously; he procured a little powder and blasted the rock.

Maria, smelling the powder-smoke, said to Lady, "Your dah is diggin' a deep drain sure enough this time."

One day when Nat was digging he really struck something peculiar-looking. Some mining expert, chancing to be in the locality, came at Nat's call to examine the "find."

"Finlay," he said, "you have struck a vein of gold; you're a rich man."

Nat stood stolid and silent, and the expert said to himself as he walked away, "That fellow has no more sensibility than an ox; what good is it going to do *him* to be rich?"

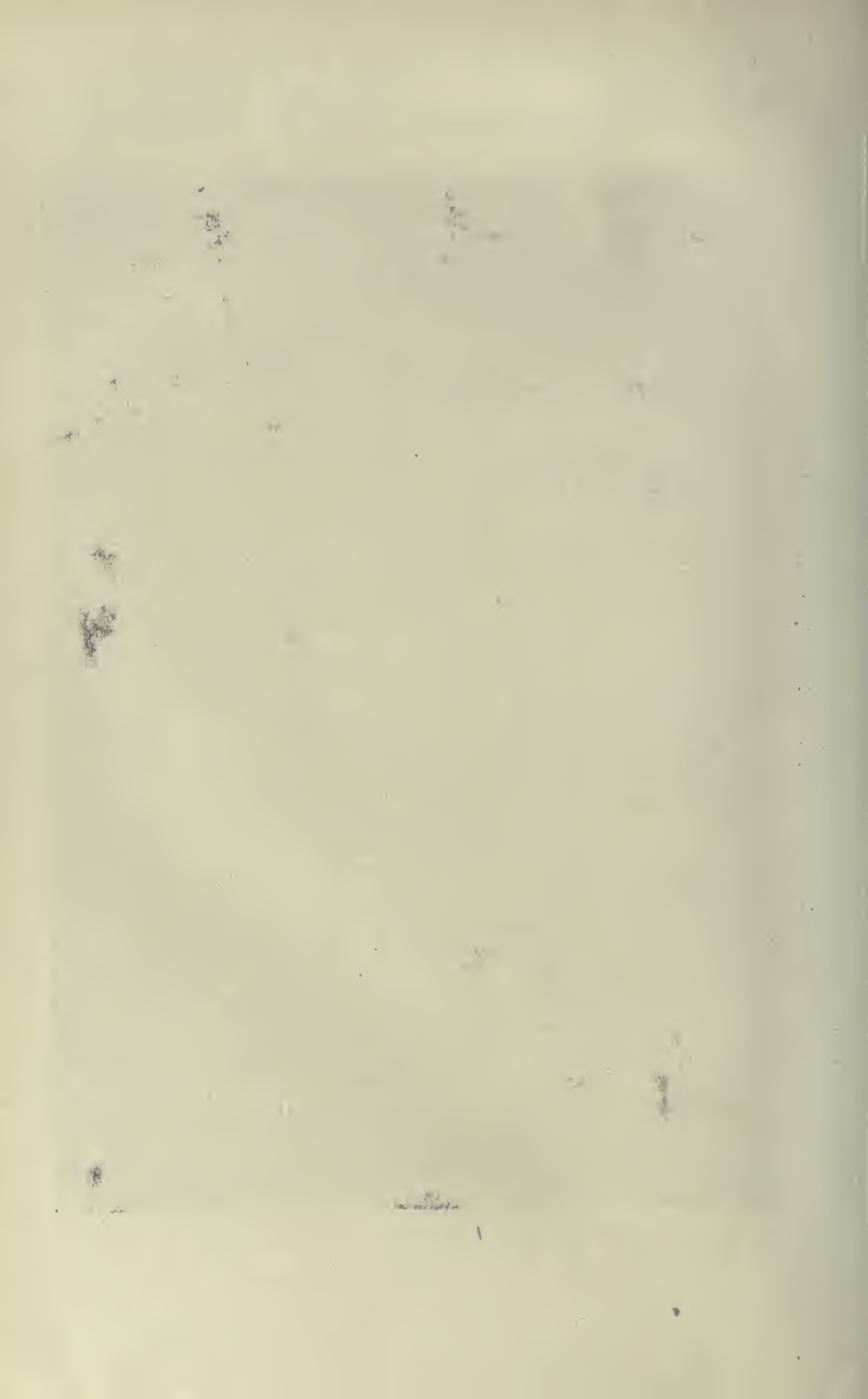
When Nat was sure that the man who had told him the value of his find had walked well out of sight, he turned and tore madly back to his house, crying breathlessly, as soon as he came within Maria's hearing, "I've found the stuff—an' I kin buy Lady the edication, and the satin-silken-golden ye hev been talkin' about in yer dreams!"

Maria made no reply, but turned quickly so Nat might not see the tears in her eyes, and looked off toward the point where she had seen the peculiar sunset so many years before. The old burnt trees were now replaced by a fresh growth, young and green; and she wondered vaguely whether they were a sort of prophecy of the new life that was opening up before her.



UNION LITERARY SOCIETY EXECUTIVE—FALL TERM, '08-'09.

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Some Christmas Musings

JOHN LEWIS,

Editorial Writer, *Toronto Daily Star*.

"No war, nor battle's sound
Was heard the world around;
The idle spear and shield were high uphung.
The hooked chariot stood,
Unstained with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng."

WHEN these familiar lines are quoted by the writer of a Christmas article they usually arouse some sad reflections in regard to the warlike state of the world nineteen hundred years after the first Christmas morning. The gigantic armies of Europe, the launching of battleships of greater and greater tonnage in the contest for naval supremacy, the constantly recurring alarms of war, furnish abundant material for these pensive musings.

But in our Christmas editorials we have all been working upon too narrow a base. We think too much of Europe and too little of the great new world that has arisen in the century since the Napoleonic wars. We speak mournfully of the mighty armies of France and Germany, and forget the unguarded frontiers of the United States and Canada, which are destined to contain a far larger population than France and Germany, as great a population as all Europe. Europe is in a chronic state of nervous tension, and a disturbance in the Balkans may send a thrill of alarm through all that delicate organism. On this continent all our disorders are local. War, civil or international, in South America, arouses only a mild interest in Canada and in the United States. It may be that the European war germ will get into our blood, but it seems far more likely that the example of America will influence Europe.

The main hope of peace lies not in the Hague Conference but in the lessening of the relative influence and power of Europe in the world's affairs. Compare the world of to-day with the world of the Napoleonic wars; then Europe was all-important. The situation has been profoundly changed by the expansion of the United States, by the growth of Canada

and Australia, by the sudden rise of Japan, and by the building of transcontinental railways connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific. Here is a veritable new world, in which the powers of continental Europe have very little to say. Not only is America free from European influence, but that influence is likely to be excluded from the vast Pacific Ocean and all its coasts and islands. Japan and the United States have entered into an agreement not only for friendly relations, but for maintaining the integrity of China. The only other power having large interests in the Pacific is the British Empire, represented in Canada, in Australia and in various dependencies and naval stations. Great Britain is the ally of Japan and the friend of the United States. These three powers together possess a dominant influence in the Pacific, and are fully capable of protecting China until that sleeping giant has fully awakened and is able to protect himself.

In all this vast new world we see a condition so essentially different from that of the Continent of Europe that the maxims of European statecraft are unmeaning, or can be applied only with the utmost caution and with many modifications. Some prophets of woe have conjured up the idea of a yellow peril, from a China awakened and armed under Japanese influence. "Conscience doth make cowards of us all," and our conscience with regard to China is naturally uneasy. There were days when we were not so bent upon maintaining the integrity of China as we are to-day. But all that we hear of the Chinese character warrants the belief that the Chinaman will not abuse his power. At the worst, the white man will be fully able to defend himself from any possible yellow combination.

The new world—including in that term America, the Pacific Ocean and its coasts and islands—is likely to give as its contribution to civilization a new conception of international relations. The relations that are possible between the United States and Canada are possible elsewhere. The European tradition has been broken. It has been demonstrated that two nations may dwell side by side with no other safeguards than exist between two adjacent counties in Ontario. That example, founded upon common-sense and

modern ideas, is more likely to be followed than the example of Europe, which is founded upon traditions a couple of thousand years old.

That the progress of events is toward general disarmament is the conclusion to which anyone who examines the situation carefully must arrive. It must not be supposed that disarmament will bring about the millennium. Many beasts will remain to be fought, many mean and sordid passions will survive. One might almost prefer feudalism and militarism to the prevalence of a universal greed of gold and enthronement of the money power. But the abolition of war will not mean the abolition of the fighting spirit, implanted in man for wise purposes. When he ceases to regard the Frenchman or the German as his hereditary enemy, he will turn his attention to the real enemy, the social injustice that afflicts and oppresses all mankind. When international relations are readjusted in accordance with common-sense and humanity, the remaining work will be the reconstruction of the social and political systems of the world. Peace will not mean stagnation. "Peace on earth to men of good-will." If that is the true rendering of the message, it is a promise of the reign of justice as well as of the reign of peace.

The Silver Birch

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

THE silver birch, as slim and fine
As princess of a royal line,
Seen on a wintry day will show
A double fairness through the snow.

It sets the heart to wondering:
Perhaps a blotched and sullied thing
The fairest human life may be
Against ideal purity.

*The Humor of Thackeray, Dickens and
Jane Austen*

HELEN C. PARLOW, '08.

"And if once the crowd has laughed with you, it will not object to cry a little—nay, it will make good resolves, and sometimes carry them out."—*Gissing*.

SOMEONE has said that the English democracy is the most humorous democracy in the world. Whether the literature which belongs peculiarly to that democracy is, of all literatures, the most humorous, might prove a diverting subject for investigation. One thing is clear, however; the world will never know how much it owes to the spirit which animates every living novel, the spirit that is called humor. To imagination we do not deny our worship, justly feeling that, in its flight, we are borne above the sordid and the commonplace. But from humor, which is, in the last analysis, imagination, we withhold our meed of praise, and suspect it, rather, because it oft-times sparkles from beneath the commonplace. "It is the humor of Carlyle that keeps his writings fresh," says one critic. "His nicknames stick when his argument is forgotten." For some, such as Dickens, it is only through the medium of humor that the sublime is attained. But there are those to whom the gift of humor has been denied. By them, the life of argument, of pathos and of the sublime itself is oft-times only dimly felt. However, if we feel, with Jane Austen, that there may be a quiet mirth in life's routine; if we possess Thackeray's genius to laugh at our own hypocrisy, and to smile kindly at the foibles of others; if our vision, piercing the sordid, can discover the interesting and the genuine, we know that to us has been given the magic sesame which opens to us the treasures of the world's great spirits.

To use Carlyle's word, humor is a "genial sympathy with the under side," a "delicate sense of absurdity." One writer, referring to Mrs. Carlyle, says that "There may be wit, but there cannot be humor, without love, and . . . (her humor) reveals not merely her genius, but her heart." To preserve a humor which is always kind, to avoid temptations

to cynicism, is the task which tests the heart of an author, and he stands or falls according as he loves or despises mankind. The wholesomeness of the humor which Jane Austen, Thackeray and Dickens all employ is attested by the fact that they can all laugh at themselves. Jane Austen confesses, "I could not sit down to write a serious romance under any other motive than to save my life; and if it were indispensable for me to keep it up, and never relax into laughter at myself or at other people, I am sure I should be hung before I had finished the first chapter." Thackeray is continually poking fun at himself when he professes amusement at the eagerness which his characters frequently show in hob-nobbing with the great. And we have but to mention Skimpole, to be reminded that Dickens could always appreciate a joke at his own expense.

The eternal variety of mankind appealed to Dickens. Humor fastened upon character and ran away with it, so that we are dazzled by the very incarnations of that spirit, as the figures flit hither and thither before our minds. The reader who is not moved to delight except by the serious and the severe has small patience with the hilarity aroused in others by Dickens's humor. But with the great majority Dickens is a favorite. His purpose was not to portray the life and customs of his age. His finger was on the abuses, and his humor hit home with marvellous poignancy, where another's argument might well have missed the mark.

To Thackeray, the vanities of life stood forth with amusing emptiness. His characters, every now and then, reflect some likeness to ourselves, which, tickling our fancy, yet sobers us. Life's grave realities are ever present beneath the surface-play of humor, the pathos always there, the smiles and tears!

Jane Austen's characters we follow with interest throughout "The trivial round, the common task," enjoying the freshness of the tale, but never pausing to laugh aloud, and rarely recognizing, fully, the humor of it all. Hers is the unconscious type, but none the less delightful because of its naïveté.

There is an illusion about humor which, transforming the disagreeable, charms away our prejudice. Mrs. Gamp, in the workaday world, is vulgar, but, as we turn the pages of "Martin Chuzzlewit," our interest in her is amazing. "Mrs.

Gamp was a lady of that happy temperament which can be ecstatic without any other stimulating cause than a general desire to establish a large and profitable connection. She added, daily, so many strings to her bow, that she made a perfect harp of it, and upon that instrument she now began to perform an extemporaneous concerto." Toots, in "Dombey and Son," furnishes another example of the same sort of metamorphosis. As Mr. Chesterson says, "We do not quarrel with Toots because he is not clever; we are more likely to quarrel with cleverness because it is not Toots." Such men as Micawber and Swiveller would surely be undesirable as business connections, but, under the spell of Dickens's magic, who can resist them?

Thackeray's humor inspires an appreciation for the bonhomie of the rascal. His novels are rich with this type of humorous character. The painted old dowager in "Esmond" is delightful. "She cared more for trumps than for most things in life;" and, when Colonel Esmond returned after having won fame abroad, honors were showered upon the young officer and "The dowager came forward in great state, with her grand tall head-dress of King James's reign, that she never forsook, and said, 'Cousin Henry, all our family have met; and we thank you, Cousin, for your noble conduct towards the head of our house;' and, pointing to her blushing cheek, she made Mr. Esmond aware that he was to enjoy the rapture of an embrace there. Having saluted one cheek, she turned to him the other. . . . 'And I adopt you from this day,' says the dowager; 'and I wish I was richer, for your sake, son Esmond,' she added, with a wave of her hand; and as Mr. Esmond dutifully went down on his knee before her ladyship, she cast her eyes up to the ceiling (the gilt chandelier, and the twelve wax candles in it, for the party was numerous), and invoked a blessing from that quarter upon the newly-adopted son."

Jane Austen finds particular diversion in a certain type of fool. Mr. Collins's letters are irresistible, and the gentleman himself great fun, but we all hope to be preserved from such companions. Whenever his name is mentioned we are prepared for amusement. In Charlotte's house, "When Mr. Collins could be forgotten, there was really a great air of comfort

throughout, and, by Charlotte's evident enjoyment of it, Elizabeth supposed he must be often forgotten." Mr. Elton, in "Emma," might be included in this class; the passage in which he makes his proposal is excellently done. Jane Austen transforms the bore into the most refreshing of companions.

There are certain "devices" which an author brings to the service of humor. Tricks of spelling or mistaken quotations frequently assist in producing an astonishing effect. In "The Diary of George IV.," we find this lamentation: "O trumpery! O Morris! as Homer says, This is a higeous pictur of manners, such as I weap to think of, as every morl man must weap." Or turn to the pages where Mrs. Gamp's remarks are recorded. Jane Austen rarely deserts the conventional. In fact, her very adherence to orthodox spelling and set conversational forms produces, occasionally, in our ears, an incongruity which is amusing. In "Mansfield Park," "At last Sir Thomas cannot avoid perceiving in a grand and careless way, that Mr. Crawford is somewhat distinguishing his niece."

Both Dickens and Thackeray introduce, from time to time, supernumerary characters for comic purposes. Alcide de Mirabolant, the cook in "Pendennis," and Dick Steele, in "Esmond," are not indispensable as far as the plots are concerned. In Dickens's tales, the name of such characters is legion. Miss Austen gives us a Miss Bates, who is certainly worth knowing; but, in the main, she finds her humor in the commonplace situations of everyday life, rather than in the absurdities of a character introduced for the express purpose of making us smile.

There is a basis in human nature for the humor in our three novelists. The first time Harriet saw Mr. Elton, she and two other girls peeped through the blind, but Miss Nash, the teacher, discovering them, scolded them away and remained herself to look. What character could be more truly and cleverly drawn than that of Mr. Woodhouse, who "liked his gruel thin, but not too thin"?

Becky Sharp, "when she was agitated, and alluded to her maternal relative, spoke with ever so slight a foreign accent, which gave a great charm to her clear, ringing voice. . . .

And curious it is, that as she advanced in life, this young lady's ancestors increased in rank and splendor." Thackeray's asides often give an impression of truth to the absurd, and the addition of local color, by means of circumstantial evidence, lends an air of actuality. Thackeray is continually taking us into his confidence, and, on one of these occasions, in "Vanity Fair," urges us to be patient, though the tale at first lack excitement, encouraging us with the promise that "There are some terrific chapters coming presently." The play upon a word is sufficient to suggest the ridiculous; Dick Steele thought that Lady Collingwood was "'double beautiful'" (and indeed poor Dick was only too apt to be in a condition to see double)."

Dickens's villains always have a lurid intensity. They are past reclaiming. As one critic remarks: "This heartiness and vivacity in the villains of Dickens is worthy of note because it is directly connected with his own cheerfulness. . . . He did not wish to imitate the reverent scepticism of Thackeray." Quilp and Jonas Chuzzlewit have nothing to recommend them.

Jane Austen removes humor as far as possible from her villains. Henry Crawford, Wickham, and Willoughby never provoke the least amusement.

Thackeray has a genial love for a certain class of scoundrels, insisting upon calling them "honest," and pursuing them with a humor which inspires within us, in spite of ourselves, a kindness toward them. Such as Lord Mohun and Lord Steyne, however, are looked upon with no degree of allowance. They are black and utterly repulsive.

During the early part of his life, Dickens made free use of caricature; his characters, frequently, were mere abstractions. Later, however, realism began to cast over his stage a more sober light, and the figures lost in interest. Someone has said that the more excited a Dickens character becomes, the more it becomes itself. Art does not always lose by exaggeration, and, after all, demands not more than an impression of truth. Dickens, in his vivid way, gives us something other than a photographic likeness in Mrs. Gamp, Dick Swiveller, Micawber and Toots. If we take exception to exaggeration in Dickens, we may have to question the existence of *de Mirabolant* in

"Pendennis," Honeymoon in the "Newcomes," Dick Steele in "Esmond," and Sir Pitt Crawley, in "Vanity Fair." Even Miss Bates may be called upon to explain herself occasionally. Undoubtedly, several of Dickens's characters are somewhat one-sided, but their humor is unmistakable, and the whole gallery of his creations unite in reminding us that mankind is "wildly varied and wildly interesting."

The subjects touched by the humor of Dickens and Thackeray are as various as the authors' own interests. Politics, the War Office, Court of Chancery, Public Executions, Parochialism and Debtors' Prisons, suggested to the mind of Dickens, especially, a humor which had in it something more poignant than a spirit of kindliness. His humor gave a vividness to abuses which might else have remained longer in existence. Both Thackeray and Dickens enjoyed an occasional thrust at the Government. "England, for the last week, has been in an awful state. Lord Coodle would go out, Sir Thomas Doodle wouldn't come in, and, there being no people in England to speak of, except Coodle and Doodle, the country has been without a Government."

Never, by the slightest hint, does Jane Austen refer to the public institutions of her time. True, Parochialism received its deserts in the types of clergymen which she had drawn. The attentions of Mr. Collins and Mr. Grant to their flocks are greatly interrupted by their respective worship of the peerage and the green goose. When referring to the prevalent idea of matrimony, Jane Austen's humor sharpens into satire. The problems of the small town, where shines but rarely the strange light from Brighton or London, are sufficient to attract and enchant with life-like interest.

But who can catalogue humor? The joke is spoiled when accompanied by a chart. Humor is elusive. You grasp it, and it vanishes; you strive to dissect or analyse it, and its life has fled. Humor, like the other best things in life, brooks no apology and needs no explanation. Happy are they whose daily burden is lightened by a sense of humor!

To Dickens "Life is laughable and livable." To Thackeray life's tragedy is softened, for the follies of men are amusing, and almost all men are "honest," and deserve to be

dealt with kindly. As Mr. Goldwin Smith expresses it, "Jane Austen's purpose is not to form your opinion, nor to reform your character, but to impart to you the pleasure she felt herself."

One or two short selections will serve as examples of the humor of Dickens, Thackeray, and Jane Austen:

"Have you been making that horrible noise?" said the Single Gentleman.

"I have been helping, sir," returned Dick, keeping his eye upon him and waving the ruler gently in his right hand, as an indication of what the Single Gentleman had to expect if he attempted any violence.

"How dare you, then?" said the lodger. "Eh?"

To this Dick made no other reply than by enquiring whether the lodger held it to be consistent with the conduct and character of a gentleman to go to sleep for six-and-twenty hours at a stretch, and whether the peace of an amiable and virtuous family was to weigh as nothing in the balance.

"Is my peace nothing?" said the Single Gentleman.

"Is their peace nothing, sir?" returned Dick. "I don't wish to hold out any threats, sir—indeed, the law does not allow of threats, for to threaten is an indictable offence—but if ever you do that again, take care you're not sat upon by the coroner and buried in a cross-road before you wake. We have been distracted with fears that you were dead, sir," said Dick, gently sliding to the ground; "and the short and the long of it is that we cannot allow single gentlemen to come into this establishment and sleep like double gentlemen without paying extra for it."

"Indeed!" cried the lodger.

"Yes, sir, indeed," returned Dick, yielding to his destiny and saying whatever came uppermost; "an equal quantity of slumber was never got out of one bed and bedstead, and if you're going to sleep in that way, you must pay for a double-bedded room."—*The Old Curiosity Shop*, Chap. xxxv.

A very stout, puffy man, in buckskins and Hessian boots, with several immense neckcloths, that rose almost to his nose, with a red striped waistcoat and an apple-green coat with steel buttons almost as large as crown pieces (it was the morning costume of a dandy or blood of those days), was reading the paper by the fire, when the two girls entered, and bounced off his arm-chair, and blushed excessively, and hid his entire face almost in his neckcloth at this apparition.

"It's only your sister, Joseph," said Amelia, laughing and shaking the two fingers which he held out. "I've come home for good, you know; and this is my friend, Miss Sharp, whom you have heard me mention."

"No, never; upon my word!" said the head under the neckcloth, shaking very much; "that is, yes—what abominably cold weather, miss"—and herewith he fell to poking the fire with all his might, although it was in the middle of June.

"He's very handsome," whispered Rebecca to Amelia, rather loud.

"Do you think so?" said the latter. "I'll tell him."

"Darling! not for worlds!" said Miss Sharp, starting back as timid as a fawn. She had previously made a respectful, virgin-like curtsy to the gentleman, and her modest eyes gazed so perseveringly on the carpet that it was a wonder how she should have found an opportunity to see him.

"Thank you for the beautiful shawls, brother," said Amelia to the fire poker. "Are they not beautiful, Rebecca?"

"Oh, heavenly!" said Miss Sharp, and her eyes went from the carpet straight to the chandelier.—"*Vanity Fair*."

The next extract might be pathetic if we did not know Becky Sharp:

But old Tinker was not to be pumped by this little cross-questioner; and signifying to her that bed was a place for sleeping, not conversation, set up in her corner of the bed such a snore as only the nose of innocence can produce. Rebecca lay awake for a long, long time, thinking of the morrow, and of the new world into which she was going, and of her chances of success there. The rushlight flickered in the basin. The mantelpiece cast up a great black shadow, over half of a mouldy old sampler, which her defunct ladyship had worked, no doubt, and over two little family pictures of young lads, one in a college gown and the other in a red jacket like a soldier. When she went to sleep, Rebecca chose that one to dream about.—"*Vanity Fair*."

(Mr. Collins and Mr. Bennet converse about Lady Catherine's daughter, Miss de Bourgh.)

"Her indifferent state of health unhappily prevents her being in town; and by that means, as I told Lady Catherine myself one day, has deprived the British court of its brightest ornament. Her ladyship seemed pleased with the idea; and you may imagine that I am happy on every occasion to offer those little delicate compliments which are always acceptable to ladies. I have more than once observed to Lady Catherine that her charming daughter seemed born to be a duchess, and that the most elevated rank, instead of giving her consequence, would be adorned by her. These are the kind of little things which please her ladyship, and it is a sort of attention which I conceive myself peculiarly bound to pay."

"You judge very properly," said Mr. Bennet, "and it is happy for you that you possess the talent of flattering with delicacy. May I ask whether these pleasing attentions proceed from the impulse of the moment or are the result of previous study?"

"They arise chiefly from what is passing at the time, and though I sometimes amuse myself with suggesting and arranging such little elegant compliments as may be adapted to ordinary occasions, I always wish to give them as unstudied an air as possible."—"*Pride and Prejudice*," Chap. xiv.

*Shining Out and Shining In**H. Isabel Graham*

LIFE, at worst, is not all sighing
And repenting of our sin,
There's a glory and a gladness
Shining out and shining in ;
There's a lifting of the burden
And a lightening of the load,
There's a song down in the valley
And a turning in the road.

There's a kind of holy calmness
In the saddest o' the year,
And a friendly flash of firelight
When December days are drear ;
No, this life is not all trouble,
There's a joy for every pain
And a promise of the sunshine
In the patter of the rain.





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"Sssst Marco!"

NORMAN W. DE WITT.

DELPHI received us in a modest inn. Very modest, for it was a one-story building, with the highway in front and a precipice in the rear. No one would have guessed its destination from its external appearance, nor did our host by any means look the landlord. He was, however, a man who would attract notice anywhere, and in America I feel sure he would draw a crowd. His symmetrical figure showed an oval contour whose minor axis was slightly less than the diameter of a doorway. His superficies gave no indication that he lived within a few minutes' walk of the Castalian Spring, or any other running water. The fact is that springs in Greece are not so much in honor as they appear to have been at one time, or it may be that they have become inviolable. Our hostess proved to be round like an orange and slightly elongated at the poles. They were a comely pair, but very deceiving. He might have taken the part of Caliban without a mask, but in the sequel, his kindness, promptness and intelligence demonstrated clearly that nature had combined a look of malice and dullness in his face merely for a jest. He was no mean waiter, either, and the meals that his better hemisphere cooked were served by him with more than the grace of Vulcan. When arrangements for our departure were being made, we discovered that he was also a sort of Pierpont Morgan in the village, and had it not been for the financial pressure he was able to exert we might not have been able to get transportation during the Easter holidays.

Delphi, which has always been the name of a sanctuary and not a town, is perched on the side of Mt. Parnassus near the edge of a gorge through which flows a little stream whose ancient name almost everyone remembers for a few days after his visit; farther away to the south and west gleam the bright blue waters of the Gulf of Corinth, and all around rise the classic hills, full of stories of ancient valor and ancient meanness. At their foot, at the end of an inlet, stands the miserable town of Itea, notorious for bad hotels and the cares that infest the night. There the Greek guests insist upon the

Americans occupying the beds, while they themselves sleep upon the hard tables. They are worthy descendants of the crafty Ulysses. Our party had purposely avoided Itea, and with our rotund hosts we had no troubles but our own to disturb our slumbers.

Delphi has recently been excavated by the French with rich results, and is one of the best places in the world for the pleasure of sentimentalizing, that cheapest of intellectual enjoyments. You may sit amid the ruins of Apollo's temple and dream of raving priestesses and learned priests; of grave or quarrelsome Amphietyons; of embassies from Cræsus or from Egypt, bearing rich gifts for the prophet, inscribed in archaic letters with the donor's names, the first writing known to many of the Greeks; in fancy you may see groups of surly Spartans or smart Athenians come and go; or handsome Chaerephon may arrive and ask who is the wisest of men. But a busy scholar, anxious to visualize the reading of years, preferring Pausanias to a Baedeker, will be found scurrying up to the little hippodrome at the top, or locating the treasures of the states, or reading with hungry eyes the fine inscriptions that decorate the narrow ways. As at all ancient sites of consequence, the government has erected a small museum where you may see the objects of value found on the spot, chief among which in this instance is the famous standing figure in bronze of a charioteer, a fine example of earlier Greek art.

When the day has waned and the shadows are falling longer from the mountains, comes a last enjoyment, a sip of *mastica* beneath a spreading plane tree by the wayside, hard by the Castalian Spring where the Greek women are giving their clothes the last rinsing, and while you rest, weary with climbing in the hot sun over ruins terraced on a steep incline, you may perhaps catch the tinkle of nearing bells and presently along the road will sound the patter of innumerable feet, closer and closer coming, until the goats hurry nervously past and the pattering is lost in the near distance again. The goatherd, with his long crook, trudges behind, eyeing you curiously and becoming more impatient than ever to join his cousin in America.

By this time a waxing appetite will warn you too that it is necessary to move toward your hostelry, where the hare killed on the mountain will be done to a turn; literally to a turn, for he is roasted at full length on a spit over a long pan of coals that sends out a vicious spray of fat to polish the face and the front of our host. To those who like game, I recommend a Parnassus hare done to a turn.

Our plan was to cross Parnassus, Phocis and Loeris to Thermopylæ, and we succeeded in carrying it out. In the cold gray dawn of Good Friday, according to the Greek calendar, we assembled before our caravansary, where nine mules, saddled but not bridled, for the passenger is freight, were flipping their ears to the cheerful accompaniment of many bells. The professor in charge of our party always took the best animal for himself, since he led the way and wished to set a good pace. The best of the remainder used to be assigned to the ladies in the order of their need and avoirdupois, in which they differed considerably, while I, who constituted the rear guard and had no need of speed and could walk if necessary, perforce remained content with any old thing that was left. The morning in question I scanned the herd to see which mount was poor enough to be my Pegasus, and soon espied a diminutive mule proudly and solicitously held in restraint by a stout old lady in a gown cut décolleté both top and bottom. On drawing near I heard her say soothingly: "Sssst Marco! sssst Marco!" This I knew to mean *whoa* or *steady* in horse Greek, and I inwardly began to speculate what wild act Marco might commit if not held in check. I also decided on the spot that he had been named, not for the gentle writer of the Gospel, but for that fiery patriot, Marco Bozzaris. It turned out as I divined, and soon, mounted on the little patriot, I was scooting up the hill of Apollo and all the time an old muleteer, husband of her of the décolleté gown, was tearing along on foot after us and repeating the refrain, "Sssst Marco! sssst Marco!"

That little mule was a very dynamo. Instead of walking contentedly at the end of the procession along the zigzag path, away he shot up the holy slope, and several times I could only check his ardor by lowering my feet. After climbing for

several hours we crossed the summit in snow so deep that all had to dismount and allow the muleteers to help the animals through the drifts. As for me, I could hardly be said to dismount; I simply dropped my colossal legs and Marco was free. Free! Yes, and he knew it, for, wheeling about, in the twinkling of an eye he started back on the run towards Delphi. In an atom of time there were two of us on the run, but on that narrow path there was no heading him off, and all seemed hopeless until with a happy thought I murmured a prayer to Apollo. And, miracle of miracles! Marco stopped so suddenly that I narrowly escaped a rear-end collision, which is especially dangerous with his breed, but with a presence of mind that seems wonderful to me now when I think it over, I leapt to one side, and Marco, after a moment of reflection, yielded to the god and soon was loping back along that selfsame path to rejoin his comrades.

During the descent we met no one but an old woman, who asked us where we were from. This is a frequent greeting for the stranger in Greece, and, having been so for three thousand years or more, it bores some people. Among these was our leader, who had been several years in the country and felt cynical about the custom. He told me that once he had adopted the plan of naming the last village he had passed through, and thereto hung a tale. One evening as it was growing dark he entered a place where he expected to pass the night, and in answer to the usual question he named an adjacent village. Imagine how interested he became when the people began to scatter like a lot of New York insurance magnates before an investigation. Mischief, however, was afoot, and only with the greatest difficulty did he find mean quarters for the night. The smallpox was raging in the place he had named.

The descent was gradual and dreary, through desolate places which the guides said were resorted to in the summer. It was probably during this season that the muses visited these parts; it would be no place for muses in the winter. We passed a couple of villages with much barking of dogs. My memory has by some perverse reaction recalled the names of these places, Ano- and Kato-agoriani, but I had no intention of remembering them. At the latter we stopped to eat, our

lunch of cold, hard-boiled eggs, which the canny Greek cooks as soon as gathered, and good brown bread. A poor old man, with generous hospitality, insisted on treating us to that unspeakable wine called *resinata*, which is so strong with resin that it makes a cold wave float down my spine. The last part of the descent was down a sort of natural stairs and here I suffered. It turned out that Marco, who was such a noble and ambitious climber, was equally ambitious but not so comfortable on the descent. Rather than repeat that performance I would willingly ride a saw-horse down the City Hall steps.

We then journeyed for several weary hours along a beautiful government road and arrived cold, tired and hungry, in inky darkness, at Drachmanni, our stopping place for the night. As this town was strange to us, we inquired our way to the house of the demarch or mayor, who is bound by custom to furnish or find lodging and food for strangers. After receiving a tardy answer to our knock, our leader said: "We are a party of Americans who desire shelter for the night," and presto! there was a great commotion. The gates of the courtyard flew open, lights appeared on the veranda and we were taken in. The table was spread—beautiful bread, fresh cheese from goat's milk, pink Easter eggs, dried quinces as hard as hickory, and, greatest favor of all, Russian caviar appeared. The demarch's wife apologized profusely because she was unprepared and promised something worth while in the morning. She made good her word, for by that time she had two chickens cooked and a good dinner prepared. For the night the men were furnished with a bed, while the women slept upon the floor, with plenty of rugs and blankets, which are the pride of the Greek housewife. We even had towels, soap, and, rarest of all, a wash-basin. For all of this they scornfully refused payment, and when our leader, who knew Greek ways, offered a little contribution to his daughter's dowry, the demarch said promptly, "When she marries, I will write to you," which was a polite refusal. Such is Greek hospitality where travellers rarely go.

By noon we were well across the valley of the Cephissus and heading for Mt. Callidromus. During our ascent I re-

member seeing a goat leap into the branches of an old reclining tree, walk out on a limb, and, standing erect on his hind legs, eat all the leaves within reach. I also saw a flock of goats cross a sharp bridge of rock by splitting their toes upon it, and I found that the rock was worn smooth by this traffic. Arrived at the top of the pass, we were met with a view of the Ægean Sea, whence came a strong north-east wind from the Hellespont that made us draw our clothes tightly about us. We spent the night at an ordinary village, and paid dear enough for accommodation not so good as that which we had received for nothing. It was now the night before Easter, and in every yard the poor little lambs were being dressed for the Easter dinner. The Greek fasts during Lent and celebrates the end of the season by a great feast, which is to him what Christmas-time is to us.

The next day we were off early and as we went along our muleteers called to the country people: "Is Christ risen?" and they cried again, "He is risen indeed." After a short time we came to the Pass of Thermopylæ, now a pass no longer, for the River Spercheus has thrown so much silt upon the shores that the road is wide and level. The hot springs are still flowing in a tepid, abundant stream of a whitish-green color. This was nearly my undoing. Marco refused to cross, and you might have seen me, balked almost at the end of my journey, careering up and down on the edge of a stream three feet wide. At last the husband of the lady of the décolleté gown came to my rescue, and, taking the halter to the opposite side, he landed me and my steed safely across at one jump. Cheap baths have been erected on the spot and people now resort thither to be cured of rheumatism. We lunched on the bank of the Spercheus under a torrid sun, with nothing that we dared to drink. The afternoon found us at last, this time dusty, hot and thirsty, in the town of Lamia. There in the public square, where the people were celebrating the holiday with fire-crackers, I parted from Marco and sadly watched him ambling down the street on the way to her who was anxiously waiting for his return on the side of Mt. Parnassus.

And here my paper ends, with the end of our journey by land.

*The Picture of Hate**Ethelwyn Wetherald*

I SAID, *I will paint me a picture—a picture of terrible Hate.*

The brow shall be scowling and rigid, the lips as unyielding as fate.

The hair shall be braided with serpents, the eyes have a demon-like glow.

The hands like the claws of a tiger, clutched hard at the throat of his foe.

And always by day while I painted, and always at eve while I mused,

My friends and my neighbors forsook me, and even the children refused

To come to my house with their playthings, or pause at my thistle-choked gate,

For they said, 'Tis himself on the canvas, 'tis he is the picture of Hate.

So when it was finished I leaned it outside on the fence near the road,

And soon came the man that I hated, a child in his arms as he strode.

His face was all smiling, uplifted, to list to a song-sparrow's call,

So he saw not my terrible picture, and me he did not see at all !

A Philanthropic Failure

BY S. FRANCES HARRISON ("SERANUS").

Author of "The Forest of Bourg-Marie," "Pine, Rose, and Fleur-de-Lis," etc.

WE had arranged to meet one Saturday afternoon about the middle of December in Mrs. Simon Caufield's pleasant parlors in Madison Avenue, at her request, to talk over certain matters referring to the N.W.G.A.A., of which she is President, and I had better construe those letters at once into the National Working Girls' Amusement Association. Mrs. Caufield was a dear woman, originally from New England, a placid, motherly soul, with great possessions and no children of her own, but with sympathy to spare for other people's children, pet animals, servants, poor relations, and the hard-working, needy, or unfortunate generally. The Guild for recreation among the working classes was largely her own hobby, and on this special Saturday we were to meet and exchange views with respect to a proposed entertainment at Christmas time. Miss Cynthia Cutting was Secretary, I the Treasurer, and the N.W.G.A.A. comprised one hundred and thirty-five active members, being girls who were all engaged in what is known as "service." Then we had forty honorary members, directors and associates, and two Vice-Presidents, but I will admit that Mrs. Caufield and Miss Cutting did the work, with what assistance I could spare from a busy journalistic life to give them.

"Well, ladies," began Mrs. Caufield, in her meek yet decided manner, glancing around at a quorum of fifteen, "I don't know as I have gone into the matter of our entertainment very thoroughly yet myself, but I can at least listen to others, and shall be happy to hear any suggestions you may have to offer. You know the purposes of the N.W.G.A.A., how we aim at amusing our members and carrying them for a while out of themselves and away from their work, which at best—at *best*, ladies—is monotonous and mechanical. You also know what steps we have taken in the past to effectually secure this end. We have had

lectures and stereopticon views; musical and elocutionary recitals; we even had a Greek play, you will remember, and then there was a conjurer, a ventriloquist, a Japanese family, and a revivalist. I really think we've had about everything. Seems to me as if we want to get at something fresh and new, so I am going to put it to the meeting what form our next entertainment shall take. Now, ladies, let us have some nice, up-to-date suggestions right away, and waste no time, if possible."

There was the customary respectful silence for a moment, then a lady remarked, "Perhaps, Madam President, you will lead off and give us your own views first. We should also like to hear from Miss Cutting."

"Well," resumed Mrs. Caufield, "as the Christmas season is so near, I think we had better make the affair of a particularly friendly and informal, but cheerful, character. We might have an oyster supper with a Christmas tree and gifts afterwards, or a chafing-dish party, or something of that kind, seasonable and hearty. Girls all like good things to eat. Last August, you may recollect that I wished them to have a peach social, but it was a bad year for the peach crop. I know these ideas sound old-fashioned, but I'm a homely body, you see, and speaking of fruit socials reminds me that berries were so scarce last spring that we did not have our annual strawberry social, and it bothered me a good deal, for I know how fond girls are of fruit, and a good many of them—our working girls, I mean—don't get half the fruit they ought to have to keep them in health."

"That's so," murmured a parasitical member.

"They see it, and smell it, and handle it, and arrange it, and cut it up, maybe, but they don't get a taste of it themselves," continued Mrs. Caufield, solemnly.

"There's one thing they don't do with it, anyway," remarked Mrs. Homer-Blake, who was of a satirical turn, and had to be frequently suppressed, "they don't *preserve* it, for they don't know how. Years ago you *could* get a girl now and then who understood the making of jam, but to-day—well, I should think not!"

"I don't know about a supper," said the Secretary, dubiously. "Nor a Christmas-tree. I'm afraid they'd think it childish.

Besides, I think the class of girls we are discussing would like something different from either; they are not enough of a contrast."

"To their work, you mean," said the satirical lady. "You're right there; they get enough to eat, bless you! I keep three, and I can vouch for their share of the weekly bills, I can tell you. My servants *always* have fruits and delicacies in season, just the same as ourselves."

"Well—but now, we want some ideas," said Mrs. Caufield, pleasantly. "Let us hear from the Secretary."

"My idea is somewhat daring. I'd send them all to the theatre. Let them really see a good play, a whole play, and not little scraps and bits, all at once, for once in their lives!"

"The whole hundred and thirty-five—in a mob?"

I think this was *my* unsympathetic remark.

"That's no great number," said Miss Cutting, stoutly. "Let's see—we want it to come off in about a fortnight, don't we? What's at the theatres now?"

Mrs. Homer-Blake saw her chance and used it wickedly.

"Sappho,' 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray,' 'The Degenerates,' 'The Liars,' 'The Telephone Girl,'" she said, grimly. "Then, if you prefer the legitimate, there is 'Cymbeline,' or 'Othello.' Besides which are fourteen houses doing vaudeville; Anna Held, in 'The French Maid'; quite suitable, you see; 'Charmian,' and 'The Girl with the Auburn Hair.'"

But a chorus of dissent greeted the Secretary's proposal. It was not deemed wise to inculcate a taste for the theatre; also, there would be some difficulty in getting them there. Automobiles would be expensive, vans ridiculous, and to walk two-and-two like a boarding-school or denizens of the ark, worst of all.

"No other suggestion before the meeting?"

"How would an afternoon in the Metropolitan Loan Museum answer?" said a member, timidly. Having a taste for art herself, she saw things from that point.

"No, I don't seem to see success in that direction, somehow," said our President, smiling, but shaking her wavy grey head. "Our members are not ripe for that; of course, in our reading-rooms we have magazines of art, portfolios of etchings, and every help to a knowledge of these subjects that an intelligent



VICTORIA COLLEGE GLEE CLUB, '08-'09.

OFFICERS—H. M. FLETCHER, Mus. Dir.; H. W. AVISON, Pres.; G. I. STEVENSON, Vice-Pres.; R. E. S. TAYLOR Bus. Man.; J. O. TOTTEN, Treas.;
F. E. HERRINGTON, Sec.; W. H. PIKE, Curator.

girl can possibly expect, but I am not sure whether they can enjoy pictures and bric-a-brac yet as fully as they may come to."

"I'd be content if they knew how to keep *my* bric-a-brac dusted without breaking it," said Mrs. Blake, but no one took any notice of her; she always sees things in a wrong light.

"I suppose a Sunday evening concert in the Metropolitan Opera House wouldn't do!" glibly remarked a musical member, who was promptly put right by the President.

"No, no, ladies," she exclaimed, rather impatiently for her, for she is a sweet woman ordinarily; "you make the mistake, many of you, of suggesting for these girls *what you would like to do yourselves*. You must get away from all these ideas of self, all natural preferences, in short. Think of the girls as workers—what, in your opinion, would they like best, providing it is reasonable, expedient, good for them, and within the power of the Executive?"

Somewhat reluctantly, at this juncture I arose.

"The President," I began, "has, with her usual calm wisdom and unfailing sagacity, put the thing in a nutshell. In this matter we are to be guided by the aims of the Association, by the rights and expectations of its members, and by our own powers of self and observation. Now I imagine that the greatest good of the greatest number is what we want to arrive at this afternoon, and with that in view, I venture to propose, Madam President, as the best mode of bringing our members together in a social and recreative sense, an evening dance on the 23rd of this month, the night before Christmas eve. We will not call it a ball—that would savor too much of feudal country-house festivities—but just a dance. An 'At-home,' if that sounds better. There are some advantages, I think, in my plan; firstly, we haven't done it before, it is therefore new; secondly, we can utilize our own rooms, the larger of which can be quickly converted into a dancing floor; thirdly, it need not cost much, since the Executive will of course keep expenses down; and, fourthly, as we shall ask each girl to bring a friend, it will enable them to enjoy themselves fully and freely and let them know that we are really sympathetic and human in our dealings with them and not always thinking of the school and platform side of life. For any who do not dance, we can have the reading-room thrown open, and then there is always the fun of looking on."

And I sat down.

"But very few of them know how to dance!" said somebody.

"They know how in their own fashion," said I, "as you will see if it comes off."

"Whom will they dance with?" thoughtfully inquired Miss Cutting.

"I have suggested their inviting their friends. That," said I, "usually means young men with girls of this order."

"Oh!—*men!*" cried Mrs. Blake. "A nice affair it'll be! Never, never do."

A good many negatives met my ears, and a ripple of excitement ran through the meeting, but to my great delight Mrs. Caufield took up my idea and carried it through.

"The Treasurer's suggestion was at first not altogether approved of by me, but on thinking it over I believe she is right. I'm not a dancing woman myself—never was—but I long ago discovered the impossibility, nay, the undesirability, of converting all mankind to one type. I seem to realize that these precious girls of ours, whom we want to help and not to hinder, are human. A good many of them can dance and would like to; they've got young men friends, and they are none the worse for that. They must and will meet them sometime, somehow, somewhere. Ladies, we don't realize this. If service is ever to be what we want it to be, we must recognize the natural and social rights of our girls as individuals—no longer considering them coldly as a class. We must meet the needs of their nature whenever we can, and so I strongly recommend you to adopt the idea put forth by the Treasurer, hoping you will carry it to a successful issue."

I rose and bowed. The motion was put and carried, committees appointed to work out details, and finally the "At-home" became an entity.

We all agreed that simplicity must be the leading note, so that the members would be perfectly at ease, and to this end we engaged a piano and fiddle instead of a small orchestra, and the refreshments were to be provided by the honorary members, who would furnish lemonade and cakes, while a cheap confectioner was found who promised to supply tea, coffee, ice-cream, and ham and chicken sandwiches. Then we also pledged our-

selves to plainness of attire, still with a view to the feelings of the girls, who had been given small cards of invitation for their "friends." We also arranged for our guests to arrive at 8.30, and trusted to be able to send them home by half-past twelve.

The night came, and when the confectioner arrived we suddenly found that the Reception and Refreshment Committees had not thought of getting waiters. We looked blank. The confectioner was sorry, but it was the busy Christmas season and he was wanted elsewhere, and the extra women we knew who did this sort of thing were invited to the "At-home." Clearly, we should have to do the waiting ourselves. However, we were nearly all in blouses and walking skirts, and, as Mrs. Homer-Blake satirically remarked, it really would be too edifying for anything! At eight o'clock the musicians arrived, and we were ready, though somewhat tired, as the preparatory sweeping, dusting and general arrangement of things had been kept among ourselves. Naturally, as the instigator of the affair, I felt some twinges of responsibility, especially as when half-past eight came there was no sign of our guests. A quarter to nine—nine—and still not one.

Mrs. Caulfield, standing near the door to receive them, had to have a chair brought her. "For," said she, "if I'd known they were going to be so late I'd have asked them for half-past seven."

"You'll find that, just like their mistresses," said Mrs. Homer-Blake, "they'll be about an hour after the time they are asked for."

This proved true, for it was fully half-past nine before Miss Cutting, watching from the window, saw two large touring-cars drive up beneath. They were quickly followed by three hansoms, and these by several couples on foot, so that we knew there must be quite a number in the dressing-room.

"You don't mean to say they're coming in autos?" ejaculated Mrs. Caulfield.

"However they're coming, I wish they would make haste. I'm tired to death already," said the Secretary, yawning.

In a few moments the advance guard of guests entered the rooms, and I never shall forget the expression on the faces of the Reception Committee. The men were all in correct evening dress, even to delicate buttonholes. The girls for the most part

dress, even to delicate buttonholes. The girls for the most part were wearing beautifully made low-cut gowns, with plenty of imitation jewellery and high coiffed hair. They shook hands and bowed and said polite nothings in almost the way their employers might have done, and here and there one noticed charms of a superior character. One tall blonde, a nurse in an uptown family on Fifth Avenue, wore white organdy and pearls, and would have passed very well for the latest prima donna as Elsa or Elizabeth. I recognized my own parlormaid in pink silk, with a pearl dog-collar around her pretty throat. Mrs. Homer-Blake's cook, a sallow Frenchwoman, was magnificent in black velvet and yellow satin, eyeglasses and a bouquet.

"I gave her the velvet myself," groaned Mrs. Blake. "It was a bargain remnant, and I thought it would make her a good, serviceable cape."

"Look at Millicent, Aunt Lefroy's housemaid!" exclaimed Miss Cutting. "Where *is* my aunt; she must see this! Did you ever hear of anything so cool! Her gown is an exact reproduction of that Paris one I gave to my niece, Bertha. Of course, I know the materials are very different, but look at it all the same!"

As the guests continued to arrive steadily we made out that in acting upon our advice, innocently and gratuitously given, they had gone to both trouble and expense to array themselves "in their best." Involuntarily we looked at ourselves and wished we had donned something a little better and more fitting than high shirt waists. There was not a low waist amongst us, and although the night was a cold December one, the rooms were excessively warm. I must add that in addition to elegant toilets, flowers and perfumes—the latter exploited far too generously for pleasure—almost every girl was plentifully powdered and rouged, and a good many had their eyebrows done up.

Our President, being very shortsighted, did not take in so many of these details as the rest of us, and she was about to suggest our joining in the opening Quadrille d'Honneur, when a magnificent individual with iron grey hair, dazzling shirt-front, diamond studs and a gardenia, approached and said severely:

"Pardon me—but is there not some mistake about the floor? I mean—has it been *waxed*?"

Miss Cutting looked helplessly around.

"No," said she. "We—we—we forgot it."

With a reproachful shrug the grand creature glided away, but in a few moments he returned.

"Beg pardon again—but if you would tell us where to find the programmes!"

The Secretary explained that the Committee had neglected to provide any. He glided away the second time, with contempt in every line of his superior back.

"What did he want? Who is he?" we all inquired.

"He is the Van Durens' butler," said Mrs. Blake, shortly. "They say the entire family is afraid of him. I don't wonder."

"Why don't they begin dancing?" said the President, nervously. "I want to see them beginning to enjoy themselves. Seems to me they look rather stiff. I do want them to enjoy it, and it's getting late. What are they standing about for?"

There did appear to be some kind of hitch between the musicians and the guests, headed by the gardenia gentleman.

"What is the matter?" said Miss Cutting, hastening to the spot.

The pianist, a wild little German Jew, turned upon her fiercely:

"He say we have no proper music! He say we not play ze latest ting, ze twostep, ze valse! He say I do not know noting about music! *Mein Gott!* I am brought here to play for servants, *ja, meine gnadige Frau*, and he say I not know ze latest ting! I vill go to my house, I vill not play at all!"

The butler, aware that he had probably put things too strongly, condescended to apologize, the majestic nurse in the cheap pearls aiding as interpreter, and for a little while all appeared to go well. Presently another complaint was filed by a couple or two who passed out into the hall looking as if they had lost something.

Mrs. Blake came to us, half-laughing, half-angry.

"Do you know what they want?" she said. "They asked the way to the buffet, being under the impression that we would have claret-cup and ices running all through the evening. Someone will have to break it to them gently that supper was to have been ready at eleven, and that they were expected to be home again by half-past twelve."

"Why, it's eleven now!" said Mrs. Caufield. "I'm afraid we are not managing this dance just as it ought to be. I feel kind of distressed about it, somehow."

"Well," said I, "it was all my idea, and I'm ready to take the blame, but the fact is, we didn't think we would have such swells to deal with as that butler and two or three of the other men. If we could get rid of them we might yet do very well."

Fortunately at that point we were so busy getting the supper in shape that we no doubt missed a good many criticisms of our entertainment. We worked hard over the tables and did not spare ourselves nor omit a single touch which would help us to give satisfaction. We were on our mettle now and knew it.

"We stand or fall by this spread, friends," said Miss Cutting, as she gave the last touches to the dishes. "I'm precious glad of one thing, and that is, that the ice-cream is *brick*. If it hadn't been I'd have gone right home."

"Here they come now," said Mrs. Blake. "Oh—do you think we can ever hope to serve them properly? Two hundred, are there not?"

"The men will pass the things, you know, just as they do at other parties; not much difficulty about that. I suppose at this stage we could give the entire thing over to the men to manage, but that was hardly our original plan, was it? We must do the best we can."

Heading the procession came the Van Durens' butler with Mrs. Blake's French cook on his arm. They made a magnificent pair. Then followed the tall German girl with a footman upon whose cockney accent you could hang a winter overcoat. He no sooner reached the table than he demanded to know if there was any "haspic"! Being answered in the negative he elevated his eyebrows in disgust.

"In Hingland we was always accustomed to haspic—haspic jelly, I mean, don't you know, at a party supper!"

"Was you, indeed?" retorted the Secretary, who showed signs of shortness of temper. "It was a mistake to leave, then, wasn't it?"

But this little breeze was only a prologue to the scene that followed. The butler, disengaging himself from his lady, came and looked patronizingly at the collation.

"Am I to understand that there is nothing to drink but tea and coffee?"

"And lemonade!" put in Mrs. Blake, tartly.

The butler waved her aside.

"Tea and coffee!" he repeated, slowly. "And what else? Sandwiches. And what are *they* made out of?"

"Ham and chicken," I answered, as politely as I could, "and I believe you will find them very good. Now let the gentlemen make themselves useful, please, and pass the cups to the young ladies. Also the cake. The ice-cream will be ready in a moment."

The butler, however, could not forget those unlucky sandwiches.

"Ham and chicken!" he repeated, looking at the English footman. "What do you say to that, Hoskin? Me asked out to a Sunday-school treat, eh?"

"Yaas!" said Hoskin, "and me, too. No Tokye cup, no champine, not even a bloomin' glass of beer! At Christmas time, too!"

It was impossible that these remarks could pass unnoticed. Several of the other men came up and wanted to know what was wrong. The German girl began to cry, and the French cook tossed her head in such an aggravating manner at Mrs. Homer-Blake, who was slicing the ice-cream, that the latter entirely forgot herself and actually noticed the independent behavior of her retainer.

"I am surprised at you, Christine," said she, in a frowning whisper. "You must not side with this man—you, a member of the Association!"

Christine laughed aloud and stared at her mistress through her glasses.

"You think I come to dance and eat here, and see you ladies make one fool of yourselves? No, no—I come to show my good dress, my French style. And soon I am promised to *marier* with M. *le butler*. Madame understand?"

Mrs. Blake was furious. She dropped the knife with a bang and in vigorous language, not whispered this time, discharged her cook on the spot. Thus in a few seconds the whole situation was changed. Of course, some of the girls took their cake and

other refreshments quietly, but the excitement and unpleasantness had spread till everyone looked and felt perturbed, while over all the weak sobs of Lena, the German girl, made themselves heard.

"In Heaven's name," said I, "what is the matter with that girl? If she is ill, let her go home."

"Are you ill?" said Miss Cutting, sharply.

No answer.

"She says her uncle is hungry and has had nothing to eat," said another girl, who understood German.

"Where is her uncle?" I said, sternly; "I don't believe she has any uncle; at least, not here."

"It's the little man who played for us to dance to," said my parlormaid.

"Oh, that man! Well, he can have something by and by. Tell her to stop that noise at once."

But the attentions of Hoskin were more potent than my threats, and I soon saw her busy with a plate of ice-cream. Meanwhile, the butler was making the grand tour of the room and sowing disaffection, as far as I could make out, in the rankest manner. I noticed, however, that he did not disdain to partake very freely of the ice-cream and cake, and once I even detected him munching a sandwich. In fact, things were settling down a little, until something occurred which gave me the opportunity I was looking for. Hoskin and another man lighted cigarettes, and Christine, the Frenchwoman, was just about following suit, when I intervened. This was too much!

"May I address the room?" I said hurriedly to the President. "Members and friends of the National Working Girls' Amusement Association, I beg your attention for a moment. I do not desire to keep you long, as the hour is already late and you want a dance or two after supper. I wish only to say that we are glad to welcome you to our rooms, glad to share with you in this pleasant evening, and to wish you all the compliments of the season. We have received you in the manner best suited to the purposes of the Association, but in some respects it seems we have failed."

There was a deadly silence in the room.

"Some of you have objected to certain features of our 'At-home.' It is now," looking at my watch, "ten minutes to twelve.

At twelve precisely those who care to do so may return to the dancing hall, where the remainder of the evening will be spent. Those who do not will leave this room at once—at *once*—without further trouble or notice. We will give those of you who wish to go just ten minutes to get ready and take your departure."

Immediately there was an uproar.

"You don't mean to sye you'll turn us hout?" exclaimed the footman, with a wink at Jewett, the butler. "Oh, this 'ere is a free country, isn't it! I sye—you won't dare turn us hout."

The woman Christine was chattering away in French; the Germans, a number of them, equally voluble in their own language, while an absurd Irishwoman jumped on a chair and delivered an impromptu oration on the woes of her native land. All the more reasonable and decent girls were either crying or hurriedly preparing to leave. These had misunderstood me, and I had, with the assistance of the other officers of the society, to attempt to appease them. The noise and confusion were increasing every moment, and I was taking counsel of the President and Secretary, when heavy steps sounded in the hall, and in walked three policemen.

"We've had instructions from the passers-by that there's something wrong here," said one, glancing instinctively at Jewett, who stood in the middle of the room with outraged dignity and years of authority swelling out his noble form. "What's all this, anyhow?"

"It's a bloomin' ball with the hessentials left hout—'Amlet' without the 'ero, so to speak," said Hoskin, amiably winking at the policemen.

"Yes, but what *is* it? What kind of a ball?"

"A servants' ball," replied the butler, loftily.

Mrs. Caufield appeared stricken and speechless. Miss Cutting had collapsed into a chair. The rest of the officials were huddled together in a hot, untidy, apprehensive group, and as for myself, I know I must have presented the worst aspect of all, since upon my visage doubtless appeared the remorse and despair which had long filled my suffering soul. Consequently none of us looked at our best. What was there then surprising in the fact that the policemen took their cue from the butler, our implacable enemy? What wonder that as they perceived, or thought they perceived, the situation, they should make a

stupid and serious blunder, and end by actually taking us—*us*, the officials of the N.W.G.A.A.—for the malcontents and evil-doers!

I tried to explain, the others tried to explain, but, as many know, when appearances are against us, that is just the time when the powers of coherent and convincing speech desert us. We were dishevelled, tired-out, cross, and nervous. We were in a kind of uniform of limp shirt waists and draggled skirts. *They*, now that the crisis was really come, showed brave and gay by comparison. Their bare necks, beads, fans and gloves entirely misled the policemen. They were doubtless the patronesses of the feast—we, the humble participators therein. We had lost our courage, they had regained theirs. The policemen were new on the beat and did not recognize us.

I will not dwell on that which followed—it was very painful. Jewett and the footman, standing in the middle of the floor, must have exercised some base power over those policemen, for they would listen to nothing we would say, and although we violently asserted our standing and gave our names and addresses, we were scornfully repudiated. The end came at length, and we were ordered to leave the rooms. At one o'clock in the morning were we—we, the officers of the N.W.G.A.A.—bundled out into the snowy streets, with the added insult of seeing cabs and motors draw up to the door for the use of our servants. The wonder was we were not regularly run in and haled to the nearest police station; but owing to the arguments of some of the more reasonable girls, among whom was my pretty parlormaid, we escaped that last indignity. One of the policemen, a towering Irishman, let us go with a word of warning.

“Go quiet!” said he, confidentially, “and whether yez are ladies or not, it’ll be the better for yez.”

You may be sure we “went quietly.”

Thus ended, in humiliation and defeat, the famous ‘At-home’ of the N.W.G.A.A., the consequences of which were serious and far-reaching, including the total collapse of the society and the loss to many families of their leading domestics. Hoskin shortly returned to England, and I hope he took the butler with him. The conclusions I have drawn amount to this—that it is easier to elevate the masses than to amuse them in these degenerate days.

In England's Name

HELEN M. MERRILL

IN England in an olden time,
On stormy hills and wild seaways,
On alien shore in other clime,
The purple star of empire gleamed,
And paled and gleamed with fickle rays ;
Till war fulfilled the dreams men dreamed
While heroes fought on land and main,—
And would for England fight again.

On alien shore in other clime,—
Nor ever will the world forget
How England, fearless in her prime,
On daring quest across the sea
A gathered fleet, intrepid, set
To wrest from Canada her key,
By frowning cliffs and heights to fare
To fight where only Britons dare.

Horizons blue, and happy skies,
Spaces of vastness free and wide,
Where Canada's dominion lies ;
Where virgin winds, and stars, and sun
By lake, and stream, and ocean tide,
And strange auroral gleamings run ;
For these they fought in England's name,
And fighting won a deathless fame.

On flowing tides their ships come in,
Adventurers imperilled sore
On every side where they would win,
By plans which fail through lagging days ;

*By rain of lead where muskets pour,
And fire-ships which bestrew the ways
With flashing volts of levin flame,
A garish scene in night's black frame.*

*At intervals the peace of night,
When lonely evening thrushes sing
From shadows to the starry light ;
Time when the last grave days begin,
And ships in silence idly swing
When tides go out, and tides come in
A little space of quiet life,
A moment free from din of strife.*

*Then mists of morning on the hills,
And silence, save a wood-stream song,
And sound from summits gray which fills
A hero's soul with hope renewed
To follow where his soldiers throng
The cliff-sides' dizzy solitude—
New perils powers strange impart,
Nor faltered here a warrior's heart.*

*The battle-field, its savage stress ;
The shock of carnage on the plains
Where England's men like demons press ;
The din of strife, the hill-guns' roar ;
The living triumph which maintains
The immortality of war—
Like this they fought for England's way,
Thus dauntless they would fight to-day.*

Victor Hugo in Exile

FREDERICK LONDON.

ST. JOHN was sent to Patmos, and there to him was given a revelation of things that are to be. Victor Hugo was sent to the Channel Islands, and there to him was given a revelation of the things that are. And from the revelation that was given to him of things as they are, the old world has been drawn nearer to the things that are to be. The years of exile spent by Victor Hugo, first on the little island of Jersey, and later on its neighbor, Guernsey, must be regarded as among the most important of his life. There his troubled spirit was calmed and his stormy thoughts clarified before he entered upon the next part of his notable career.

It was the *Coup d'État* of December 2, 1851, which drove Victor Hugo, with many more of his distinguished countrymen, out of France. A reward of 25,000 francs was offered to anyone who would either kill or arrest him, and so great was the terror of the populace that no one could be found who would even give him an asylum. When he fled into Belgium, the Government of that country, desirous of standing well with Napoleon III., decided that he must be expelled. It was at this juncture and under these circumstances that he came to the island of Jersey, landing at the little town of St. Helier on the fifth of August, 1852.

That was nearly fifty-six years ago, so that of those who were residents of Jersey at the time, of sufficient age to remember the great exile, and whose lives, moreover, were in any way thrown into connection with his, there must be few alive to-day. It is therefore somewhat surprising to learn that there are two men living in Western Ontario who were neighbors of Victor Hugo during the period that he was on the island of Jersey, and whose personal recollections furnish the basis of this article. They are Mr. Thomas Brenton, a resident of London, and Mr. James C. Le Touzel, of Goderich. Mr. Le Touzel is still an enthusiast on all that concerns Victor Hugo and retains distinct recollections of his great compatriot

who, naturally, was the most conspicuous figure on the island at the time. His impressions cannot be better conveyed than in his own words:

"Following the *Coup d'État* of 1851," says Mr. Le Touzel, "a number of influential Frenchmen came over to Jersey to escape the persecution and probable imprisonment which would have been their fate had they remained in France during those troubled times. The island of Jersey, which is distant but a few miles from the French coast, was chosen by them because of the protection afforded by the British flag and because the use of French, the language spoken there, would render their exile less unhappy. At one time there were over 300 such refugees on the island, most of whom resided in the little town of St. Helier. They were, all of them, men of considerable influence in their native land, and as such were welcomed by the islanders, who found in their presence a source of revenue. As a rule, however, there was but little intercourse between the islanders and the refugees, their manners and customs being different, and the refugees being looked upon as decidedly French. They kept much to themselves, having their own club-rooms, where they would be heard shouting their red-republican songs, *La Marseillaise*, *Mourir pour la Patrie* and *Ca Ira*."

Mr. Le Touzel remembers distinctly the coming of the Hugos to the island.

"The family settled in a stuccoed, slate-roofed house with green shutters, known as The Baths. It stood on the low shore just outside the town of St. Helier and overlooking St. Clement's Bay. At the rear there was a little greenhouse and a garden. A sort of sand dune hid the sea from the lower rooms, but from the second floor there was a fine view of the waters, usually peaceful, but which in stormy weather became a whirling mass of frothy waves sweeping around the capes and rocks of the little island. Madame Hugo, who had been ill in France, soon joined her husband and sons, and the Hugo home became a centre of social life both for the French colony and the leading families of the island. Hugo's relations with the islanders were of the most pleasing character. He found great pleasure in studying the politics and the peculiar Nor-

man laws of the Channel Islands, all proceedings in the law courts and in the legislative assembly being carried on in the French language. He would also take long walks about the different parishes, mixing with the peasants as one of themselves. He paid particular attention to their folk-lore and to the idioms of the patois spoken on the farms, and the knowledge thus gained he was constantly turning to account in the writing with which he busied himself. On his walking tours he was frequently accompanied by his son, Charles Hugo, also a writer of some note, who later published '*La Normandie Inconnue*,' a work descriptive of the Channel Islands."

Mr. Le Touzel remembers Victor Hugo as "a handsome and fairly tall man, always dressed in exquisite taste and with something about him that placed him above his fellow-exiles. His figure was compact and his dark hair crowned features not only intellectual but also sweetly gracious. He was always affable and approachable, with a polite and familiar courtesy. His hospitality had about it an air of simple affection, combined with almost royal dignity. Though often cast down by the involuntary separation from his native land, he wrote unceasingly, and in 1853 '*Les Chatiments*' appeared. It was, indeed, a terrible chastisement of the misdeeds of Napoleon Le Petit."

For a little over three years Hugo remained undisturbed in Jersey and then was the victim of another *Coup d'État*, as Charles Hugo rather humorously termed it. The immediate cause of this was the publication in *L'Homme*, the newspaper published by the exiles, of a letter which had been addressed by three London exiles to Queen Victoria, commenting in sarcastic but foolish terms upon her Majesty's visit to the emperor and empress of the French.

"*L'Homme* was a small quarto sheet of very humble pretensions," says Mr. Le Touzel. "Its leading articles were written by the refugees, who were many of them journalists of note in Paris. Nobody on the island paid much attention to their newspaper so long as it confined its attacks to Napoleon or the powers in Paris. In fact, it was almost unnoticed until the obnoxious letter appeared on October 15, 1855. The islanders prided themselves on their loyalty, and it was too

much to read in *L'Homme* that their beloved Queen, '*avait perdu tout même jusqu'à son honneur*' (had lost everything, even her honor). On the day of publication groups of excited townsmen could be seen on the street corners discussing the outrage, and on the following evening a largely attended indignation meeting was held in the Queen's Assembly, a hall commonly used for public entertainments. At this meeting a copy of the little newspaper was publicly burned on the platform, while "God Save the Queen" was sung with a right goodwill. The town was in an uproar, and for a time the poor exiles were in such peril that Hugo was reported to have buried his manuscripts. An attack was even made upon the publishing office. On the morning after the meeting a proclamation from the governor of the island was posted all over the town, notifying the editorial staff of *L'Homme*, some thirty in number, to leave the island within twenty-four hours.

"In response to this proclamation Hugo drew up a protest, in which he declared that Louis Napoleon was guilty of treason, perjury, spoliation and murder, that England was allied with the 'crime emperor,' and that it would shortly become an annex of the French Empire. 'And now,' the protest ended, 'expel us.'"

After a short period of uncertainty the English Government consented to the expulsion of the refugees. Thus it was that Victor Hugo, whose name had unnecessarily been connected with the affair, was forced to leave Jersey. He went to Guernsey, about thirty miles distant, and there he made his home till the disaster at Sedan and the collapse of the Empire made France once more a republic.

It was on October 27, 1855, that Hugo received notice that he must quit the island by November 2. To the constable of St. Clement who served him with the notice, he said, "I do not await the expiration of the respite that is given me. I hasten to quit a land where honor has no place and which burns my feet." •

"Whether the expulsion was legal," says Mr. Le Touzel, "I do not know. The exiles had certainly provoked no little hostility by going counter to the popular feeling of the island. This, however, was scarcely justification for the extreme action

taken, and even among the islanders it was afterwards regarded as a great mistake. The little republican paper and its editors were doing no real harm to the islanders and might very reasonably have been simply ignored. While Victor Hugo's name appeared with the others as responsible for the obnoxious letter, it was never thought that he had anything personally to do with it. Unfortunately, no distinction could be made and he had to go with the others."

The people of Jersey performed a pleasant act of reparation five years later when they once more welcomed Hugo to the island. He went over in response to a largely signed petition of the people of St. Helier, who invited him to speak on behalf of the subscription list which was then being raised to assist Garibaldi in his struggle for Italian liberty. The governor, who had signed the decree of exile, on this occasion freely signed the document permitting him to return, and the lecture was delivered in the same hall in which *L'Homme* had once been publicly burned. The mayor of St. Helier presided and the hall was filled to overflowing.

During the course of the evening enthusiasm ran high and a telegram of good cheer was sent direct to Garibaldi, who was then at Palermo. This was followed, a few days later, by a liberal subscription for the cause of freedom.

"I remember well," says Mr. Le Touzel, "the closing words of the great lecturer as he stood beside the very table on which *L'Homme* had been reduced to ashes a few years before. With one arm raised above his head came in impressive tones, '*Que la renommée de Garibaldi sera aussi impérissable que les feux du Mont Vésuve*' (May the fame of Garibaldi be as lasting as the fires of Mount Vesuvius)."

Surely the name and fame of both Hugo and Garibaldi might well be held in everlasting honor by any nation. Their lives are past, but their deeds have conferred upon them glory and immortality.

“Cook’s” and Baedeker

ALBERT R. CARMAN, *Author of “The Pensionnaires,” etc.*

IT is doubtful if there is a candidate-tourist on the North American continent to-day, looking forward to his or her first trip to Europe this coming summer, who is not in a supercilious mental attitude toward the two “institutions” which form the title of these few frank paragraphs. “Are you going to be a ‘Cookie’?” someone will ask them—some one who has read the word in a newspaper skit and has done his foreign travelling on a “day excursion boat.” Of course, they are not. They are not the material out of which “Cook collects his droves.” They are going to travel at leisure and independently. “The guides will know that you are a tourist by your Baedeker, and will bother you to death,” another friend will tell them. But that friend doesn’t know them. Does he think they intend to go about with a Baedeker in their hands and an enquiring look on their faces? Not much. They may have a Baedeker at the hotel to consult; but on the street—never!

Then they will take ship, learn “ship quoits,” and shuffle-board, and meet the Old Traveller, who, in answer to every second question, will say, “Oh, you will find that in Baedeker”; and in answer to every third—“Cook’s will look after that for you.” Finally they will fish out their Baedeker’s “Great Britain” to see how much they ought to “tip” each particular steward, and what hotel they had better go to in Liverpool. They have had four different routes recommended to them as the best way to get from Liverpool to London; and, as soon as they fix on a hotel, they will go around to Cook’s office to secure some free literature on the subject. By the time they reach Rome, they will judge it worth while to get a hotel near Cook’s office, and would as soon think of going anywhere without their hats as without their Baedekers.

On the continent of Europe, neither “Cook’s” nor Baedeker is a joke. They are serious institutions which the wise traveller uses according to his need. Baedeker’s guide books are independent, usually well-informed, and more than usually up-to-date; and it is difficult to use them too much. The peril

is that one may confine himself to Baedeker, with his dry, matter-of-fact details and his dull catalogues of art, when the subject calls for a fuller and more imaginative treatment. Baedeker will tell you, for example, where to find all the important frescoes in Florence; but the uninitiated will not see much in them unless he reads something like Ruskin's "Mornings," or Grant Allen's dogmatic discussions of Florentine art. In fact, all such writers are irritatingly dogmatic; still they get one into the habit of looking at pictures with the "seeing eye." But for the prosaic business of finding things, Baedeker is unexcelled. He gives you a clear map of each important place; and the tourist should practice making his way about by means of the map. Persons who always drive or go with a guide, seldom have any working notion of the city as a whole. It will be a jumbled maze of churches and galleries to them; and at least half the pleasure that comes to the topographically informed from his after-reading will be missed by such.

Baedeker's lists of hotels and "pensions," scales of cab fares, accounts of tramway routes, and practical travelling hints generally, are invaluable. I have never heard their good faith questioned, which is a rare thing with guide books. Almost invariably when a hotel is marked as good, it is good—even when it is also cheap. Considering the country covered by Baedeker's books, the information therein contained is always surprisingly up-to-date. As for the fear that the carrying of a Baedeker in the street will lead to the discovery of the embarrassing fact that one is a tourist, that will wear off. A placard around the neck would not lead to any such discovery. From the day the tourist leaves his steamer until he takes it again, no man, woman or child who sees him is in any doubt about the matter. He himself will be able to tell a tourist as far as he can see the length of his coat or the shape of her hat.

The question of how to use "Cook's" is not so simple. "Cook's" will do anything for you from forwarding your letters to showing you Europe; and it is merely a question of how much you want done. Some people buy their steamer tickets from Cook; and I have heard it said that they save money on it. This sounds improbable, but there is no reason why the candidate-tourist should not ask for quotations. He

can also have his mail sent to Cook's while he is away, and my experience is that they treat it with care and you with courtesy. Some people use a London or Paris banker's address instead, but Cook has the advantage of possessing agents of his own in most European cities of importance. It is best, however, to get a list of these agencies, and not make the mistake, by no means uncommon, of having letters sent to "Cook's" in a city where the firm is without a representative. Cook runs a sort of private post-office department for the use of the travelling public; and in such centres as London, Paris and Rome, you will find it established quite by itself with a neat system of alphabetical boxes, a registration book and sometimes two or three clerks.

This gratuitous post-office leads, I fancy, to some misunderstandings with respect to "Cook's" mission in life. I do not know what the managers of the firm claim, but I hardly think that they are in business for philanthropic purposes solely. Yet the tourist comes in contact with them first on their "free" side. He gets his mail without any fee at Cook's wicket, from the clerk they pay. He buys a railway ticket from them to this or that point at precisely the same price he would pay at the railway station—still no charge to him. And, perhaps, for weeks he does only this sort of business with them, and he comes instinctively to think of "Cook's" as a place where he can get something for nothing. Then he asks them to ship his baggage for him, and stands aghast at the bill. They have not only charged him for cartage and for freight, and for cartage again at the destination point, but they have also charged him something for their trouble. And he had come to think that they worked for nothing.

My theory is that Cook, like everybody else in the wide world, charges as much for his services as he can. A banker will handle your mail for nothing except the chance of getting your patronage; so Cook does the same. You will not pay Cook, as a rule, more for your railway tickets than you can get them for at the station; so he charges station prices. But if you want him to relieve you of the burden of shipping your baggage, you must pay for it; and as he owns the only railway up Mount Vesuvius, that trip, too, costs more than "car fare."

Of course, this is only the beginning of Cook's extraordinary

system of services. The timid traveller can practically put himself in Cook’s hands in New York and never get out of them until he is safely home again; but if his purpose is to know anything of Europe, he might about as well look through a book of views or attend a few stereopticon lectures—and save his money. But it is not a case of taking the whole course or nothing. You can, for instance, buy Cook’s hotel coupons, but have nothing to do with his guides, or his “three days’ drives” to all the points of interest, or his “personally conducted excursions.” Or you can look up your own hotel, and then take his “drives” in order to get your bearings. It is always a good rule to keep away from your fellow tourists. They are in many things the salt of the earth; they have seen the things that you have, they are interested in the subjects that you are, immersion in a foreign population has doubled their companionableness toward their kind. But they are not European. You did not cross the Atlantic to see them. Like the child who scorns bread at a party, you can get plenty of that at home. Generally speaking, you will enjoy the essence of Europe in an exact ratio to your success in avoiding the cheerful society of other sight-seers. When you can get them, purely native hotels are the best. In France, those of the cycle “Touring Club de France” are almost invariably excellent and thoroughly French. The man who takes the Loire trip, for instance, with a “Touring Club” membership ticket, sees another world from him who stops religiously at the “English Is Spoken Here” hotels.

But some people need more aid to travel than others; and the independent traveller who walks out of a railway station, takes his cab by the hour and sets off to find a “pension” or hotel, must not think scorn of him who travels with Cook’s coupons and always telegraphs ahead. He may find the “Cookie” next day, idling ecstatically before a Botticelli in a gallery through which he—the erstwhile independent—is being walked by his impatient guide, “working by the job.” Some are nervous lest they find the hotels full, while others must have a guide to show them what to see. But it is not for the one to “shoot out the lip” at the other. One of the secrets of successful touring is to know how to save one’s strength for things of importance.

The Higher Criticism

J. E. MIDDLETON, Editor "On-the-Side" Column, "Toronto News"

(Dedicated with fear and trembling to the Incipient Sons of Thunder
known as the First Year in Theology.)

THE SUBJECT

OLD Mother Hubbard
She went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone,
But when she got there
The cupboard was bare
And so the poor dog got none.

THE ARGUMENT

Here is a poem supposed to be ethical,
This supposition may be hypothetical,
So we examine it, scalpel in hand,
Microscope near, ready-placed on its stand.
Is it inherently true to the life?
— Here do we joyously brandish the knife.

Taking it first as a whole we may find
Some inconsistencies, lest we are blind.
Who keeps in cupboards the bones for a pup?
Really this writer should straighten things up.
Bones are cast out in the all y. That's right.
There the dogs find them and gleefully fight.

Was she a mother? We fear she was not.
Else were her children a delicate lot,
For she would live with her daughter or son
If she enjoyed the possession of one.
She had a spirit exceedingly fine.
Proof? Well, she worried about her canine.

Was she a person or merely a fancy?
Was her name Hubbard, or Wiggins or Clancy?
There is no evidence elsewhere, we're certain
Save in the Poem. So ring down the curtain,
Put out the lights with a hurried apology,
Old Mother Hubbard is merely Mythology.

The Spirit of Canadian History

WE are glad to have the opportunity of presenting to the readers of ACTA VICTORIANA two speeches by distinguished Canadians—Dr. B. E. Walker and Chancellor Burwash—delivered recently on the occasion of a dinner in celebration of the completion of an historical series known somewhat widely under the title of “Makers of Canada.”

Dr. Burwash confined himself to narrow limits, but succeeded in illustrating most happily the value of the personal and human element in historical records. Dr. Walker’s speech vibrates with enthusiasm for his subject, and in the hope that his sane and vigorous conception of our country’s past may stimulate in thinking minds a kindred enthusiasm, we print his words without curtailment.

Dr. Byron Walker:

Mr. Morang and Gentlemen,—I must first disclaim any of the fame Mr. Morang in his kindness has sought to give me in connection with the Advisory Committee. I assure you that I had practically nothing whatever to do with the production of the “Makers of Canada.” I have been very much interested in the success of the work simply as a Canadian with a strong feeling that it is necessary to the development of this country on the intellectual side that we should know our own history. We all like to call ourselves Canadians. We, however, know perfectly well that the Canada which extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific is only forty years old, and for all practical purposes not over twenty, if we remember that it came into political being only in 1867, and finished its first transcontinental railroad only in 1885. It would be impossible for us at the end of this brief time, no matter how great we might be, to call ourselves a nation were it not for the long history, before Confederation, of the many parts now included in what is called Canada. A nation must have some kind of sentient being as one people, and practically it cannot have that without a history. We are building up the material side of Canada, and the reason why some of us think the historical side so important is that—as Mr. Black-

stock [a previous speaker] has said, and as none of us can say too frequently; indeed, we shall not make a mistake if we say it over and over again now and in the coming years—it is impossible to make a great nation on the material side alone. It may seem a trite thing to insist upon the value of the intellectual side, but unless we do remember it and keep remembering it, we shall not make a great nation. We shall not make a nation until we realize—I think we are beginning to realize it—that we have a history, and that we are fortunate enough to have one of the most wonderful and romantic histories of any of the new countries in the world.

It has not occurred to Canadians until recently to feel that the history of old Quebec, of Nova Scotia, of British Columbia, is part of the history of our Canada. England has a history of the early Britons; it has a Roman period, a Saxon period, a Danish period, a Norman period, but there is no one who says to-day, “I am not interested in William the Conqueror because I am a Saxon or a Briton.” Men are born and brought up in England to-day who are proud of the fact that in one battle there was one Saxon, Harold, who was a hero although he was vanquished, and another Norman hero, William, who was the Conqueror. They have reached a point where they are proud of all the history of all the people whose descendants are now known as Britons. Now we must thoroughly accomplish in Canada, beyond peradventure, what we tried hard to accomplish in part at Quebec. We must all, from one end of Canada to the other, claim that every part of the history of those detached colonies now joined in Canada is a part of the history of the Canadian people, as it certainly is. We must be proud of Wolfè and Montcalm together, not simply because it is a generous thing for an Englishman to be proud of Montcalm, but because Montcalm was a great Canadian. I think it is already an absolutely true thing among our intelligent people that they do claim Champlain as a Canadian; that they do say of him that he was a great Canadian—perhaps the greatest Canadian. Curiously enough, he and Montcalm are almost the only two Frenchmen we have taken to ourselves as our own and as a product of our own country; but we must reach a condition where practically all of those



109 CLASS EXECUTIVE.

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| F. C. MOYER, | Miss E. A. CLARK, | W. R. BAKER, | H. L. MORRISON, | G. I. STEVENSON, | Miss L. HILL, | J. H. ARNUP, | Miss C. B. DONNETT, | M. A. MILLER, |
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who did anything worthy of record in any part of Canada, whether they were Frenchmen who wintered along the shores of Nova Scotia, or who built their homes in Quebec, or who went to the foot of the Rocky Mountains in search of adventure and furs, or the Fathers of the Church who came to educate the few people in this country, or whether they be the later-coming Englishmen—they are all part of the history of Canada, and we can read of their deeds with pride or reverence or wonder, and remember them as men who helped to build the nation we now inherit.

Now, gentlemen, we are practically living in the time when we are encountering in our archives departments, in our publications of local histories, and indeed in nearly all our historical productions, the material out of which an adequate history of Canada will some day be written. But what we need while this is being done is that somebody shall popularize history in a good sense, in such a way that the people of Canada who are not students, who have no time to burrow in the archives and in the by-paths of history, people who have no time to read the seventy-three volumes of the "Jesuit Relations," shall nevertheless be able amidst the hurry of their business life to grasp the main features in the history of their country, and it is doubtless true that the history of Canada in this sense is read mostly by men who are not deep students, but are only what are called citizens of average intelligence.

For this reason the work Mr. Morang set out to do, at the particular time he set out to do it, seemed to me of tremendous national importance. I am not trying to flatter anybody. I am trying to say exactly what I thought, because the proposal came at a time when the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway was at last admitted to be a success, when we were projecting other transcontinental railways, when the people of Canada were first beginning to feel that we were after all really going to be a nation, and that in these proposed biographies of the great Canadians there was something that the ordinary business man, the man in the street, and the ordinary reader, might have before him in easy shape which would make him feel what a great country he inherited; and let me say that whatever Mr. Morang's reasons might have been, business reasons or otherwise, nothing could have

been more opportune. I know personally of many young men who never heard of Joseph Howe until they had a chance to read about him in this series, and I know of many who knew nothing about the glorious and romantic history of British Columbia until they had read the life of Sir James Douglas, the maker of that part of Canada. There is one feature of tremendous importance which should be borne in mind, and that is, that all these great men, disconnected as they were, separated both in time and space, working for most varied objects, unconscious that they were co-operating and only a part of them dreaming of a united Canada, have, after all, builded so much better than they knew that they have by the sum of all their efforts created the Dominion of Canada.

Now that this natural pride in Canada is being developed, it is to be hoped that we shall be able to publish ourselves the books regarding our country written by our own historians. To those who have always been interested in the history of Canada and who have gathered together such books as they could find bearing on the subject, it has seemed rather striking that such a writer as Elliott Coues could come to Toronto and find neglected in our Crown Lands Department the priceless journal of Alexander Henry the Younger, and the still more priceless maps of David Thompson, and that he should upon this basis produce an almost invaluable book in connection with the fur-trading of the West,* but which, being published in a numbered edition, is already too expensive for most Canadians to own. Again, while we owe a great deal of thankfulness to Mr. Reuben Thwaites and his associates for their translation of the "Jesuit Relations," and its production in seventy-three volumes, which volumes relate much more to Canada than to any other part of North America, we nevertheless cannot help but regret that the translation and publication did not take place in this country.

Mr. Morang's series of the "Makers of Canada" has by some people been called popular, and in connection with these books many things might have been done that have not been

*New Light on the Early History of the Greater North-West: The Henry and Thompson Journals, 1799-1814. Edited by Elliott Coues, 1897.

done, but Mr. Morang did not undertake to produce these books merely for students, and from a national point of view the series of the "Makers of Canada" is much more significant than many books regarding our history which may be more important from a scholar's point of view, but which the average man may never read.

And let us remember that Mr. Morang has by the books in question done his part, together with men in our universities and in the literary world elsewhere, towards making it possible in Canada to develop historical study on closer lines.

He and others have also aided in building up a public sentiment which has caused us at last to take care of our archives and to provide the necessary buildings in which to house them, has made many of our counties proud of their local history, and has caused people generally to understand the value of old records.

These are some of the reasons why I think we should feel that Mr. Morang has done a great deal for the country. Even though he went into the matter as a mere business enterprise, he surely deserves the same credit as we accord to a great railway man who has carried out successfully an important enterprise into which he entered for selfish reasons, but in the doing of which he has aided in the development of the country.

Dr. Burwash:

Mr. Morang and Gentlemen,—You have done me an honor in coupling my name in connection with this toast, as a member of the Advisory Committee, and to speak of the assistance the Committee was to you. After all, there was only a minimum of responsibility resting upon the Advisory Committee. All great thoughts must emanate from headquarters, and the Advisory Committee very often had very little to do. All the worthy ideas originated in a certain office not very far from the place where we are assembled to-night. I must congratulate you upon the accomplishment of this work and especially upon its main idea, the union of history with the personal story of its actors. So completely is this idea dominant in our age that our moralists will write a novel if they want to impress a great moral principle; and even when clergymen are translating the precepts and princi-

ples of the Gospel they do so by writings that centre around a personality, it may be, but still a human personality, because that takes hold of the human heart as no other form of writing does take hold of it to-day; and in the Old Land and in the United States as well as in our own country, the great epoch-making men, makers of the country, great literary men—all these are the persons around whom the leading facts of the history of the Old World as well as of this New World are being written and being read by thousands of people who never take up a large folio to study the history of their country. We have lost, perhaps, the art of writing history after the old fashion. For the last few days I have been turning over the folio-pages of Clarendon's "History of the Great Rebellion," and the way in which that was presented struck me with very great force. The writer makes no attempt at a philosophy of history or to reduce history to a political science. But he tells the history of the events as a moving picture of the actions of living men, with all the freshness of human interest and emotion, and as you follow the pages you are as deeply interested in the men as in the great results to which they contribute.

Once more, Mr. Morang, I thank you for inviting me to take part in this congenial work.

The Past

MISS A. M. BOWERS, '10.

'TIS dark within the room;
 The dusky shades of eve, in garments dim,
 Come clustering round;
 And in the gloom
 I scarce can trace
 The outlines of the dear, familiar place.

'Tis dark within my heart;
 The buried shadows of the days gone by
 Draw lingering near,
 And with a start
 I bow my head
 And hold communion with the silent dead.

Book Reviews

Myths and Facts of the American Revolution. By ARTHUR JOHNSTON. Toronto: William Briggs. 1908. Pp. vi.-303.

This book is written with the express purpose of proving certain points in regard to Revolutionary history. Candid historians will agree that the British Government at that time was not a cruel persecutor and oppressor, and also that it was not a model of equity and statesmanship. Impartial minds will also admit that, with some few exceptions, the Revolutionary heroes were for the most part very common men. Their fame rests on very slight foundations. There is also no real justification for the hatred of the English, which is fostered by "tail-twisting" politicians. Happily such feelings are passing away.

But divorce, slavery down to 1865, disrespect of law and the worship of the almighty dollar are not the results of the War of Independence. That war might have been avoided had cooler heads been in control in America and less ignorant statesmen at the helm in England. And yet it is very probable that the separation would have come at a later date, and peacefully. The book is very interesting but is partisan, and, because it is so, cannot be taken as the final word on the subject.

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Nancy McVeigh of the Monk Road. By R. HENRY MAINER. Toronto: William Briggs. 1908. 127 pp.

Ten stories, very well told, of an original old woman who was nominally a tavernkeeper on the Monk Road, but the good angel of the neighborhood in reality. Her son, Cornelius, did not follow her example, but shows the characteristics of the money-loving financier without heart.

* * * * *

Comrades Two. By ELIZABETH FREEMANTLE. Toronto: Musson Book Co. 1908. 246 pp.

Anyone who has read "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," knows the style of this readable work. The scene is laid in the Qu'Appelle Valley, in our own North-West, and some good illustrations are scattered through the book. No one is men-

tioned by name, but The One, *alias* the Man of Wrath, is the main person in the eyes of the diary-keeper.

* * * * *

The Red City: An Historical Novel of the Second Administration of President Washington. By S. WEIR MITCHELL. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co. 1908. 421 pp.

This charming novel, by an old friend, a sequel to "Hugh Wynne," is sure to be read and enjoyed by the many who care for grace and directness of style and for something else than the superficial sentimentalism of too much of present-day fiction. This book will stand a second reading.

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Christmas To-day. By HAMILTON WRIGHT MABEE. Toronto: The Musson Book Co. 1908. 73 pp.

A charming book, by the well-known essayist, an answer to the question regarding Christmas: Is it the stillness of a dead faith or the silence that comes with expectation? A delightful, uplifting booklet.

* * * * *

The Political Annals of Canada. By A. P. COCKBURN. Toronto: Musson Book Co. 1905. 574 pp.

These Annals cover the whole period of our history, give a lot of very useful information, the Dominion Act of 1867 and 1871, in an Appendix, and a list of important dates. Mr. Cockburn was for years a member of the House of Commons of Canada, which fact gives added interest to his story.

* * * * *

The Web of Time. By ROBERT E. KNOWLES. Toronto: Henry Frowde. 415 pp.

This is Mr. Knowles' fourth book, and will doubtless be popular for a while, although it would seem to the reviewer advisable for the author to try a newer vein. His knowledge of Scotch character is good, and his descriptions of their faults and excellencies read very well, even if they challenge comparison, often not favorable to the author, with Crockett, Ian Maclaren and others of the "Kailyard" schools. This particular book seems the most superficial of all his writings, nor does his advertisement of its origin appeal to us any more than that of

St. Cuthbert's. This latter, his first work, is in its *tenth* edition, showing that the author has caught the popular taste.

* * * * *

Uncle Jim's Canadian Nursery Rhymes. Illustrated. By C. W. JEFFERYS. Toronto: The Musson Book Co. 1908.

"Uncle Jim," said to be a well-known Toronto curator, has given evidence of his patriotic purpose to supply "Canadian" rhymes. Mother Goose is hard to beat, and in only a few instances, such as in "The Squirrel" and "Who?" does our friend come near to the great model. Some others are very palpable, didactic versions of "Cock Robin," and other rhymes with other names inserted. Very many are halting in verse and rhythm. "Omeme" and the "Pretty Wabigoon" are brief Indian tales in prose. On the other hand, one must give unstinted praise to the illustrations by Mr. C. W. Jefferys, for he has most successfully caught their spirit and carries one back, sometimes unwillingly, to the days of the birch and "the good old times."

L. E. HORNING.

* * * * *

The Kingdom of Canada, Imperial Federation, The Colonial Conferences, The Alaska Boundary, and Other Essays. By JOHN S. EWART, K.C. Toronto: Morang. 1908. 370 pp.

This collection of essays from the pen of one of Canada's leading lawyers is especially interesting, coming as it does when the question of our national future is one of the great problems with which we are confronted. The book shows most forcibly the value of the legally trained mind in the consideration of constitutional questions. With cool, sane logic, Mr. Ewart builds up his case, quoting authorities and searching out appropriate illustrations. Carefully avoiding all vain bombast and rhetorical tricks he appeals to our reason rather than to our emotions. Yet his work is singularly free from the technicalities with which we are wont to associate the writings of legal thinkers, and is couched in language which appeals especially to the ordinary "man on the street."

Mr. Ewart cogently argues against the constitutional nomenclature by which Canada is designated. To him the term

"colony" is especially opprobrious. We have long since outgrown that stage of our existence; having attained the dignity of a nation we should take a title more befitting our dignity. As a nation, we should be absolutely independent of the Parliament of Great Britain, both in form and in reality. Therefore, he objects to the use of the term *Dominion* of Canada, for the word implies subjection, and to Canada being called a "British" Dominion, because Canada belongs not to Britain, but to Canadians, "saving, always, allegiance to the King." He claims for Canada political equality with Great Britain, and points out that until we have political equality we shall be regarded as, and probably be, subordinate and colonial. The higher ideal towards which the British Empire must strive is that of an absolute and unreserved brotherhood, a veritable "galaxy of nations."

Space does not permit a more lengthy review of this book, but we would point out as especially worthy of attention the essays on "Canada and the Canadian Clubs," "The British Empire," "Colonial Disloyalty," "Imperial Defence," "Imperial Preferential Tariffs," "The Alaska Boundary," and "The Future of Canada." Many of these vital topics are treated in a new light, and all are characterized by sane and clear-headed reasoning. Whether one agrees with Mr. Ewart in all his conclusions or not, a perusal of his book will be found to be well worth while. We welcome this addition to our national literature.

M. H. S.

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Where the Buffalo Roamed. By E. L. MARSH. Toronto: William Briggs. 1908. 242 pp.

In the form of a series of short sketches, Miss Marsh here presents the romantic history of the Great New West of Canada. Although written primarily for children and young people, the book contains much that will appeal to "grown-ups." The heroism of such explorers as Radisson, Verendrye, Hearne and Mackenzie, is well described. As an interesting description of life in an age which, though recent, is now past forever, it is extremely valuable. Reproductions of the paintings of the celebrated Paul Kane and others make not the least attractive feature of the book.

Quiet Talks with World Winners. By S. D. GORDON.
Toronto: William Briggs.

A new book by S. D. Gordon scarcely needs review. Those who seek sympathetic, encouraging, up-building, mental and spiritual pabulum have largely made the acquaintance of this most lovable author, whose writings abound in farness of vision, keenness of insight, tenderness of sympathy, and a clinging faith, which seems to lead the reader into the very holy of holies. Let one short paragraph serve to give the character of the book:

"The old home hearth-fire of God is lonely since men went away; the family circle is broken. God will not rest till that old home circle is complete again and every voice joining in the home songs."

B. E. M.

* * * * *

The Student's Handbook of Physiology. By CLARKSON AND FARQUHARSON. E. & S. Livingstone, 15 Teviot Place, Edinburgh. \$3.00.

Presents the subject in the light of recent advancement made in physiology. It is interestingly written, clear and concise. The illustrations are numerous, well chosen and exceedingly well brought out, and the printing leaves nothing to be desired.

We recommend the book to the student who wishes to avoid padding and too much detail, and to the general practitioner who wishes to keep abreast of the times.

E. W. A.

* * * * *

Husband's Practice of Medicine. By E. & S. Livingstone, Edinburgh.

This is a concise, reliable, modern text-book on medicine; the style is lucid yet terse. Even those who are not familiar with the exact significance of medical terms may read the work with satisfaction. Any layman who has a purpose to familiarize himself with the leading principles of medical science may find here a book both reliable and readable.

B. E. M.

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Lewis Rand. By MARY JOHNSTON. Toronto: William Briggs. 1908. 510 pp.

In this book the author has established almost indisputably her right to be hailed as the queen of historical novelists. The

time is the beginning of the eighteenth century, the scene of action, Virginia, the state so prominent in that epoch-making period of American history. Into her description of the social and political life of the "good old days" Miss Johnston has put her best work. Under the magic of her pen the distant past really lives again for us. Her analysis of the political philosophies of the two opposed parties, Federalist and Democrat-Republican, as well as her account of the attitude of the newly-born Republic towards its recently acquired Western possessions, with all their golden possibilities, is especially valuable.

As a portrayal of the primary elements of human nature, the book must stand on a level attained by few of the recent works of fiction. Lewis Rand, by birth the son of a tobacco-roller, but in spirit a veritable Napoleon, is a most striking character. The perils which beset selfish ambition are the more vividly shown by placing in the background the unfaltering love of his beautiful young wife, Jacqueline, and the noble chivalry of his opponent, Ludwell Cary. To say that "Lewis Rand" is the best book that Mary Johnston has written is to say much; not only do we say it without hesitation, but also that it is in many respects the novel of the year.

M. H. S.

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Holy Orders. By MARIE CORELLI. Toronto: William Briggs.

An extraordinarily sensational and realistic death scene, comparable for vivid picturesqueness and weird consummation in modern novels with that described by Victor Hugo, in "The Toilers of the Sea," and by Frank Norris, in his celebrated trilogy, dealing with the wheat speculation question, is described in one of the last chapters of Marie Corelli's latest novel, "Holy Orders." Jacynth Miller, a feminine villain, more shamelessly beautiful and wicked than any recent heroine that we can recall in late years, goes up in a balloon with Claude Ferrers, a gay and intellectual social *roué*. They lose control of the balloon, Ferrers drinks heavily, dies of heart failure and his body topples out into the Irish Sea. Jacynth, alone in the rarefied air, above the clouds, experiences a revulsion of feeling and becomes converted as the car gently dips into the Irish Sea, just at the setting of the sun. "Then



CONFERENCE THEOLOGY CLASS—FALL TERM, '08-'09.

G. H. PURCHASE,	J. W. MILLER,	W. E. WILSON,	G. C. R. McQUADE,	J. K. SMITH,	A. H. BURNETT,
Basket Ball Capt.	Alley Capt.	Assoc. Football Capt.	Rugby Capt.	Mission Study Leader.	Tennis Capt.
F. E. B. OWENS,	R. R. NICHOLSON,	Pres.	Prof. R. P. HOWLES,	H. WILLIAMS,	W. H. IRWIN,
Treas.			Hon. Pres.	Vice-Pres.	Sec.

all is peace." The novel is a bitter denunciation of the drink evil, and tells of the struggle of Pastor Everton against the besotted and immoral conditions in a little village of the Cotswolds. It is written in Marie Corelli's characteristic, imaginative manner, and is uncompromising in its earnestness and intensity. It is of peculiar interest in connection with the present situation, both from a religious and temperance standpoint, in England.

J. V. M.

* * * * *

Further Experiences of an Irish R.M. By E. O. SUMERVILLE AND MARTIN ROSS. Toronto: The Musson Book Company, Limited. Thirty-five illustrations.

This book, by the authors of "Some Experiences of an Irish R.M.," is written in the same delightfully breezy style, and all who have read the first one will not be disappointed in its successor. A knowledge of the first book is not necessary for a thorough enjoyment of this one. It opens with a light and sketchy tale of a "Pug-nosed Fox-hunt," and contains throughout many delicious bits of Irish humor and other phases of life in the Emerald Isle.

J. V. M.

* * * * *

Across the Sub-Arctics of Canada. By JAMES W. TYRRELL, C.E., D.L.S. Toronto: William Briggs.

This book should be in the hands of every Canadian interested in the development of his country. The author has given us a description of his trip through a portion of the great country lying to the north of the wheat fields of the West. Written in a racy style, his description of river, lake and forest, with their fish, timber and game, with here and there a glimpse at the Indians and Esquimaux, or a visit to some lone mission station, cannot fail to interest and instruct.

E. W. A.

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(Other Book Reviews held over till January.)

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The strongest features of the December number of *Pearson's* are Henry Reuterdal's article on "President Roosevelt and the Navy's Renaissance," and James Creelman's, "Forty-three Years After Lincoln." The short stories and verse are of average quality. There are also interesting instalments of the serials by Louis Tracy, H. G. Wells, and Elliot Flower.

Magazine Reviews

CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

THE Christmas number is a credit to Canadian enterprise and Canadian literature; it reaches high-water mark. Canadian authors, whose names are known and esteemed in every Canadian household, and in lands beyond the sea—Sheard, Carman, Graham, Drummond, Blewett, McKay, Acland—are here to enrich this festive number. Other names are here, not so widely known, but giving abundant evidence of marked literary ability and skill.

Theodore Roberts comes of good stock, bearing the family name held in such high esteem in Fredericton, N.B., and presents the opening story, "Outside the Law."

Mr. Knowles, the Galt pastor, already favorably known as the author of "St. Outhbert's," "The Undertow," and "The Web of Time," shows himself a clever humorist in his sketch, "Why I Bought a Horse."

Nature lovers will find delight in "Winter Rambles and Rambling," by S. T. Wood, of the *Globe*. As is shown every Saturday, Mr. Wood is not only an ardent lover of Nature's ways, but a keen observer who reveals to us her secrets.

Augustus Bridle is another Canadian journalist who shows a vigorous and entertaining style in "The Bunks of the Old Sleigh Bobs."

Others who contribute here to the entertainment of the Canadian public are Archie P. McKishnie, the author of "Gaff Linkum"; Miss L. M. Montgomery, of Prince Edward Island, and James P. Haverson, another newspaper man, who has published a tautophonically-titled volume, "Sour Sonnets of a Sore-Head."

The excellent artistic work by Greene, Lapine, Kyle, James, Beatty and Butler, much of it in color, bears evidence of genius and keen observation.

OUTLOOK (NEW YORK).

The *Outlook* (New York), while it gives rightly the lion's share of attention to matters pertaining to the United States, yet takes a broad and statesmanlike view of the "Great Events" everywhere. While it always evidences great liberality and gives unstinted scope to its contributors, yet so long as the

venerable Dr. Lyman Abbott controls its policy the journal will stand for what is pure. Not only are Dr. Abbott's editorials scholarly and richly suggestive, but they are models of pure, terse English.

Theodore Roosevelt, who has recently joined the *Outlook* staff, has an article, "The Awakening of China," which presents the problem of China in a succinct, yet comprehensive manner.

"Constantinople," by Edwin Grosvenor, is a highly instructive and, at this juncture, a most interesting contribution.

"The Greatest Newspaper in the World," and Book Reviews, complete an attractive Christmas number.

* * * * *

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

The Christmas number of this popular and entertaining magazine has more than the ordinary number of strong articles and short stories. One of the most interesting of these is a resume of Abbey's latest mural painting, by Royal Cortissoz, profusely illustrated with several fine cuts. James B. Connolly's story, "The Christmas Handicap," is one of the really good, "real" Christmas stories that have appeared this year. "The Warning," by Josephine Bascom Bacon, is a strongly written story well worth reading. The leading article, "Robert Burns's Country," by George McLean Harper, should be read by every student of the Scotch poet's life and works.

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THE RED BOOK.

In the frenzied hunt for new authors and new material by the ever-multiplying magazines across the border, they occasionally unearth something good, but in years we have seen nothing more unique, and humanly and intensely interesting, than the first story in the Christmas number of the *Red Book*, entitled, "The Men Who Can't Come Back," by James de Conlay. It tells of the men whom Mr. Conlay has met during his fourteen years wandering along the Edge of Things, who, because of some penal offence, committed maybe a generation ago, cannot come back to the United States to live, and have the brand of Cain on their brows. It is peculiarly interesting at Christmas time, when our thoughts turn naturally to home, and the author tells of his experiences with these men in such

far-off countries as Mexico, the African Desert, Tahiti and the Society Islands, China, Japan, and Arabia. We are given unexpected "photographic flashes, as it were, of the subconscious emotion that stirs the exiles for the land that they have lost." Gertrude Atherton has a very interesting article on "Bridge Whist and Drink—My Gaming Sisters," which is of more interest across the border than in Canada. There are a number of other stories and sketches, nearly all of which are very interesting reading and complete what is, it seems, the high-water mark to date of this magazine de luxe.

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"A Child's Christmas Tree," an illustrated collection of verse by various authors, is the most distinctively "Christmassy" feature of the December *Everybody's*. A delightfully droll story by Rowland Thomas, entitled "The King's Prerogative," furnishes food for thought as well as entertainment. Other short stories by such writers as Olivia Howard Dunbar and O. Henry maintain *Everybody's* usual standard of excellence in fiction.

In his second instalment of "The Woman's Invasion," William Hard discusses the case of the industrial woman. His contribution is but one more noteworthy feature in the series of articles on popular economics for which *Everybody's* is famous. Other instructive features are "The Sunday Lady of Possum Trot," by John L. Mathews; "The Outlook for Plain Folk," by Professor E. A. Ross, and "Chronicles of a Chromatic Bear Hunt," by Rex Beach.

* * * * *

"The Christmas Hunting," by Charles Livingston Ball, is, from an artistic as well as from a literary standpoint, the most noteworthy feature of the December *Metropolitan*. Helen Zimmern tells us some interesting things about "Some Famous Pictures and Their Romantic Stories." "The Real Panama and Its People," is the subject of an instructive article by Eleanor Yorke Bell. The department "The World at Large" is unusually good. Excellent short stories by Glen Ford Mott, Chas. F. Holder and Arthur Zimmern, combined with suitable poems, give the proper holiday tone. Supplemented as these features are by abundant and appropriate illustrations, the number is a most attractive one.

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ACTA VICTORIANA; business communications to F. C. MOYER, Business Manager
ACTA VICTORIANA, Victoria University, Toronto.

Editorial

ACTA extends wishes for the Merriest of Merry Christmases and the Happiest of Happy New Years to all its readers. To the undergraduates we extend hopes of a very enjoyable vacation. Just as a reminder, we think that it might help to make your holidays more profitable and enjoyable to try one of the competitions, either short story, essay or poetry. Further particulars appeared in the November number.



The Over-Organization Cry

The question, "Is the student body of Victoria College over-organized?" is one that causes, and has caused, much discussion among at least the male members of the institution. This fact alone signifies that somewhere there is something radically wrong. The amalgamation of the Alma Mater Society and the Union Literary Society has done much to relieve the strain, but there yet remain among the men three important organizations, the "Lit.," the "Y.M.C.A.," and the "Athletic Union," respec-

tively representing the mental, the spiritual and the physical sides of our college life.

Surely none of these can be abolished, if Victoria is to turn out graduates who are to be all-round men. The College, then, we must conclude, is not over-organized. Why, then, all this discussion? We believe it is because the work of the college societies is not evenly or justly divided. For instance, there comes to our mind one man of the senior year, who is on the executive of the three main organizations, is a delegate to the Undergraduates' Parliament, has been appointed to represent Victoria as the guest of one of the other colleges, is a member of the tennis executive and the rink committee, and that same man was also hounded to take part in one of the intercollege debates. "Brethren, these things ought not so to be."

There are plenty of men in this institution capable of filling the various offices, with little or no overlapping. Where, then, lies the fault? We do not think it is office-grabbing on the part of a few, but rather a habit on the part of the many. As a remedy we can but urge the student body to do some hard thinking before they vote, the various nominating committees to keep their eyes wide open for new signs of ability, and hitherto backward men not to plead lack of time and experience when given the opportunity to do their duty. Let those who are voting and those modest nominees who think of resigning remember that a mediocre man, devoting a fair amount of time to his work, is much more effective than the more able man who can bestow on each of his many duties but a passing thought.



A Lady Undergraduate's View

"The world is so full of a number of things," said Robert Louis Stevenson. If we intensify the force of these quaint words we might apply them effectively to conditions at college. College life may have been anticipated as something of a dream, but it proves to be a rather feverish one. We are urged to "take in everything," to become that crown of creation, an "all-round student"; to be "broad," which apparently means to keep up such a furor regarding every means of physical, mental, spiritual and social development, that we may not have time to realize how very little we know or care about anything in particular.

Such statements are not as extravagant as they may appear. In our college, at least, some change is imperative. Simplification of academic work—desirable or otherwise—rests with higher powers, but what of college functions? We have four receptions in the year, the *Conversazione*, Senior Dinner, Y.M.C.A. Conventions, Missionary Conferences, Open Lits and Oration Contests by both the men and women students, Intercollegiate Debating Evenings, Band Nights, Theatre Nights, and what not. All these functions are perfectly good in themselves, but, unquestionably, there may be too much even of a good thing.

This view is not that of the "plug" alone. True, it may seem at times that a little more sound learning would detract neither from the dignity nor the usefulness of the college student; but there are other considerations. We might reasonably expect that our gatherings would be better attended and more heartily supported if they were fewer in number. Those who attended either of the Open Lits this term will agree that a decided change is needed along this line. Moreover, there are many city functions of various kinds, educational, literary and artistic, which the student needs and would enjoy. But pre-eminently he needs a saner mode of living. Men and women of to-day lack poise; they lack the clear brain, the steady nerve and the repose of manner which might result from a more systematic, less intense life, and which are indispensable to the attainment of real success in this twentieth century of ours.

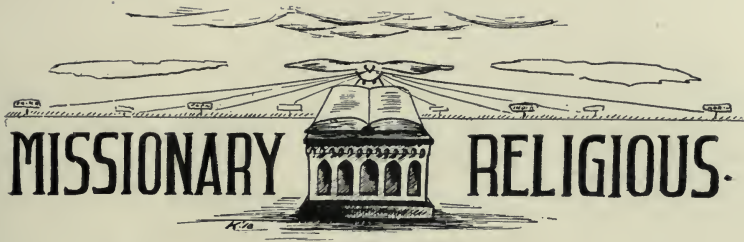
"CO-ED."



ACTA Board wishes to extend its sincere thanks to all those who have so kindly contributed to this number.



At a recent meeting of the "Lit." it was decided to offer a prize of ten dollars for the best new college song, to be submitted before the end of the first week in February. It has been felt that, with all due respect to "The Old Ontario Strand," the College can stand another. Further particulars in the January issue.



The Message of Christmas

REV. PROF. R. P. BOWLES, M.A., B.D.

“THE most fruitful theme in modern theology”—thus Principal Fairbairn has somewhere spoken of the doctrine of the Incarnation. Equally fruitful is the theme in practical living. It is twice blessed—blessing him who solves the high problem of the Divine nature, and him who solves the lowlier but not less important problem of the true life in this world. “In this world”—the phrase is no useless appendage to the sentence. On it is the emphasis—to live the true life *in this world*—that is each man’s problem. That man’s ideal life lies outside and must in thought and in fact be separate from the world is a great heresy which has prevailed not in the church only but in other religions and in great philosophies, a heresy which remains with us a pernicious influence even unto this day. Such a nation is not Christian. It came partly as an inheritance from Greek philosophy, which taught the inherent evil of matter, partly as an importation from the mystic and ascetic religions of the East. A superficial and erroneous interpretation of certain familiar passages in the New Testament exposed the church to this distorted view of life—a view which has never been able at any period or under any conditions to justify itself. Vain and utterly disappointing has been man’s effort to live his true life by depreciating, ignoring or denying its natural and social relationships.

Just here lies the distinct and peculiar message of Christmas. To the Greek, who said matter was inherently evil and the body the source of all man’s troubles it says, “The word was made flesh.” To the anchorite, who in the interests of an ideal life has fled the world, it says, “He dwelt among us.” To him who denies the possibility of living the true life in the sphere of

natural and social relationships it answers, "We beheld his glory." The Divine life lived on earth and among men is the great corrective of all tendencies to morbid, ascetic or other worldly religious ideals. Christmas is our warrant that religion will be natural, wholesome and human.

To this purpose this festival of the church keeps true. Its commemoration of the nativity of the Lord Jesus has invested one day of each year with altogether unique significance. Beginning as a celebration of the lowly and humiliating birth of Jesus it has become a eucharist among men—a sacrament of the simple, the homelike and the natural. On this day the Divine comes again to earth, is born once more into humanity's lowly estate, and is recognized as a spirit of love moving among common and unregarded things. Christmas, as often as it returns, is an apotheosis of the simplest and most elemental sentiments of the human heart. One has but to recall the genius of the season, its cheerfulness and brotherliness, its homely and social sympathies, its overflowing kindness and helpfulness, to realize how, of all days it is the Day of Humanity. Perhaps the chief sentiment of Christmas is that which gathers around childhood. It is the children's day. The larger holdings are in their hands, and the grave wisdom of the fathers is clean outvoted. Where now is the scribe? Where now is the wise man? Christmas hath confounded the wisdom of the wise. Christmas hath given the grace of true faith to scribe and philosopher by the way of the child heart. On this day all they who love the children receive to their edification and comfort the sacrament of simplicity. Akin to this also is the sentiment of home. Already from the stranger's heart, in a shack on the lonely prairie or in a room in the lonelier city, go forth outreachings and yearnings toward kindred hearts beyond the sea, for Christmas is drawing near. The air is filled with messages of love. His Majesty's carrier of mail stoops beneath his burden of friendship at this season. A thousand lowly ministries to the poor and the sick and those in prison testify that a day of brotherhood has come. One touch of Christmas makes the whole world kin. Childhood, Home, Friendship, Brotherhood, these make the day, and these are human relations sanctified and glorified by a Divine presence.



Y.M.C.A. EXECUTIVE, '08-09.

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Treasurer.

If then one thinks that religion is getting ready for a distant heaven, let him behold and consider what Christmas makes manifest. If another believes that religion abstracts man from life's interests, pursuits and natural joys, let him receive the doctrine of Christmas. If still another considers religion a strange and unnatural imposition upon the hearts of men, let him give heed to this great day and its meanings. God came *to this world*. He came into the dreaming morning land of childhood. He entered the closed mystic circle of friendship. Every relationship on the wide realm of brotherhood was hallowed by His presence. No poet has ever taught this world its own sacredness as has Christmas Day. Its celebration of the coming to earth and to us men of the Lord Jesus has sanctified all great human interests and sentiments. If Christ's Church had always been fully seized of its own Christmas message, from what grievous errors had some of her noblest sons been saved? The mediæval saint with emaciated and uncared-for body and eyes upturned to heaven is a sorry representative of the Christian religion. John Tauler pulled his cap over his eyes lest he see the primroses at his feet and so forget God. What a mistake! He should have looked and seen God among His flowers. For God is in His world as surely as in His heaven. Let the bells ring. Twine ye the wreath of the evergreen holly.

The Education of Our Ministers

PROF. L. E. HORNING, M.A., PH.D.

IN the *Christian Guardian* of September 25, 1908, there was issued an urgent appeal from the West for men for the numerous mission fields that should be occupied. And within the past few days there has come from the press an impassioned appeal by that most serious and capable leader of young men, John R. Mott, for leaders for the Church. All over the world, with very slight exceptions, the problem is the same, the urgency equally great, the obstacles of a more or less similar nature. The solutions proposed differ very widely, but there is, on one point, a striking unanimity of opinion, viz., on the necessity, the absolute necessity, of a well-trained, carefully educated ministry.

By request, which has often been repeated in various forms by many of Victoria's graduates, the writer is about to attempt to outline what seems to him an improvement on the traditional training given our ministers and, incidentally it might be said, many others of our students.

In self-defence, let it be said at the very outset that there is no desire to object to any study whatever, in and for itself. Any subject on the wide curriculum of the University is susceptible of such treatment and such attention that it may be of absorbing interest, and have "culture" for an effect. But when an effort is made to make use of "constructive criticism" by proposing something new for something old, then regard can only be had to a course for the ordinary plodding student of average parts. The genius can and does look after himself to a large extent. There are few of the latter, there are many of the former.

For long years, centuries we may say, it has been customary to require of the budding theologian three foreign languages, Latin, Greek and Hebrew. In bygone days that was a correct curriculum, for many, indeed most learned works were, by a mistaken notion, written in Latin. Greek is the language of the New Testament, Hebrew of the Old Testament, and it was necessary to do a great deal of original and independent work. To-day that is all changed. The Latin has gone out, Greek is studied only by the few, and Hebrew by some of the theologians. There are all sorts of aids accessible in the most important modern languages, and multitudes of scholars whose lives are devoted to increasing our store of knowledge. Upon these the great majority can, therefore, lean for aid in almost all cases of difficulty and doubt. Not that every man should do so. By all means let us encourage the gifted few, who have had early and golden opportunity, to take their places in the ranks of the thorough scholars.

But to-day it is not necessary to know a "little Latin and less Greek" to become an educated and cultured man. The English language has a history as interesting and instructive as the Greek ever possessed or does possess, and because we speak it we start with years of advantage in studying its laws. The English literature has its dramatist second to none in the

world though he knew not the laws of Aristotle, and before and after him is a literature second to none of the Western worlds. Every student of our colleges and universities should be given a saturating course in his mother tongue and its literature, that is, a thorough survey from the origins. The beginnings should be made in the Public Schools and continued in intensive fashion in our High Schools. Experience teaches that the most uncultured audiences will be charmed, fascinated and uplifted by the "straight-flung words and few" of inspired singers, and the minister who avoids the pointless anecdote but gives apt quotations from Shakespeare or Milton, Tennyson or Browning, Kipling or Stevenson, can drive home his lessons to every member of his audience. First of all, therefore, let there be a broad, deep, thorough study of the mother tongue. There is no better.

The second most important language for an English student of any subject whatsoever is German. Nowhere is scientific study, for its own sake and for the sake of progress, given such untrammelled freedom as in the Fatherland. No modern language possesses so many inimitable translations of important works in all departments, or such ideal renderings of the classics of other peoples, as does the German. The days, weeks and months spent by the average student in thumbing Latin, Greek and Hebrew dictionaries without attaining to perfect ease in reading and enjoying the works in these languages, if spent on German would open up immense stores of knowledge to the inquirer, and enable him to keep abreast of scientific development in his chosen line. After German would come French and then Greek and Hebrew, with Latin bringing up the rear.

Let us make no mistake. The modern minister must be the equal of the man in the pew, and must be scientific in spirit. That does not mean that he must be a student of the natural sciences. The scientific spirit can be acquired in the study of a language just as well as in the study of chemistry. There must be no fixity of opinion, but a welcome to all new facts; there must be absolute candor and no mental reservations. Some of the "visitations of God" of former days might have been avoided by a plentiful use of soap and water; the earth



Y. W. C. A. EXECUTIVE, '08-'09.

MISS SMITH,	MISS GERMAN,	MISS FLEMING,	MISS WALLACE,	MISS SPENCER,	MISS STAPLEFORD,
Con. Intercoll. Com.	Con. Miss. Study.	Con. Bible Study.	Con. Program.	Con. Extension Com.	Pianist.
MISS STEVENS,	MISS ARCHBOLD,	MISS HEWITT,	MRS. LANG,	MISS BOWERS,	MISS LOCKLIN,
Con. Membership.	Secretary.	President.	Hon. Pres.	Vice-Pres.	Treas.
					MISS STANLEY,
					Con. Social Com.

does move, and is *not* the centre of the universe. The questioning or critical spirit is everywhere, and must be fairly and squarely met. Therefore the modern preacher should know modern history, that is, the history of our era, very thoroughly. The lessons from the past will prevent some mistakes of the present and of the future, broaden the outlook, and lead to charity of judgment. Without a clear knowledge of the sources, we shall surely misjudge the movements of the present, and be disturbed and worried by the ebb and flow of development, individual, national and international.

Next to the languages and history we may place some of the natural sciences. First, geology, the history of our earth. What an outlook it gives! How time and perspective are corrected and adjusted! "These light afflictions which are but for a moment" assume their proper place, and our hearts are no longer troubled. Botany next, "the flowers of the field!" What lessons they teach! What comfort they give! And zoology, the story of the animal creation! What can be more important and more instructive for us! We must know it or we cannot answer the hundreds of questions agitating men's minds to-day. And as a fourth subject let us study astronomy. "The heavens declare the glory of God." Who does not feel the inspiration and uplift of that wonderful psalm! Let us study the handiwork and learn through it to wonder, to love and praise the Maker!

After these four sciences, which seem to be of greater importance for the outlook of the minister and leader than those usually studied in his course, the future minister should be made acquainted with the elements of political science. The modern preacher must lead in the matter of moral reforms, and to do so he must not be ignorant of the well-established economic laws. He must also be a mediator among men, and, therefore, be prepared to deal with employer and employed, with the question of the right relations of capital and labor. We in Canada may be very thankful that no such traditions obtain here as in the old lands across the ocean, and that, therefore, the great body of workingmen are not actively hostile to the Church. But we must see to it that our corporations and unions recognize in the Church and in its ministers an

institution and a body of men who stand for the truth that maketh free, and always stand for that unswervingly and untouched by any sinister influence. Not on the side of the mighty and the rich, not necessarily on the side of the poor, but always and ever for the right.

And lastly the elements of philosophy and psychology must be acquired. Too many young and immature minds get lost in philosophical speculation.

The course outlined above is the broad one which is to serve as a foundation for further study in special fields. These for a theologian mean missions, Scripture history, exegesis, comparative religion, and the other specifically theological courses.

It would be of immense advantage to our ministers if a regular rotation could be devised by which each year a certain number could be given an opportunity of devoting a couple of months at least to a refreshing of old studies, or getting acquainted with the newer phases of thought in their various departments.

Briefly, in review. First, last and always, the mother tongue, its history and literature. Through it access is had to the hearts of millions of men, and its sway is rapidly increasing and will increase. Think of what a field our own North-West will make when we assimilate the hosts of foreigners coming to our land. Let us study and follow after the masters, shunning ornateness, cultivating directness and simplicity—"the straight-flung word." Then of other tongues, German, Greek and Hebrew in descending importance. By all means let us be thorough students of history as commonly thought of. Without a knowledge of the past, the present is a sealed book. For outlook and perspective the history of our planet, of the animal and vegetable kingdoms is very essential. Then "other worlds than ours," or astronomy. Man's relation to his fellows in society is an all-absorbing topic, and the preacher must lead in this, especially in this century of democracy. Finally, the history of thought.

The man who has compassed the subjects suggested can fairly claim to be cultured as well as thoroughly equipped to be a leader among men. Such the minister must be, such a minister is sought, and when found will be honored and trusted.

A Prayer for Christmas

O Christ, when Thou wast the sharer of our mortal pain, Thou didst set Thy feet in the way of the Cross, making manifest unto us that only in the way of the Cross can we pass from the weakness of our mortal nature to that true manhood which is in God. From the sins which hold us far from Thy Cross and from Thee, deliver us, we beseech Thee; from all anger and idleness, and from the high conceit of ourselves; from the sin and ruinous folly of pride; from coldness of heart; from cleverness without love; and from the selfish wisdom of the world.

Grant us purity of heart; let our eyes be clear toward Heaven; and lest we go heavily and with depression about the works of life, give us in our hearts an inward wellspring of human joy. But if for any one of us Thou hast a dolorous way in store, impart to such an one the grace of fortitude; not the fortitude alone of ancient men, who, with no strength save that of their own grave and sad hearts, faced the encompassing darkness and endured the pains of their mortality; but fortitude enlightened with vision, looking across the darkness and having glimpses of the ultimate glory of God, but seeing also a Helper close at hand and a purpose of God working through all the night.

Grant unto us practical spirits, and success in the affairs of life. But rather let us be called failures or visionaries than that we should succeed by wrong, or should give to the gifts wherewith Thou hast endowed us an inward heart of selfishness, living that others may minister unto us while we minister not to others.

Teach us, we beseech Thee, to love goodness; and open our eyes to see the beauty that Thou dost make and dost set forth by day and night. But let us not bring heathen hearts to these Thy sanctities; make us to know the goodness of beauty and the beauty of goodness.

Hear us when we pray to Thee for the blessing of friendship and for blessings upon our friends; and for the grace of that remembrance which makes the living present to us and brings to our side again our dead. But hear us most of all when we cry to Thee for those who need Thee most: for the poor and the sick; for all who in heart or in home are desolate; and for young children.

And at this kindly season of the year, give us friendly minds, and hearts like children's hearts—hearts that can love easily and easily can forgive. For, being proud, we have sinned; and all our sins have been sins against love. Forgive us this our great sin; and let us sin no more. Amen.

The Sz-Chuan Contingent

THE annual contingent of missionary workers from Canada to the Methodist province of Sz-Chuan has been sent out, and about the time that this issue of ACTA is in the hands of its readers, the long six weeks' trip up the river will have been completed and their far-distant goal will have been reached. There were thirty in the "missionary gang" that left this fall, and although many of their names are more or less familiar to our readers, four of the men will be especially remembered by the students of Victoria—Messrs. A. P. Quirmbach, Dan Perley, W. B. Albertson, and E. R. Brecken.

Quirmbach, whose romantic marriage was reported in a recent number of ACTA, spent his early life near Berlin, but a little over a dozen years ago offered himself as a missionary to China and worked for ten years in the province of Hunan. Two years ago he returned to Canada and spent two years at Victoria, where he became one of the best-liked and most popular of students.

Brecken entered Victoria three or four years ago to take work in Theology, after graduating from Mount Allison in Arts. He spent the past year at Oxford in the study of Oriental languages and literature, and upon his return married Miss Vida Overland.

W. B. Albertson graduated from Victoria in Arts with the class of 1907, coming to the college from the neighborhood of Oakville. He secured first class honors in Semitics, and then was stationed at Roblin, Manitoba, for a year.

Dan Perley came to Vic. from Brockville, Morrisburg and several other places, graduating in honor philosophy with the class of 1904. He spent a year in theology at Vic. and later a year at Glasgow. He also devoted two or three years of his life to missionary work in British Columbia, where he had wonderful success. He will be supported by Colborne Street Church, Brantford.

Others in the party that left this autumn were: H. H. Irish, Parker M. Bayne, M. A. Brillinger, T. E. Plewman, Ethel B. Plewman, Arthur Hockin, A. J. Barter, W. D. Ferguson, A. T. Crutcher, Walter Small.

Before sailing the Vic. boys left the following messages which will be of interest to all their friends:

"From the threshold of the Orient we send back this message,—that you will keep praying for us, that our faith may be increased and our courage strengthened, that with pure hearts and firm wills and broad human sympathy we may be fitted to bear the message of Him who came to give His life a ransom for many.

"EGERTON AND VIDA M. BRECKEN."

"As we go forth to represent the newest West in the oldest East, we feel we are ambassadors of Him who belongs neither to one nor the other, but to us all, inasmuch as China is included in the words, 'That ye all may be one.'

"D. M. PERLEY."

"As I approach the land of my former labors my heart is deeply moved. I pray that powers equal to the vast task may be given me. At Jesus' feet for His glory. In His service.

A. P. QUIRMBACH."

"We are grateful for God's protecting care on land and sea. Such mercies deepen the incentive for effort in the work we undertake. It increases our faith in Him who is our Leader and Guide.

W. B. ALBERTSON."

Notes

The Annual Missionary Conference, January 22-24, promises well. Rev. J. L. Stewart, B.A., Mr. N. W. Rowell and Principal Gandier are among the speakers already secured.



The theological students are indebted to Prof. Kilpatrick, of Knox College, for his vigorous and convincing apology for the faith, delivered before the Theological Club, in reply to Prof. McBride's article on the "Evolution of Religion," in the *University Magazine* for October.

Sunset

Behold the glory of the dying day,
 Ere night has fully won,
 As Helio's chariot hastes away
 For the goal of the rising sun!

W. H., '10.



Osteopathy

ROBERT B. HENDERSON.

"A normal flow of blood is health."

IN approaching this subject in a general way, it is interesting to note how, in almost every phase of life, the onward march of progress in the way of discoveries and inventions has been and is being opposed at every turn. In practically every instance this opposition has been for purely selfish purposes, though some high sounding economic, moral, or religious excuse is often vaunted as the outward reason. The wage-earner has ever opposed the adoption of labor-saving devices, and yet with their adoption both wages and the demand for labor have increased. In early agriculture the sickle gave place to the cradle, the cradle to the reaper, and this in turn to the binder, which is able to take with ease the place of many men. Similarly, the flail was superseded by the horse-power thresher, and this in turn was forced to give place to the monster self-feeding thresher of our Western prairie provinces, and yet with all these devices the crops can scarcely be harvested in time to save them from the frosts. These inventions were looked upon with much disfavor in their day by the working class, and yet they have proved themselves of the greatest benefit to both employer and employee. These same conditions have developed along the lines of transportation, communication, manufacturing, business systems and so on.

Along the lines of healing art, progress has been made but slowly, owing to the fact that in many countries, for religious and other reasons, the study of the structure of the human body by dissection was forbidden, so that the votaries of this

important branch of science in the early ages had to be content to attempt to combat disease by the administration of noxious weeds or weird incantations. Hence, one of our later medical writers facetiously remarked that "the practice of medicine was founded on ignorance and improved by conjecture."

Of true scientific work little was accomplished in the real understanding of disease until the latter part of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries, when Boerhaave, of Holland, revolutionized "clinical observation"; Morgagni, of Italy, introduced "medical thinking into medicine"; Virchow and Haller gave impetus to the study of pathology and physiology respectively; and William Cullen and John Brown—1720-90—of the University of Edinburgh, were the first, perhaps, to get away from the old theories of "Humors," and make the nervous system the seat of disease. It was in pursuing these discoveries of the wonderful ramifications, actions, and reflexes of the nervous system, almost to their logical conclusion—which was reserved for Andrew Taylor Still, M.D., to do at a later date (1874)—that Dr. Hilton, the famous surgeon and diagnostician of Guy's Hospital, London, England, and author of the classic, "Rest and Pain," engraved his name on the immortal tablets of fame (1858).

It is not to be wondered at, then, that the latter part of the nineteenth century should be a most fitting time for the birth of a new science of healing. Anatomy, physiology, pathology, biology and neurology were being studied as they had never been studied before. The allopath and the homeopath had gone to the limit in their diametrically opposed theories; the former in prescribing huge boluses and doses which were intended to counteract the poisons in the system produced by, or producing, the disease; the latter with his infinitesimal dosage and opposite theory of "*Similia similibus curantur*." It was only natural that a man with a mechanical turn of mind, one who from experience knew the limitations of drug medication, should, in this revival of anatomical research and marvellous discoveries of the nervous system, have his eyes opened to the vast possibilities of healing or alleviating diseased conditions by correcting anatomical irregularities, and thereby allowing

the nerves to control the life-giving, tissue-building stream of blood to and from the diseased parts. Pure arterial blood, under normal conditions, is the only thing that ever did or ever will produce a healthy human cell.

The new school of drug medicine of our own day has swung far from the old moorings. Dr. William Osler, no less honored by the osteopaths than by his fellow allopathic practitioners, has this to say in his article on "Medicine," in the "Americana Encyclopedia": "But the new school does not feel itself under obligation to give any medicines whatever, while a generation ago not only could few physicians have held their practice unless they did, but few would have thought it safe or scientific. Of course, there are still many cases where the patient or patient's friends must be humored by administering medicine, or alleged medicine, where it is not really needed, and indeed often where the buoyancy of mind, which is the real curative agent, can only be created by making him wait hopefully for the expected action of medicine; and some physicians still cannot unlearn their old training. But the change is great. The modern treatment of disease relies very greatly on the old so-called 'natural' methods, diet and exercise, bathing and massage; in other words, giving the natural forces the fullest scope by easy and thorough nutrition, increased flow of blood, and removal of obstructions to the excretory systems, or the circulation in the tissues. One notable example is typhoid fever. At the outset of the nineteenth century, it was treated with 'remedies' of the extreme violence—bleeding and blistering, vomiting and purging, and the administration of antimony and mercury, and plenty of other heroic remedies. Now the patient is bathed and nursed and carefully tended, but rarely given medicine. This is the result partly of the remarkable experiments of the Paris and Vienna schools into the action of drugs, which have shaken the stoutest faiths; and partly by the constant and reproachful object lessons of Homeopathy. No regular physician would ever admit that the homeopathic preparations, 'infinitesimals,' could do any good as direct curative agents, and yet it was perfectly certain that homeopaths lost no more of their patients than others. There was but one conclusion to

draw—that most drugs had no effect whatever on the diseases for which they were administered.” (Vol. X.)

Some fifteen or sixteen years ago, the knowledge of the existence of the science of healing now called Osteopathy was limited to a small territory within a radius of a few miles from Kirksville, Missouri, where Andrew Taylor Still, M.D., first began to give out the results of his experiments—continued for nearly twenty years—in healing disease by considering the human body as an Animated Mechanism (Descartes—1596-1650). Since that time so rapid has been its growth, so remarkable its cures, and so reasonable and scientific its claims, that during the past year leading public magazines, such as the *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Metropolitan*, and others, have given its consideration much valuable space in their columns. The fact that it is the business of these journals to know what the people want, and to supply that want, is an indication that there is a desire on the part of the people to know something of this new system of healing.

Numerous definitions of Osteopathy are at hand, but the one furnished by J. Martin Littlejohn, Ph.D., M.D., LL.D., D.O., President of the American College of Osteopathic Medicine and Surgery, Chicago, Ill., will be as readily understood as any: “Osteopathy is that science or system of healing which emphasizes (a) the diagnosis of diseases by physical methods, with the view of discovering, not the symptoms, but the cause of disease, in connection with misplacements of tissue, obstruction of the fluids, and interference with the forces of the organism; (b) the treatment of diseases by scientific manipulations, in connection with which the operating physician mechanically uses and applies the inherent resources of the organism, to overcome the disease and establish health, either by removing or correcting mechanical disorders, and then permitting nature to recuperate the diseased parts, or by producing and establishing antitoxic and antiseptic conditions to counteract toxic and septic conditions of the organism or its parts; (c) the application of mechanical and operative surgery in setting fractured or dislocated bones, repairing lacerations and removing abnormal tissue dangerous to organic life.” In short,

Osteopathy is anatomy and physiology applied, or put into application in every-day treating of disease.

It has been said that the human body is an epitome in nature of all mechanics, all hydraulics, all architecture, all machinery of every kind. There are over 310 mechanical movements known to mechanics to-day, and all of these are modifications of those found in the human body. Here are found all the bars, levers, joints, pulleys, wedges, pumps, pipes, spirals, eccentrics, wheel-and-axle and ball-and-socket movements, beams, girders, trusses, buffers, arches, columns, cables and supports known to science. At every point man's best mechanical work can be shown to be but adaptations of processes of the human body, a revelation of first principles used in nature.

This wonderful mechanism, to be the perfect body the Creator intended it should be, must be normal in structure, and have perfect digestive, circulatory, and nervous systems. Pure, oxygenated blood in normal quantity maintains a healthy, vigorous nervous system, and the latter in turn automatically controls the circulation of the life-giving fluid to every tissue and cell of the body. Tenderness at the spinal centre or along the course of a nerve supplying nerve force to any organ is indicative of a lesion of that organ. This lesion may be temporary or permanent. Disease of the stomach, for example, may be due to eating unwholesome or improperly cooked food, improperly eating food of any kind, or eating at irregular periods. On the other hand, the patient may be most careful of his diet, and yet suffer serious digestive disturbances from the fact that the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh or eighth dorsal vertebrae have become slightly strained or rotated, impacted or spread, irritating the nerve supply to the stomach, thereby increasing or diminishing the blood supply to that organ; as a result, the gastric secretion may be increased or diminished, so that, instead of digestion, fermentation takes place. In cases of this kind, Osteopathy is wholly and essentially corrective. No amount of rubbing—massage—could produce anything more than possibly temporary results. The osteopath never rubs; he corrects or adjusts the abnormal bony structure, relaxes contracted muscles, stimulates or restrains diseased nerve centres, and leaves nature, with this improved condition,

to restore her equilibrium, which is perfect health. What applies to the stomach applies equally to every other organ or part of the body. Appropriate treatment applied to the proper nerve centre will assist nature in repelling any disease, provided that it has not progressed beyond the point where nature is powerless, and where no help is to be hoped for from any quarter whatever.

A simple illustration of the effect of abnormal pressure upon a nerve trunk is to press continually for a few seconds on the "funny-bone," the ulnar nerve, as it passes through the ulnar groove on the inner side of the arm at the elbow. Notice the numbness or prickling in the little finger and the outer half of the ring finger; this is the distribution of the ulnar nerve. Dr. Hilton, of Guy's Hospital, was once called in consultation where the little finger and the ulnar side of the ring finger were sloughing off with dry gangrene. He at once, being a skilled anatomist, noted that it was the distribution of the ulnar nerve that was affected, searched along its course, and was rewarded by finding an "exostosis," a bony growth on the first rib. This was removed, normal circulation was restored, and the progress of decay stopped.

It is unfair, however, to conclude that the examination of the spinal system is regarded as the whole basis of operation in the process of examination and treatment. The competent osteopath gives careful attention to every part of the body, and is particular not to overlook any symptom, however slight, that may have a bearing on the case.

Though comparatively in its infancy, Osteopathy has made rapid strides in its scientific development. At the last meeting of the National Association, held in Kirksville, Mo., fifty thousand dollars was subscribed in a few hours as a nucleus for the establishment of a college of scientific research. Though the youngest of the three foremost schools of healing, its record is certainly one of which to be proud.

There are at present seven recognized Colleges of Osteopathy, all giving a uniform course. Each college requires a term of study of three years of nine months each for graduation without surgery, or four years of nine months each with surgery. The uniformity of these colleges is maintained by being

inspected yearly by a physician who is appointed by the graduated physicians in the field, members of the A.O.A., and who are jealous of the good name of Osteopathy, and most interested in forcing, if necessary, the colleges to maintain a high standard. There are at present between five and six thousand graduated osteopaths in the field, and between 1,500 and 2,000 students in the colleges, Kirksville alone having an attendance of between five and six hundred students. In 1902 the combined drug schools of the United States enrolled less than 27,000 students in 154 schools: 123 regular schools had 24,447; 20 homeopathic schools had 1,551; 9 eclectic schools had 946, and 2 physio-medical schools had 77. And the record shows a gain in 32 years of 33 per cent.

In conclusion, it might be stated that Osteopathy has been recognized by statute in over forty States of the Union, and upheld by the courts in all other States, with perhaps one or two exceptions. In Canada, at the present time, we have no statutory recognition, which leaves plenty of scope for any unprincipled person to practise fraud by holding himself out as a fully accredited osteopath, while the only credential he may possess is a diploma from a correspondence school, or none at all. There are numbers of such practitioners in Canada, and several in Toronto, but until we have legislation, the people must themselves look to it that they are not imposed upon.

Nocturne Automne

THE daylight fades. Along the west
The red blush dies away. The stars
Appear, and quietness is over all.
A gentle breeze hides in the tree-top.
Slow up the sky the harvest moon
Sweeps in her glory.
A grey owl hoots. Far off a watch-dog bays,
And night breathes on in peace.

L. E. 'C., '11.



PERSONALS AND EXCHANGES

The Class of 1903

GRADUATES.

MISS ROSE V. BEATTY is in Japan. Her address is Neda, Shinshu, Japan.

Miss Sadie Bristol is at her home, 442 Gilmore Street, Ottawa, Ontario.

Miss Edith Campbell is teaching Moderns in East Toronto Collegiate Institute.

Miss Rose Cullen was in Paris, until recently, at least.

Miss E. Edna Dingwall holds the position of private secretary to Professor F. H. Sykes, of Columbia University, New York.

Miss F. M. Eby is teaching in the High School at Georgetown, Ontario.

Miss E. Jackson is teaching in Drayton High School.

Miss Ruby M. Jolliffe is taking post-graduate work in English at Bryn Mawr College. Her address is Pennington, N.J.

Miss Olive Lindsay is teaching at Qu'Appelle.

Mrs. C. E. Auger (*nee* Smith) is living at 66 Cowan Avenue, Toronto, for a short time.

Mrs. R. H. Stewart (*nee* Miss A. A. Will) is living at Rossland, B.C.

R. C. Armstrong is at Hamamatsu, Japan, engaged in missionary work.

T. A. Bagshaw is engaged in newspaper work in Chicago.

F. L. Barber is pastor of Paisley Memorial Church, Guelph, Ont.

N. E. Bowles is in China representing Toronto West Epworth Leagues. His address is Kiating, Sz-Chuan, China.

J. F. Chapman is preaching at Pontypool, Ontario.

J. H. Chown is railroading with the C.P.R. He is chief clerk to the superintendent at Kenora, Ont.

W. Conway is pastor of the Methodist Church at Nile, Ont.

R. G. Dingman is in business in Toronto as a timber broker.

Ernest L. C. Forster has recently joined the Government employ. He is located at Ottawa, being analyst in the Inland Revenue Department.

A. R. Ford is City Editor of the *Winnipeg Telegram*.

R. S. Glass is still in the Auditor-General's Department at Ottawa. 'Tis whispered he is married, though we know not how—nor when.

G. H. Grey is practising law in West Toronto, Ontario. One of Dolly's recent performances was to join the Orangemen.

R. O. Jolliffe is at Yui Hsien, Sz-Chuan, China, engaged in missionary work.

E. H. Jolliffe is on the staff of the Technical School, Toronto.

J. I. Hughes is stationed at Hatley, Quebec.

E. C. Irvine is mathematical master of Sherbrooke High School, Quebec. 'Tis slyly rumored he is married, though inquiry proves blind.

D. B. Kennedy is preaching at Rouleau, Sask.

P. McD. Kerr is taking post-graduate work in Classics at California University, Birkley, Cal.

John McKenzie is preaching at Hornby, Ontario.

W. E. C. Millar, whereabouts unknown to Secretary.

W. P. Near is spending a short holiday at his home in St. Mary's after his return from the Yukon, where he spent the summer with the Inter-Provincial Survey party.

D. P. Rees is in Montreal, engaged in newspaper advertising.

D. A. Walker is pastor of the Methodist Church at Welland, Ont.

J. H. Wallace is engaged in Y.M.C.A. work in China. His address is 120 Szechuen Road, Shanghai.

Amos J. Thomas is pastor of Hill Street Methodist Church, London, Ontario.

C. W. Webb is at his home in Ancaster, Ontario.

C. J. Wilson is preaching at Forrest, Manitoba.

T. E. Wilson is practising law at Vancouver, B.C., as a member of the firm, Deacon, Deacon & Wilson.

UNDERGRADUATES AND SPECIALISTS.

Mrs. Jennings Hood (Miss W. Douglas) is living in Philadelphia.

Misses Hazel Hedley, Edna Hutchings, Edna Paul, and Pearly Rutley are at their respective homes in Toronto.

Miss Alice Rockwell is teacher of English in Duluth High School.

Miss A. Grace Scott continues to practise her profession—nursing. Her address is 43, 7th Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y. She has recently returned from the Continent, where she spent the summer.

Mrs. Biehm (Miss Rose Winter) is residing at Berlin, Ont.

R. H. Brett is preaching at Epsom, Ontario.

E. S. Bishop is pastor of the Methodist Church, Okotoks, Alta.

W. G. Gates ('04) (Chairman of "'03 Bob Committee") is engaged in journalistic work in Moose Jaw, Alta.

A. Crux is practising medicine in Toronto. Recently joined the Ancient Order of Benedicts.

E. W. S. Coates is stationed at Ormstown, Quebec.

Charles Douglas is with the Auditor-General's Department at Ottawa.

George E. Eakins is practising medicine in Port Arthur.

W. W. McKee is pastor of Trinity Methodist Church, Grand Island, Nebraska.

V. W. Odum is engaged in newspaper work at Nelson, B.C. Has recently started a new Liberal weekly.

J. E. Rockwell is city editor of the Duluth *Evening Herald*.

The Secretary of the Class, T. E. Wilson, Vancouver, B.C., would be pleased to have all members of the class communicate to him any change of address or other news items of interest to the class.

Personals

In London the Rutledge brothers have rounded up a corner in sports. Joe Rutledge, B.A., '07, is sporting editor of the London *Advertiser*, while Gordon, of '09, performs the same ministry upon the London *Free Press*.

W. J. Salter, B.A., '05, is on the staff of the Collegiate Institute, Woodstock.

Miss Lillian Lloyd, '04, is taking work at Faculty of Education. Address, 16 Broadway Place, City.

Dr. C. M. Hincks, B.A., '05, M.B., 07, is practising medicine at Campbellford.

We congratulate R. H. Clark, B.A., '05, M.A., Ph.D., Leipzig, Germany, the winner of the 1851 Science Research Scholarship in 1906, upon the extension of his scholarship to the third year. Such is done only in case of exceptional ability. The late Dr. Smale and Prof. Kerrick were the only two who had merited this extension. Mr. Clark will remain in Leipzig, devoting his attention to Chemistry and Mineralogy. In August of this year he received the degree of Ph.D. from the University of Leipzig.

We are proud to be able to congratulate one of our most illustrious graduates, George H. Locke, Professor of Pedagogy at Macdonald College, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, upon his appointment to the head librarianship of the Toronto Public Library—"the most responsible position of its kind in Canada," to quote *Collier's*. He has had a broad experience as an educationalist, having been lecturer in our own college, Instructor in the History of Education at Harvard University, Professor and Dean of the Faculty of Education in Chicago University, and editor of *The School Review*, one of the leading journals of secondary education in the United States. In 1905 he entered the editorial department of the well-known publishers, Ginn & Company, of Boston, and left there to accept the position of Dean of Macdonald College.

Victoria College can boast of the fact that three of the representatives in the next House of Commons from the Prairie Provinces are Victoria graduates: Hon. Clifford Sifton, M.P. for Brandon; Alex. Haggart, K.C., Winnipeg, and Dr. E. L. Cash, of McKenzie constituency. Hon. Clifford Sifton graduated in 1880, carrying off the Prince of Wales' Medal. Alex. Haggart is one of the older graduates. His home was in Peterboro', and after receiving his preliminary education there he entered Victoria 1868, graduating in 1872. He studied law in his native town, and in Toronto with the late Hon. Hector Cameron, and was admitted to the bar 1877. In 1880 he settled in Winnipeg, where he has practised ever since. Dr. Cash is a graduate of Victoria's old medical school of 1871. Upon graduation he drifted to the States, practising his profession in Michi-

gan, Chicago and Nebraska. Finally, in 1896, he drifted back into Canada, settling at Yorkton, where he has built up a large practice. "Jap" Fish, '87, contested Dufferin for the Liberals, unsuccessfully, however.

W. Lacy Amy, who took specialist work with '02, is (with the assistance of his wife) editor of the Medicine Hat *Times*.

Hal Woodsworth, '07, writes that he has returned from his vacation in the mountains of Japan and is back at work in Kobe.

Rev. Forbes Rutherford, '05, has taken unto himself a wife, and is the Methodist parson in Greenwood, B.C.

A. D. McFarlane, '07, is still editor of the Greenwood Boundary *Times*, B.C., but may leave any time to study law in Vancouver.

C. R. Gundy, formerly of '09, is in business in Sarnia, Ont.

"Bill" Zinkan, formerly of '09, is travelling for the Sterling Furniture Company, and his headquarters for a while will be Winnipeg.

C. F. Connor, '06, is stationed at Prince Rupert, B.C. He aided substantially last August in raising a fund for the Fernie sufferers.

Lester Green, formerly a prominent member of '09 and '10, has gone into business, and is working his way up into partnership of the firm of F. H. Deacon & Co., brokers. Lester says he is going to turn out with the new Victoria Hockey team, Senior O.H.A., this winter.

Obituaries

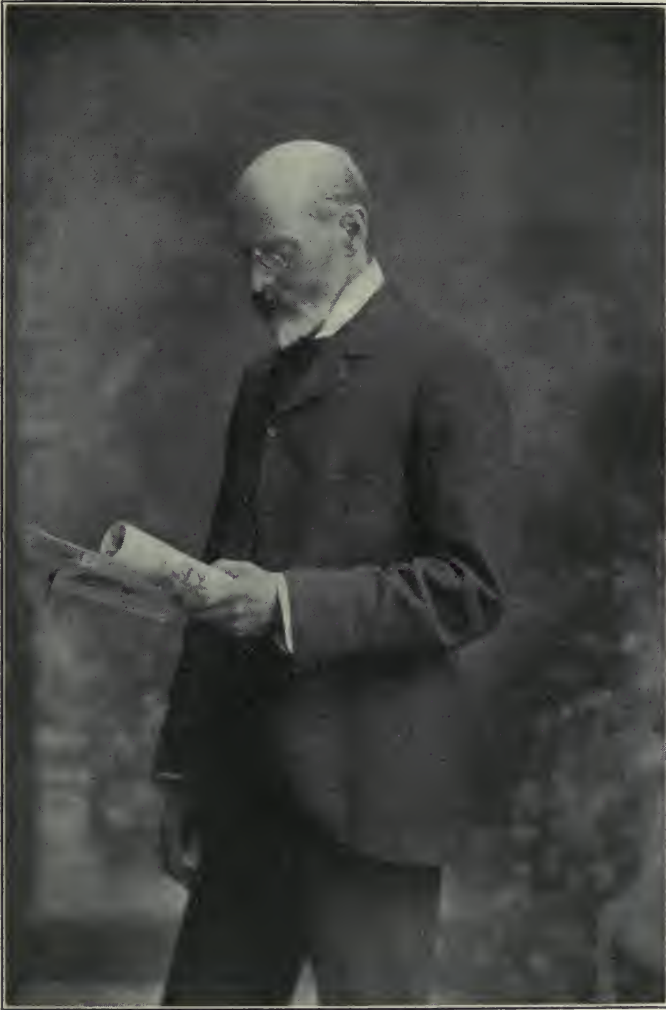
ABRAHAM ROBERT BAIN, M.A., LL.D.

VICTORIA COLLEGE CHAPEL,

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20TH, 1908, 3 P.M.

Sadly often, in recent years, have the professors and students of Victoria College met in a service such as this to pay the last tribute of respect and love to the departed. Prominent on all such occasions, in the manly dignity of his personal appearance and in the unaffected sincerity of his grief and sympathy, was our beloved Professor Bain. And now lies he there, and we are come to say to him in his turn our solemn "*ave atque vale*." Take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again. Victoria College will not seem the same to us without him.

At every turn we shall miss him, in the lecture room, in the Registrar's office, in the Faculty meeting, in the Senate. We shall miss his genial presence, we shall miss his kindly smile,



THE LATE PROFESSOR A. R. BAIN, M.A., LL.D.

we shall miss his wise instruction, we shall miss his shrewd and sane advice. We shall feel our lives to be impoverished by his absence.

He was one of the few survivors of that "old guard" of Victoria who had toiled faithfully through the hard early years of her heroic history and had lived at last to see her prosperous and rich in the number of her students, in the size and quality of her faculty, in the generous affection of her friends. May God long spare to us those of that "old guard" who still remain.

Abraham Robert Bain, M.A., LL.D., was the son of John and Elizabeth Bain, of Cobourg, and was born in that town December 3rd, 1838. He was a Canadian of the Canadians, all through his life a broad-minded and enlightened patriot, uniting intense affection for his native land with profound loyalty to the Empire.

In 1851 he entered the preparatory course of Victoria University, and in 1854 he matriculated in Arts. Thus he was brought, very early in life, into a college atmosphere and subjected to the formative influence of that prince among men and teachers, the late President Nelles, whose beautiful character and splendid abilities made so deep and abiding an impression upon so many generations of students. After a brilliant career in college, Mr. Bain graduated in 1858, only nineteen years of age.

His first choice for a life-work was the profession of law. But while studying in the law office of the late Senator Kerr in Cobourg, his health failed, and he was compelled to seek relief from very serious illness in a complete change of climate and occupation. After nearly a year spent in the bracing air of Colorado and in an out-of-doors occupation, he returned to his native town with a new lease of life. But now a new work opened to him. In the autumn of the year 1860 he entered upon the duties of a tutor in the preparatory department of his Alma Mater, to whose service he continued from that time onward for forty-eight years to devote all his time and energy with loyal enthusiasm. It was his high privilege to retain his power of work unimpaired to the last and at once to "cease to labor and to live." Last summer he was, as he had been for so many years, an ardent canoeist, and enjoyed to the full the free life of Go Home Bay. The day before he died he was in the college and about to deliver a lecture, when the cold hand of fatal seizure fell upon him.

A few years after his appointment as tutor he became dean of the preparatory department. In 1868 he was appointed



VICTORIA COLLEGE ATHLETIC CLUB EXECUTIVE.

Miss N. Davidson, '12. 1st Year Rep.	Miss L. S. Ghent, '10. 3rd Year Rep.	Miss L. Denton, '11. 2nd Year Rep.
Miss L. S. Denne, '09. Basket Ball Capt.	Miss N. K. Spence, '09. 4th Year Rep.	Miss M. J. Hockey, '10. Field Hockey Capt.
Miss T. W. MacLaren, '09. Pres.	Mrs. A. L. Langford, Hon. Pres.	Miss M. E. Crews, '10. Sec.-Treas.

Professor of Mathematics in the University of Victoria College. His ideals of college work were high, and in order to thoroughly equip himself for the duties of his important chair he spent two years abroad in post-graduate studies. In 1868-9 he was at Harvard, and in 1869-70 in Paris. In both these great centres of learning he eagerly pursued mathematical studies under some of the best professors of the time, and returned to his work in the college thoroughly prepared.

In 1869 he was married to Martha Dumble, of Cobourg, who now survives him. One son and one daughter died before him; one daughter remains. Upon the sorrowing wife and daughter we all unite in invoking the divine blessing and consolation.

From 1870 to 1892 Professor Bain gave himself with tireless assiduity and marked success to the teaching of the subjects of his department, specializing in astronomy, which had peculiar attraction for his own mind, and which he made so fascinating to his students that it was for many years one of the most popular subjects in Victoria University.

In all his work as teacher he was distinguished by thorough mastery, both of principles and of details, painstaking accuracy, clearness of definition and description, the happy art of making others see what he saw himself, great patience, courtesy, and sympathy with the sincere and candid student. Generation after generation of Victoria College men went from those old college halls in Cobourg to be life-long friends of a teacher who had so helped them and so endeared himself to them. His beautiful Cobourg home was the scene of much gracious hospitality, which can never be forgotten by those who enjoyed it.

In recognition of his long and valuable services, the degree of LL.D. was most worthily bestowed upon him by Mt. Allison University.

The federation of Victoria with the Provincial University meant great personal sacrifice to Dr. Bain. It meant the abandonment of a beautiful home, the loss of the work which he loved and in which he had been eminently successful and happy, and the taking up of fresh and comparatively untried tasks. But he faced the new conditions bravely and adapted himself to them successfully. On the removal of Victoria to Toronto, in 1892, Dr. Bain was appointed Professor of Ancient History and Registrar of the University. With the same instinct for

thoroughness which in earlier years took him to Harvard and to Paris, he now spent the year 1893-4 in Oxford, studying ancient history, specially the Roman Principate, on which subjects he continued to lecture until the day before he died. As Registrar he was eminently useful, sparing no expenditure of time, energy, care, which might be in the interest of the college in which and for which he literally spent his life.

In personal appearance Dr. Bain was remarkably handsome and commanding; in bearing, gentlemanly, dignified and easy; in conversation, full of a genial flow of thought expressed with rare precision and rich amplitude; in his studies and investigations, rigorously thorough; in his relations with other men, inflexibly righteous, unfailingly generous and kind; in discussion, in Faculty or Senate, calm and quiet in manner, though candid and courageous in the expression of his convictions; never a brawler, always a peace-maker; as a friend, one among a thousand, fond of his friends and of their society, never too busy to welcome them, never counting anything too much that he could possibly do for them; in times of trouble and sorrow ministering comfort by his winsome smile, the warm pressure of the hand, the simple, cordial words, the gracious offers of friendly assistance; closer, therefore, than most men to the hearts of his friends; a splendid specimen, in short, of physical, intellectual and moral manhood, wearing the white flower of a blameless life; a man of whom, under all circumstances and in all relations, we were all and always proud, whom we all and always respected, trusted, loved. Victoria College has never mourned a more faithful servant, a more loyal son, nor we as individuals a more beloved friend.

And at last, in the ripe beauty of his years, with his honors still upon him and his work about him, "God's finger touched him and he slept." He is gone for his reward to that Heavenly Father whom throughout his life he humbly revered, worshipped and served. May that Heavenly Father now console, support and guide the stricken wife and daughter. May that Heavenly Father help us who remain in the work of this college to follow him in all fidelity to duty and in all generosity and sympathy toward those with whom we labor. And may we all at last, whether that be soon or late, hear addressed to us, each one, those words which he has heard already, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

REV. W. H. WITHROW, M.A., D.D., F.R.S.C.

"The grave of Dr. Withrow," says Mr. Goldwin Smith, "closes over a distinguished writer, and one who did honor to this province in more lines than one. Dr. Withrow's name and works will not die." Dr. Withrow was indeed a man of genius.



REV. W. H. WITHROW, M.A., F.R.S.C.

He graduated in 1863 along with Chief Justice Sir William Mulock and His Honor Lieut. - Governor Gibson. After eleven years' pastorate work he was chosen in 1874 by the first General Conference of the then uniting Methodist churches editor of the Magazine and Sunday School periodicals, a position which he held by unanimous reelection at nine succeeding general conferences, covering a period of thirty-four years. As a student he had acquired a

taste for research in the field of Christian antiquities, and his first important work was the "Catacombs of Rome and their Testimony to Primitive Christianity," issued from the press in 1874, and pronounced by the *Edinburgh Review* at the time to be "the best English work on the subject extant." This work at once established his reputation in Europe as well as on this continent as a master in the field of historical research, as well

as a literary artist of unusual merit. In subsequent years he has risen to be one of the foremost figures in Canadian literature. He has left behind more than a dozen invaluable volumes in the various fields of history, biography and historical fiction. Some of his works have reached the sixth and seventh editions.

REV. A. C. COURTICE, B.A., D.D.

In the death of Dr. Courtice, November 10th, Canadian Methodism is particularly bereaved. He graduated in 1880 from Toronto University with the gold medal in philosophy, and



REV. A. C. COURTICE, B.A., D.D.

in 1885 in theology from Victoria with another gold medal. The Chancellor says, "His thesis on that occasion was an exegetical and doctrinal study of Isaiah liii., and for clearness and thoroughness of treatment I do not know that I have seen it surpassed in any work, even of the most renowned scholars." Upon ordination, 1885, he went to fill the pulpit of Parliament Street Church, Toronto. From there he was removed to Dundas Street, London, and then in

1892 was installed in Dominion Square Church, Montreal, whose pulpit has been distinguished by some of the most illus-

trious of the Methodist fathers. From there he was called to Sydenham Street Church, Kingston, until his appointment to the Editorship of *The Christian Guardian* in 1894. With the exception of Dr. Ryerson, he was the youngest man ever elected to that important office. Though he labored under the shadow of a life-long suffering, his work did not in the slightest savor of bitterness, nor did his life betray the first symptoms of asperity.

PROFESSOR SHEPARD.

The shadow of death resting across Victoria College was deepened when Professor Shepard passed away. Few, if any, of the students can fully realize the loss the college has sustained. The man who lives for others is scarcely seen. This is why only those nearest him knew how, for years, he taught a class in the Central Prison and himself supported a missionary in Liberia. A more beautiful memorial cannot be raised to his name than that which now lives in the many lives enriched by the touch of one of the purest souls of mortal life.

Miss Gibson, '11, has our heartfelt sympathy in the death of her father, Mr. Stephen Gibson, the registrar of Napanee. Mr. Gibson was an old Victoria student.

The friends of Frost John Williams, B.A., '62, M.A., LL.B., of Owen Sound, sincerely mourn his death at New Liskeard, September 13.

We extend our sympathy to Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Gibson in the loss of their eldest son, Gordon Gibson, at Colorado Springs, 15th inst.

Births

To Rev. and Mrs. Harry H. Cragg, on Wednesday, November 25th, 1908, a daughter. Congrats, Harry, from ACTA.

Exchanges

Many students, perhaps, do not realize the peculiar value of exchanges, for they have a peculiar value. They remarkably extend the horizon of our student world which otherwise would

tend to become monotonously circumscribed. Larger interests loom into our ken, losing in their shadow many of the numerous, petty and tedious questions which exhaust our attention. The loftier the ideals the loftier the mind in which they dwell.

But they serve another function. To enjoy a beautiful landscape we must view it from a distance. Most of us are too closely bound up in the college life around to obtain a true perspective of it. But through the exchanges we may withdraw to a point of vantage from which we look back and see in truer proportions our own college life with its varying phases. Many beauties are revealed to which we had been quite insensible, and many incongruities our innocent ignorance had failed to detect.

The exchanges at hand which we reviewed with much interest are: *The Martlet*, *The Harvard Monthly*, *The Queen's University Journal*, *McMaster University Monthly*, *The Columbia Monthly*, *Lux Columbia*, *Notre Dame Scholastic*, *University of Ottawa Review*, *The Student*, *Acadia Athenaeum*, *Allisonia*, *The O. A. C. Review*, *The Mitre*, *The Argosy*, *The Hya Yaka*, *The Miami Student*, *Vox Wesleyana*, and *Oxford University Magazine*.

The Harvard Monthly, published by Harvard University, unreservedly adheres to the old model with the excellent result that it contains some literary gems which cannot fail to inspire. Here is one:

ROMANCE.

Ah, it is sweet to linger at the close
 Of some loved book before the unwilling page
 Is turned at last on all the love and rage,
 The tears and laughter! Ere the vision goes
 To glance back through the garden and to those
 Lately we walked with. How time flies! Old age
 Or death hath caught them. But the pilgrimage—
 Ah, it was sweet; yes, sad and sweet! The rose
 Perhaps grows sweeter in these garden walks
 Because of roses that bloomed long ago,
 And heard sweet lovers at their faded talks,
 All in the mellow moonlight whisper low
 In these same alleys. The still row of stocks
 Trembled, methinks, as they passed to and fro.

There are also some short stories of a very high order, as well as some dramatic productions that reveal much genius.

But the secondary aim of this magazine is, to quote from its advertisement, "to furnish a field for the discussion of all questions relating to the policy and the condition of the university." There is an excellent editorial on "The Professor and the Student." Except, perhaps, in the smallest colleges there is a lamentable lack of human sympathy between the professor and the student. Neither can blame the other; for while the student is so apt to regard the professor merely as a professor, is not the professor quite as inclined to view the student but as a taker of a certain course? The communion of mind with mind is helpful, indeed, but the communion of soul with soul is infinitely more ennobling.

We congratulate *The Martlet* upon its gracious bow to the circle of college journalism. At the outset of its career this weekly grapples with one of the greatest and most formidable questions that cast their shadow across the road to success. In *The Martlet* of November 5 the two outstanding types of college journalism are discussed, the new journal posing as a newspaper, relating mere incidents that all the readers witnessed many days before, the old journal aspiring to be a literary production and a means of presenting questions of vital import to the student body. The former being a chronicle of mere incidents is but a record of the outer and less real activity of the university, whereas the other is the expression of the inner and more real life of the university.

The Queen's University Journal is always a very welcome visitor. The *Journal* of November 16 contains a very sound article, "The Solution of Labor Problems," by Professor Adam Shortt, which is a substantial reproduction of his speech delivered at the Political Science dinner at our own University, November 18. There is also a short article, "The World One City," by Dr. Bonar, Master of the Mint, at Ottawa.

"The ACTA VICTORIANA for October is a very creditable number. The general appearance is attractive, and the literary and scientific articles it contains are especially worth reading."
—*Queen's University Journal*.

THE CHARGE OF THE ONE HUNDRED.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
Into the Freshman mob
Rushed the one hundred.
Forward the Sophomores,
"Charge for the pole!" he said.
Into the Freshman mob
Rushed the one hundred.

Tomatoes to right of them (the Freshmen),
Cucumbers to left of them,
Eggs, not quite fresh to them,
Volley'd and thundered;
Stormed at without that smell
They might have stood it well,
But when eggs broke; well, well;
Good English blundered.

Tomatoes to right of them,
Stale eggs to left of them,
Molasses all over them,
Burst, smelled and thundered.
Stormed at with flour as well,
So those poor Freshmen tell;
Soon down the pole then fell
The flag they defended.
Back from that awful smell,
With all that covered them,
Freshmen one hundred.

When shall Soph's glory fade?
O, that great fusilade,
All the staff wondered;
Honor the fusilade,
Honor the sport they made,
Sophomore Hundred.

—O. A. C. Review.



Senior S. P. S., 16—Victoria 5,

BY the above score Vic.'s hopes of the Mulock Cup were crushed by the Senior S.P.S. on the afternoon of Wednesday, November 18th. Although beaten, the Vic. team played splendid ball, and only in the last ten minutes did the School assume a lead which was rapidly increased.

Vic. was early handicapped by the loss of Captain Gundy, who was seriously injured during the first five minutes of the play; and although Pearson, who replaced him, played an excellent game, the half division did not work as smoothly as it otherwise would have done. However, the better team won.

Early in the first half Vic. scored her only points on a touch-down, secured by Pearson bucking over the School line. For the rest of the half Vic. was mainly on the defensive; but, due to the good work of her line, and of Ecclestone at centre half, the School secured only two tallies.

For the first twenty minutes of the second half Vic. played a strong defensive game, breaking through repeatedly and blocking the kicks of Green. Then, in their anxiety to break through, the wings allowed the School halves to get away for a couple of good runs; and, finally, on a long pass, Bolton, after a long run, went over for a try, which was converted. Just as the whistle blew, a kick of Ecclestone's was blocked and the School scored another try which, together with two rouges, brought their score up to 16. The teams lined up as follows:

Victoria—Back, Jewitt; half-backs, Ecclestone, Gundy (Pearson), Morrison; quarter, Graham; scrimmage, Morrison, Birnie, Batsall; wings, Lovering, French, Moorehouse, Swinerton, Campbell, Miller.

Senior S.P.S.—Back, Green; half-backs, Bolton, Ferguson, McArthur; quarter, Cory; scrimmage, Hopkins, Graham.

Gooderham; wings, Huether, Van Nostrand, Marshall, Hay, Davis, Dawson.



O. A. C., 8—Victoria, 3

On Saturday, November 14, the return match between Victoria and O.A.C. was played on the Vic. campus. Although the Guelph team, which was practically the same as opposed Vic. in the previous match, played an aggressive game throughout, it was only after a closely-contested game that they succeeded in carrying off the laurels of victory. The Vic. team,



RUGBY TEAM '08.

strengthened by coaching and practices, played a much superior game than heretofore, and kept the play in their opponents' territory throughout the greater part of the time. At half time the score stood 1-1, O.A.C. having scored one point on a rouse, and Vic. one on a kick to dead line. In the last half O.A.C. added the other seven points on a converted touch-down and a kick to dead line, while Vic. secured two on a touch in goal.

The following was Vic.'s line-up:—Livingston, Eccleston, Gundy (captain), Morrison, Stockton, Birnie, Morrison, Batsall, Graham, Lovering, Miller, French, Moorehouse, and Campbell.

LADIES' HANDICAP

- 1/2 15 Miss Whitlam.....	Miss Whitlam...	Miss Spencer.....	6-4, 6-8, 6-1	Miss Denton..
8 Miss McConnell	4-6, 6-2, 6-3			
- 1/2 15 Miss Topping.....	Miss Spencer...	Miss Maclaren..	Miss Denton	6-1, 14-16, 6-3.
- 3/4 30 Miss Spencer.....	6-2, 6-4			
- 1/2 15 Miss Horning.....	Miss Jamieson..	Miss Maclaren..	Miss Denton	6-1, 14-16, 6-3.
- 1/2 15 Miss Jamieson.....	6-3, 6-1			
- 1/2 15 Miss Crews.....	Miss Maclaren..	Miss Maclaren..	Miss Denton	6-1, 14-16, 6-3.
- 40 Miss Maclaren	3-6, 8-6, 6-2			
- 1/2 15 Miss Dawson.....	Miss Denton.....	Miss Maclaren..	Miss Denton	6-1, 14-16, 6-3.
- 3/4 30 Miss Denton.....	8-6, 6-0			

MIXED DOUBLES

Miss Dawson.....	Miss Dawson.....	Miss Dawson...	Hemingway..	Miss Maclaren..
McKenzie	McKenzie			
Miss Jamieson.....	6-8, 6-1, 7-5	Miss Dawson...	Hemingway..	Maclaren.....
Saunders.....	6-8, 6-1, 7-5			
Miss Horning.....	Miss Horning.....	Miss Dawson...	Hemingway..	Maclaren.....
Horning.....	Horning.....			
Miss Denton.....	6-8, 6-4, 8-6	Miss Dawson...	Hemingway..	Maclaren.....
Adams.....	6-8, 6-4, 8-6			
Miss Crews.....	Miss Maclaren	Miss Dawson...	Hemingway..	Maclaren.....
Wright.....	Maclaren			
Miss Maclaren.....	6-2, 6-0	Miss Dawson...	Hemingway..	Maclaren.....
Maclaren.....	6-2, 6-0			
Miss Whitlam	Miss Spencer....	Miss Dawson...	Hemingway..	Maclaren.....
Ockley.....	Manning.....			
Miss Spencer	6-4, 6-4	Miss Dawson...	Hemingway..	Maclaren.....
Manning.....	6-4, 6-4			
Miss Topping.....	Miss Spencer....	Miss Dawson...	Hemingway..	Maclaren.....
Raymor.....	Manning.....			
	3-6, 6-3, 6-1	Miss Dawson...	Hemingway..	Maclaren.....
	3-6, 6-3, 6-1			



Notes

The customary landslide in the score during the last ten minutes in the recent Mulock Cup game again emphasizes the fact that no team can enter a gruelling contest and finish strong by simply lining up in the practices against a team of imaginary opponents, and going through signals. What Vic. needs is men who are loyal and enthusiastic enough about sport to turn out regularly to the practices, even if they do not make a place on the first team. Only when such a state of affairs is realized can Vic. hope to assume among the colleges the place she can take in every department of athletics.

As Vic.'s protest of the game of association against Knox was disallowed by the Executive of the University Football Association, Vic., for this year, was put out of the running for the championship. As no opportunity, save that of a couple of hours, was given to Vic. to muster a team for this game, this action came as a surprise to Vic. students. The lack of University spirit in athletics at Victoria has often been censured; but, if such is the case, is it to be wondered at when such an action as this is taken by the University authorities?

Varsity has won the Intercollegiate Championship again, for the first time since 1905. The Varsity team this year proved much stronger than the other teams in the league, having been

beaten only by Queen's at Kingston. But this defeat early in the season made it a hard, up-hill fight, and only by steady, consistent work did they win. They, however, clearly demonstrated their superiority by defeating Queen's both here and at Ottawa. In the game with the Hamilton Tigers for the Dominion Championship, Varsity, after one of the gamest fights ever put up against overwhelming odds, lost by the close score of 21-17. But it verily was a most glorious defeat.

The rink opens this year under most auspicious circumstances. The debt, which has been a burden during past years, has been completely wiped off, and the Athletic Association had no monetary worries. On account of this, and also because the rink for the last few winters has been overcrowded, the Rink Committee are seriously considering the raising of the price of a season ticket to outsiders, and have raised admission fee on band nights. Another welcome innovation is the exclusion of children from the rink except in the forenoons. They are also increasing the skating accommodation from the hours of four to six p.m., as two rinks are to be used for skating, instead of one, as heretofore. The following are the members of the Rink Committee: J. J. Pearson (secretary), H. L. Morrison, J. E. Lovering, M. A. Miller, J. R. Gundy.

The illness of J. V. McKenzie, the present holder of the Undergraduate Championship Tennis Cup, and inclement weather, prevented the playing of the challenge round this fall. However, it will probably take place in the spring. W. B. Wiegand has won the right to challenge for the trophy.

It was found next to impossible to hold the Inter-year Tennis Championship this fall, and Mr. Ward's indulgence is asked. The series will be held in the spring, if the donor consents.

The Inter-year Handball Series was played off late in the season, and resulted as follows:

Team.	Won.	Lost.
'11	5	0
'09	4	1
B.D.'s	3	2
C.T.'s	2	3
'10	1	4
'12	0	5



ON the evening of Friday, Nov. 27th, Annesley Hall resounded with the buzz of merry voices. The bazaar which the girls of Victoria College gave was a huge success socially and financially. The home-made candy, pen-nants, cushions, and posters were soon eagerly bought up, the latter showing particularly the artistic ability of the artists.

The "ice-cream" nooks, superintended by girls adorned with white dresses and smiles, were also very popular. One amusing feature of the evening was the auctioning of the "left-overs," which went like hot-cakes, and occasioned much mirth and wit.



The evening was pleasantly concluded by a short programme. The solos of Miss Philips, '09, and Miss Joy Denton were especially appreciated. On the whole, the evening was declared a success, and not a few were heard to say that the

bazaar was quite as much fun as a college reception.

P—y—e C. T. (assuming an exceedingly serious expression on passing the hall)—"Well, I doubt the advisability of this residence. What kind of housekeepers will these girls make; they won't be able to cook."

Dr. Reynar in a 4th year English class—"With the examiners before you, you feel as if the Philistines were upon you."

A student was heard to say—"Oh, that we may be able to slay them with the jaw-bone of an ass."

Freshette admiring a prize won by a Senior—"My, they are lovely. I wish I hadn't so much to do, so I could win one, too."

A Junior, addressing some ladies who found it inconvenient to go to a French lecture—"Well, girls, I don't think it is fair to starve French in order to stuff Latin."

M—e, '09 (as ACTA photo is being taken)—"I'm not used to sitting in the front row, I generally form the apex."

"Sliver," '09, asks if the Freshettes who are henceforth to whisk the Seniors' gowns are to be known as "Whiskers."

A—n—p, '09 (just as photographer is about to snap the Fourth Year Executive)—"Fritz! Look at the camera a minute."

The Freshmen's reception, held on the evening of November the thirteenth, proved unique as well as enjoyable. The presence of two sets of programme cards did not seem in any way to diminish the pleasure of the promenading which followed a short programme of speeches and music. The enterprising members of the first year provided not only the usual refreshments, but home-made candy as well, and so in every way the reception kept up the reputation gained in former years.

On Wednesday afternoon, November the eighteenth, the girls of University College gave their annual paper chase to the Victoria and Trinity girls. Although the day was somewhat bleak and it was damp under foot, a goodly and athletic representation appeared from each college. After the chase, which followed the customary route of "up hill and down dale," in a pleasant part of North Toronto, the survivors gathered at the home of Mrs. Ramsay Wright, the President of the University Women's Athletic Club. Here a charming tea was served beside a grate fire, and after a most delightful hour spent in doing the usual college stunts, the girls took leave of their kind hostess, having had an exceedingly merry afternoon.

Prof. Blewett—"Students of Philosophy are a perverse generation."

S—n—rt—n, B.D.—“ Really, I can't express my feelings.”
 B—dg—m—n, '10—“ Well, if I were you, I would send them
 by freight.”

Echo from Open Lit.:

Arnup, '09—in Speaker's chair—“ The prospect for further
 speeches is not only bright, but is positively rosy. We'll now
 call on Mr. C. M. Wright.”

H—nt—r, '11—“ See here, old man, what about your Y. M.
 fee?”

D—ac—n, '11—“ Well, I guess there's no excuse for me, you
 know I'm an officer.”

R—yn—r, B.D.—at debate—“ Two men are up for Presi-
 dent of the Lit., and each probably has his principles.”

R. E. S. T—yl—r, '09—on being questioned as to whether
 his intended would accompany him to China—“ Oh, she'll have
 to go, for I told her there was no R. E. S. T. for the wicked if
 she did not go.”

Member of the Glee Club—“ I hear Avison is going to sing,
 ' If I had the wings of a sparrow.' ”

Voice near by—“ He couldn't fly very high if he had.”

At the Women's Literary Society, on Nov. 11th, the first of
 the inter-year debates was given. The subject of the debate was,
 “ Resolved, that great men are the product of their environ-
 ment.” The affirmative side was taken by Miss Findlay, '12,
 and Miss McNeil, '12, and the negative by Miss Cowan, '11, and
 Miss Dawson, '11. The debate, which was very interesting, was
 won by the girls of onety-one, and we surely think that the
 following point given by Miss Cowan must have influenced the
 judges: “ If we depended for progress on environment we would
 never get ahead of our times and would still be eating acorns
 with our pre-supposed ancestors the apes.”

The meetings of the Women's Literary Society are always
 bright and interesting, but the open meeting held on Wednesday
 evening, November 25th, quite excelled any previous ones, yet
 was truly a typical meeting. The business of the evening was
 handled expeditiously, and considerable amusement was aroused

by the discussion on a motion that the freshies, on being provided with whisks, should every morning make it their duty to brush the dust from the caps and gowns of the girls of the upper years.

The programme had a distinctly Canadian flavor, and opened with a paper by Miss Lena Hill, '09, "A General Survey of Canadian Literature." Papers were also read by Miss Helen Dafoe, '11, on Henry Drummond, and Miss Ruby Hewitt, '11, on Robert Service, and a very sympathetic reading was given by Miss Mabel Jamieson, '10, on "Every Man for Himself," by Duncan. The musical part of the programme consisted of a piano solo by Miss F. Spencer; vocal solo by Miss E. Stenton, '12, and the rendering of "Canada" by an octette of young ladies.

Mrs. Raff delighted her hearers by her reading from several Canadian poets, giving, among others, selections from Miss Coleman and Mrs. Blewett. A scene from "She Stoops to Conquer," acted by several of the College girls, was especially appreciated.

W—sh—n, '10—"Isn't Miss J—n a nice little pocket edition?"

Applegate, C.T. (on being asked whether he was going to the bazaar)—"No, I'm going to the reception at McMaster. I want to take in all the functions where the ladies attend, before I draw into my shell."

B—l—ck, '11—"How do you like your Bob picture, Bert?"

R—b—ns—n, '11—"I have only had one picture taken in my life that I liked, and that didn't look the least bit like me."

Dr. Hineks (at inter-collegiate debate)—"Well, brethren, can we not have an octette, quintette, quartette or duet?"

Editor-in-Chief—"For my part, I would prefer a Freshette."

Dr. J. Burwash (in Religious Knowledge, speaking of the authorship of the story of the ark)—"Did he make it up out of his own head?"

MacN—v—n, '10—"He must have had a lot of timber in his block."

M—y—r, '09 (thoughtfully)—“I wonder if the girls will show us how to use the cushions?”

Z—mm—r—n, '12 (having just received his Latin exercise)—“What did you get Miss Kelly, Z?”

Miss K—ll—y, '12—“No, that's too much like Zimmerman for me.”

Leaves from Miss C—w—n's, '11, diary:

Monday nightThanksgiving dinner

Tuesday nightFeed

Wednesday nightFeed

Thursday nightFeed

Friday nightFreshmen's reception

Saturday nightOpen Lit.

Sunday nightRemorse

Miss Addison to Miss B—w—s, '10, when she came in from the Rugby match—“Which won this time?”

Miss B—w—s, '10 (in great amazement)—“Which one! Why, it was Mr.—oh, I mean Hamilton.”

Miss S—v—s, '09—“What kind of potatoes for lunch to-day?”

Miss P—l—s, '09—“Oh, just common taters.”

Miss S—s, '09—“Well, then, I don't want any. I get enough commentators in lectures.”

Sophette (Saturday, Nov. 28th)—“I was just dying to go to that game. I would have gone even if the man had asked sixteen girls before me.”

Friend—“Yes, and I would even have been willing to swap turns with him at a knot-hole.”

Pratt, '11—“What do you think of my photo, Frank?”

O—w—ns, C.T.—“It reminds me of McConnell's dog.”

M—n—g—m—y, '11—“Did you hear that French was in the hospital?”

“No. What's the matter with him?”

M—n—g—m—y, '11—“Insomnia and hay fever.”

Staples, '10 (ordering cushion from Miss L—s, '10)—“I would like this cushion delivered.”

Miss L—s—"Even though I am deaconess of the class, I don't go down to the Ward."

In the general confusion which usually attends the serving of refreshments at receptions, mistakes are by no means an unusual occurrence. Such was the case at a recent reception, when one dish of ice cream with two spoons was given to our friend Jack Birnie. No one knows exactly what was said, but we can at least surmise the subject of their conversation from the following remark which Jack addressed to G. Adams, who was sitting near by, "Say, Geoff, will you be best man?"

Dr. J. Burwash (to a third year Religious Knowledge class)—"Can't you find any Bibles? Well, that is too bad, but you know I have just had a class of sophomores in here."

Miss S—n—s, '09—"I think that Mr. Watson who helped Dr. Bell put Dr. Edgar's pulpit out the window ought to be given the degree of D.B.P.A. (Dr. Bell's pulpit assistant)."

Miss D—n—t, '09—"I have been sporting my bulletin-board all morning. Oh, I mean my mortar-board."

Miss D—f—e, '11—"Well, that Mr. Butcher is a killing kind of man, isn't he?"

Miss Bar—y, '12—"The critic at Men's Open Lit. looked like a man who has taken twelve courses and graduated in them all."

Isn't it strange how memories of the past cling to one? The other day a lady was heard to say that she never can think of Mr. Clement, '09, as a senior, as she remembers so well the time when he went to school hand-in-hand with his sister, and if anything went wrong, Billy always cried.

Mr. Z—m—n, '12 (in a Religious Knowledge lecture)—"I don't think that phrase, 'Lead us not into temptation,' is right, because the way it stands it seems to me that if we left it out, the Lord would lead us into temptation."

Dr. Burwash—"Well, then, what is your amendment?"

Miss K—y, '12—"When I am studying in the library, I always sit with my back to the men. It gives you such a sort of 'Get thee behind me Satan' feeling."

Miss B—ru—e, '09 (referring to the good-night salutation of two '09 ladies)—“Girls, don't make it so audible next time; it sounded just like a cow lifting its foot out of the mud.”

Miss S—v—ns, '09—“There are some names around college that I am always confusing. Now there is Wordsworth and Woodsworth, Byron and Byrom, Niven and MacNiven. I always say MacNiven's love-song when I mean 'Niven's.'”

Miss B, '12—“Oh, yes, she is a very clever girl. Why, she came in on a General Deficiency Scholarship.”

The Athletic Building was the scene of a lively hustle on the morning of Saturday, November 14th, when the Freshmen, stirred up to righteous indignation by the unwarranted appropriation of their programmes on the previous evening,

took justice into their own hands by applying the time-honored method of the water-cure. The ambush in the neighborhood of the Athletic Building proved very disastrous to quite a number of unsuspecting Sophs. The Second Year finally rallied in sufficient numbers to carry the President of the First Year to the tap on the college lawn. But in vain—not even the magic key of the Athletic Association, with the Athletic President at the end of

it, could prevail upon the water to flow, and the attempt had to be given up. Further complications were at this point interrupted by the appearance of the Chancellor, whose cane, we hear, played an important part in terminating the hustle. Score, 12—0.

Miss H—t, '11 (during moonlight skate on rink)—“Isn't it perfectly dear to-night? I just feel as if I would like to embrace something.” (Applications will be received at ladies' study between now and Christmas.)



The Freshies may be able to carry on class-meeting affairs in an expeditious and business-like way, but for sheer nobility and unselfish magnanimity, the following morsel from the Sophomore minute-book commends itself to us: "Moved by W. Moorehouse, seconded by B. H. Robinson, that the spirit of retaliation be dropped." Carried.

S—p—s, '09 (referring to cuts in Xmas ACTA)—"It's sort of a family album effect."

C—m—e, '10 (giving impromptu quotation at Lit.)—

"Man is like a sausage,
Very smooth upon the skin,
But you cannot tell exactly
How much hog there is within."

Pike, '10 (referring to Mrs. Massey's gift to the College)—
"I only wish she would give me some."

H—n, C.T.—"She's a business woman. She never makes a poor investment."

Freshette—"Does tennis make a man's arm strong?"

Miss C—, '11—"Oh, yes. I should say it does. Why, it makes a man's arms so strong that—that—that one can scarcely breathe."

Tutor in German (during a lull in Deak's lesson)—"Do you take Philosophy?"

Deacon—"Oh, sure, we've been taking it all year."

Tutor—"What do you think of Kant?"

Deacon—"We aren't taking our lectures from Kant."

Tutor—"Oh! And Aristotle and Plato, are they well?"

Swinnerton, B.D.—"There are two places in Toronto that I have never been, Annesley Hall and Ryrie's." (We advise Swin to do them both up at once.)

Fritz M—, '09 (between furious fits of coughing one Sunday afternoon)—"I think I'll have to go over to the Hall to-night and get some sympathy."

Dr. John Burwash (in First Year Religious Knowledge Lecture, speaking of the failure of Bishop Taylor's Pauline Plan for missionary enterprise in South Sea Islands)—"The carpenters could get hardly any work to do among the heathen, and the tailors—they had even less to do."

The poetic muse refused to soil her snowy wings amid the sordid surroundings of every-day life; as she unfolded her wings and slowly faded from sight she uttered a few hoarse notes:—

To you, it seemed a simple task,
A very simple thing to ask,
That I should write and send to you
A poem,—anything would do.

In vain you sue.

The poet hears the sweet bird sing,
And straightway has it rhyme with wing.
The sight of bright and sparkling rills
Fills him with sweet, poetic thrills,
Which forth he trills.

But I have seen the moonlight fair,
Have gazed at sunset colors rare,
Have watched the gently falling rain,
And raked my crazed and weary brain,
But all in vain.

Why, when you have a Scott and Shelley,
And all the classic keys of Kelley,
A Browning, Keats and Tennyson,
A Shakespeare, England's greatest sun,
Why do you dun?

Go then, and choose from those old sages
A passage to grace ACTA's pages;
And choosing thus the very best,
Leave thou in comfort all the rest
Of penny rhymsters.

(For the above we are grateful to one of our '08 graduates.)

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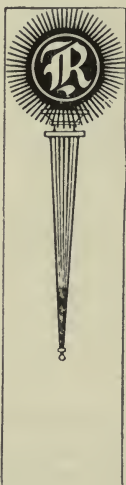
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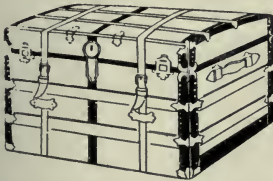
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EDUCATION DEPARTMENT CALENDAR FOR 1909 (in part)

January:

1. NEW YEAR'S DAY (Friday).
By-laws for establishing and withdrawal of union of municipalities for High School purposes to take effect.
4. Provincial Normal Schools open (Second Term).
Clerks of Municipalities to be notified by Separate School supporters of their withdrawal.
- High, Public and Separate Schools open.
5. Truant Officers' reports to Department, due.
6. First meeting of rural School Trustees.
Polling day for trustees in Public and Separate Schools.
7. Principals of High Schools and Collegiate Institutes to forward list of teachers, etc.
11. Appointment of High School Trustees by Municipal Councils.
14. Annual Reports of Boards in cities and towns, to Department, due.
Names and addresses of Public School Trustees and Teachers to be sent to Township Clerks and Inspectors.
15. Trustees' Annual Reports to Inspectors, due.
Annual Reports of Kindergarten attendance, to Department, due.
Annual Reports of Separate Schools, to Department, due.
Application for Legislative apportionment for inspection of Public Schools in cities and towns separated from the county, to Department, due.

20. First meeting of Public School Boards in cities, towns and incorporated villages.
26. Appointment of High School Trustees by County Councils.

February:

3. First meeting of High School Boards and Boards of Education.

March:

1. Inspectors' Annual Reports, to Department, due.
Annual Reports from High School Boards, to Department, due.
(This includes the Financial Statement.)
Financial Statement of Teachers' Associations, to Department, due.
Separate School Supporters to notify Municipal Clerks.
31. Night Schools close (Session 1908-9).

April:

1. Returns by Clerks of counties, cities, etc., of population, to Department, due.
8. High Schools, second term, and Public and Separate Schools close.
9. GOOD FRIDAY.
12. EASTER MONDAY.
13. Annual Meeting of the Ontario Educational Association at Toronto.
15. Reports on Night Schools, due (Session 1908-9).
19. High Schools (Third Term), and Public and Separate Schools open after Easter Holidays.

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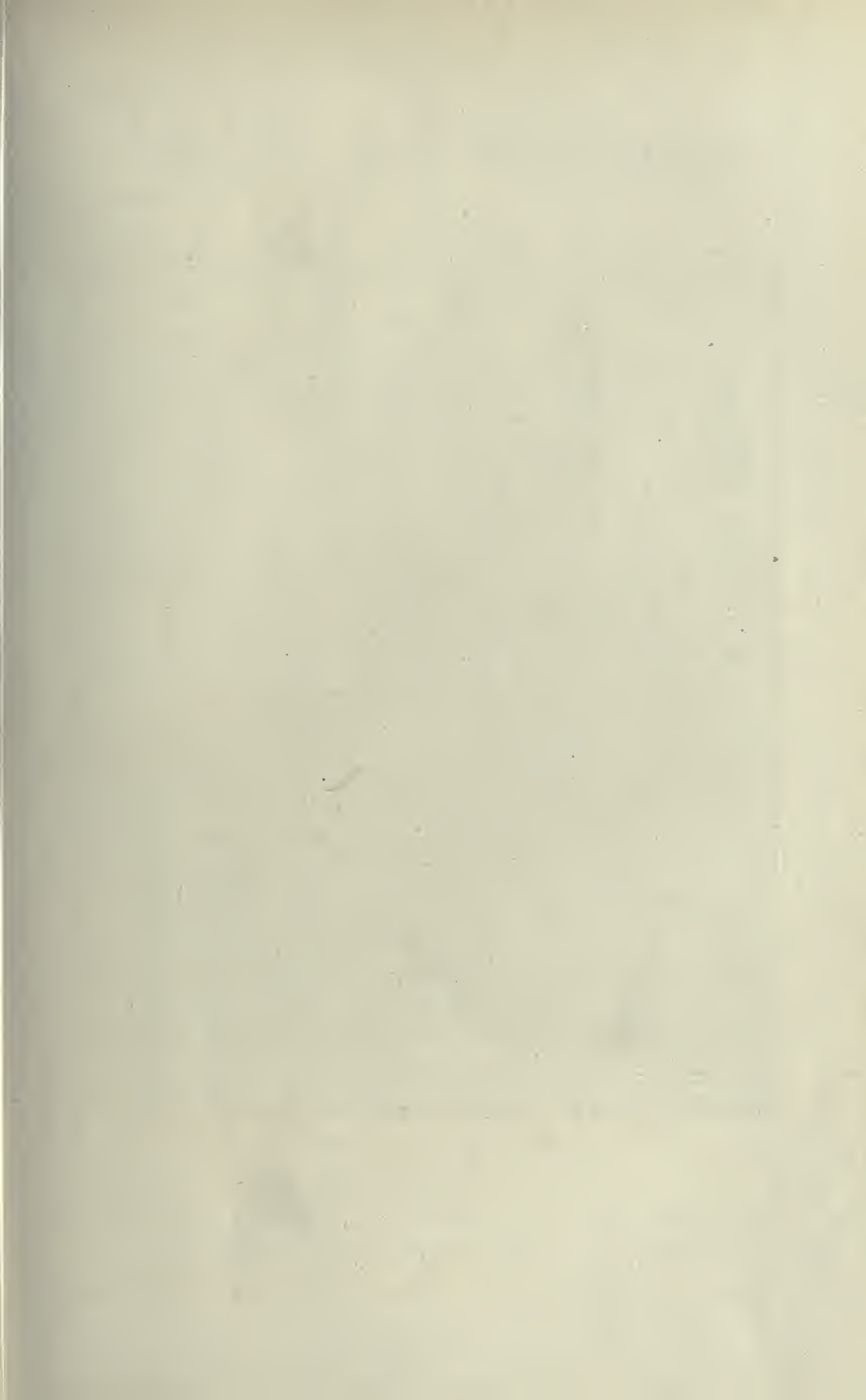
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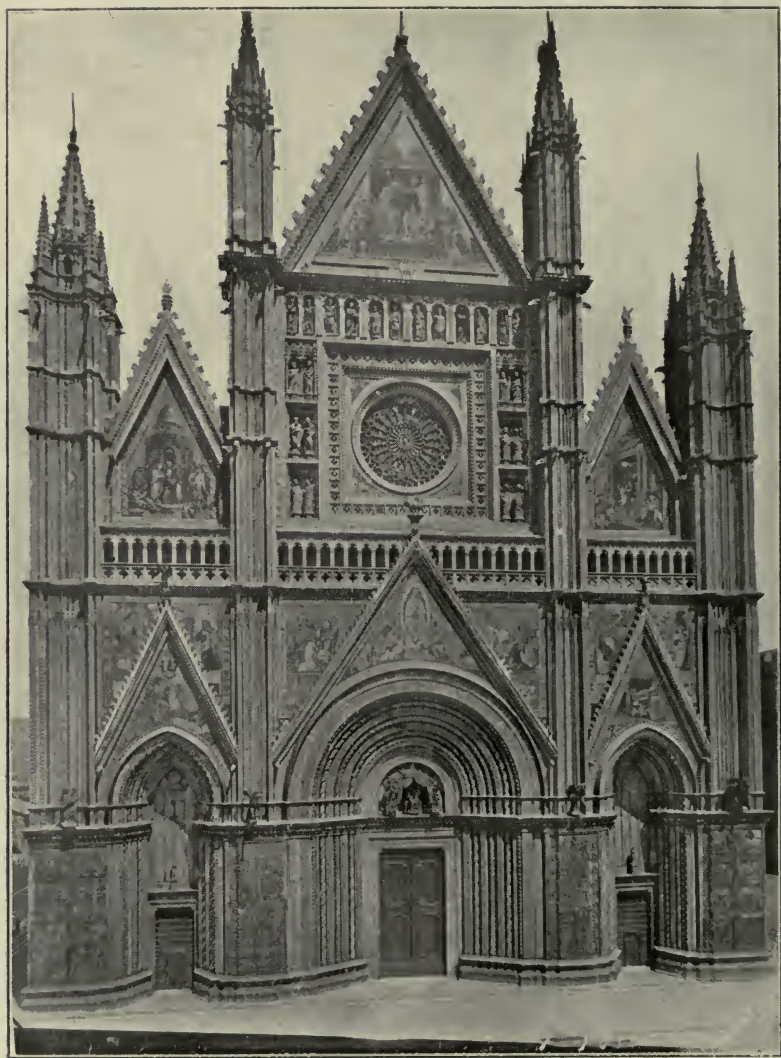
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TORONTO, JANUARY, 1909.

No. 4

A Visit to Orvieto

DR. A. J. BELL.

“**I**MPONENT *montibus arces*,” are the words of Virgil, which ever recurred to my mind, as during our stay in Rome we enjoyed the glorious view of the surrounding hills from San Pietro in Montorio, or made an excursion to Tivoli or Rocca Giovane or Monte Cavo. In Italy the city of the plain is modern, and its mother town lies usually on a hill above it. Florence, the centre of art and literature for modern Italy, tries to trace its foundation to Julius Cæsar. But it is not sure even of this limited antiquity, and the first mention we have of it is in the days of Tiberius, when we find its inhabitants protesting against a plan of turning the waters of the Clanis into the Arno lest thus there might be brought on them the destruction which it was sought to avert from Rome. The town in the lovely valley of the Arno was new and was a product of the Pax Romana; but on a lofty hill to northward there lay and still lie the *veteris vestigia fraudis*—the walls of Faesulae, its mother town.

Rome itself was a union of the fortresses on the tops of a group of hills at a bend in the Tiber. On the steepest of these, outside the pomerium, lay the Arx Romana, and the temple of the three deities, Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva, which is thought to mark it as an Etruscan foundation. As we go northward into Tuscany, we see that here, even more than in Latium, they planted their citadels on the mountains. When we think of the debt which Livy acknowledges that the Romans owed to these Etruscans—the curule chair, the fasces, and the *toga praetexta*, the ensigns of Roman civic life—it seems likely that it

was they also who taught the Latin farmer how to plant his citadels. It was to one of these citadels of these Etruscans, one of their oldest strongholds, that we set out from Rome on a fine June morning over five years ago.

That the stronghold is very old its name seems to testify, for Orvieto is believed to be a corruption of *Urbs Vetus*, "the old city." Müller believed, and Deecke is still of opinion that it is built on the site of the old city of Volsinii, which the Romans destroyed when they captured it two thousand three hundred years ago. The new city of Volsinii, now Bolsena, so famed



PALAZZO COMUNALE, ORVIETO.

for its miracle, lies about eight miles eastward on the bank of what was once the great Volsinian mere, and Bunsen thinks this distance too great to allow us to identify Orvieto with the old Volsinii. He believes it to be Salpinum, the ally of Volsinii, whose walls were so strong that the Romans did not then venture to assail it. The first definite mention of the town by its present name seems to be the account Procopius gives of its siege and capture from the Goths by Belisarius about nine hundred years later. Procopius calls it *Urbiventus* or Ὑρβιβεντός,

writing β for the Latin V. It is true that the *e* of *vetus* is short, but in low Latin the binary law of accent prevails, by which every second syllable from the end of a word or phrase is accented. The Latin *venire habet*, by elision *vénirábet*, by this law becomes the French *viendra*, and two vowels, both short in Latin, are the only ones that remain of the old phrase. So in the phrase *urbs vetus* the vowels *u* and *e* took the accent, and the accented *e* seems at times to have been written like the long *e* in archaic Latin, *i.e.*, as *en* (cf. the Plautine word, *thensaurus*).

But we have reached the station at the foot of the hill on which the "old city" stands. On our right in the valley winds the Paglia to join the Chianti just below, the ancient Clanis, previously mentioned; and the valley down which their united waters flow to join the Tiber produces the famous *vino di Chianti*, one of the best of Italian wines. Very good is the wine of Orvieto, and renowned in all the country round, though it was not through its wine that I first heard of the town. Perhaps the reader will remember how in "Kenilworth" Wayland Smith seeks the mysterious drug needed to compound the true Orvietan, the sovereign remedy against poisons, and of the difficulty with which he procures it from the Jew Yoglan. But we have no time to dwell on this; for our town lies yonder on the top of a rock rising nearly eight hundred feet above the valley, and here at our elbow is the cable car, which is to take us up to its north-eastern gate. We mount it, and after a rapid ascent find ourselves at the entrance of the Corso, or main street of the town. Here omnibuses are waiting, and we take that of the Aquila Bianca, where the host speaks German. A short drive along the Corso, for the town is necessarily small, having only eight thousand inhabitants, and we enter the central doorway of the municipal palace, or town hall, and find our hotel occupying the other side of the square in its rear. The town hall is plain, but stately; and we notice proclamations following the old Roman style, and headed S.P.Q.U. This is a general custom in modern Italy, and when we come to Siena we find the heading S.P.Q.S., and in Florence S.P.Q.F. In our hotel we are assigned a room comfortable and beautifully clean, as is the way with German hosts, and when we come down to the dining room the table is very satisfactory, and not merely in the wine offered. After

lunch I have a short chat with our host, who has few guests at this season, but hopes that travellers will soon learn to appreciate the cool, pure air of his town. There are no frosts, however, he tells me, and for confirmation points to a number of ancient olive trees just outside the window. These would perish at once if exposed to severe frosts, and that is the reason they are so seldom to be found north of the Apennines.



CLIFF NEAR PORTA MAGGINE, ORVIETO.

As it draws towards evening we take the Corso westward to the Porta Maggine, and here we find the cliffs of red tufa descending perpendicularly 770 feet to the plain. The gate is a little to the right of the point presented in our view, and from it a narrow, winding road takes us down the face of the cliff to the valley of the Paglia. We are on the northern edge of the volcanic part of Italy, and the Lake of Bolsena is the last of a

series of ancient craters to which belong the Lakes of Nemi and Albano, the "pair of eyes" that meet our gaze as we look down from the summit of Monte Cavo. Very stately are the cliffs, festooned at the top with vines, and crowned with the towers of the old city. But there is an older city here below, the city of the dead of old Volsinii (or was it Salpinum?)—a necropolis of massive masonry of regular and perfect workmanship, but without cement. It lies just at the foot of the cliffs, but the tombs are not hollowed in the rock, as in most cemeteries of Southern Etruria. They are arranged like the houses of a town, and are divided by streets that cross each other at right angles. We take a path through a field of oats to the house of the guardian, and find there his wife and boy, who lead us to the tombs. We come to structures of neat masonry about nine feet high and nearly six feet wide at the base. The door terminates above in a rude approximation to an arch, got by the projection of the successive courses of masonry on each side. In these tombs were found a few articles of pottery of a very archaic type, but no mirrors or articles in bronze except of the most primitive character. The walls were not decorated within by paintings, as is the case with most Etruscan tombs. Everything seems to indicate their great antiquity, older than the invention of the arch in Etruria, says Dennis, and in all probability earlier than the foundations of Rome. On the slab that forms the lintel of the door is an inscription in letters that closely resemble our own, and I was struck with the resemblance of the whole arrangement to that of many vaults in the hillside of our own Necropolis. Each inscription begins with the letters *mi*, which Muller connects with the ending *εἰμι*—"I am." One is as follows: "Mima-markestriasnas," and the likeness of Mamarkes to the Latin Mamercus is striking.

But the glory of Orvieto is its *duomo* or cathedral, built to commemorate the "Miracle of Bolsena," to my mind one of the most repulsive of modern miracles—a miracle intended to rivet on the laity the fetters of priestly rule. In the year 1263 a German priest, living in Bolsena, who felt strong doubts about the Real Presence in the Host, found as he broke it that it was changed into flesh, from which the blood flowed on the napkin that wrapped it, and the flow was so copious as to reach even

the footboard of the altar. Urban IV., who was then in Orvieto, sent for the Host and its wrappings and had them preserved there. Before long there was fashioned for them a silver reliquary of wonderful workmanship, with beautiful enamelling, in which they are still kept, or rather the napkin is still kept in the Capella del Corporale, or Chapel of the Napkin, at the east end of the cathedral. For in 1290 Pope Nicholas IV. laid the foundation of a cathedral dedicated to the Virgin, and for centuries there were employed in its construction and decoration the best painters and craftsmen of the Renaissance. Especially striking is its façade, facing westwards, over 170 feet high and 130 feet



POZZO DI SAN PATRICIO, ORVIETO.

wide, on which about and above its triple arch and rose window we have pictured in glowing mosaics the world story from the Creation till the Last Judgment. Much of the work is Modern Restoration; but the effect is wonderfully bright, and Jacob Burckhardt calls it the greatest and richest polychromatic structure in the world. It seemed to me far more imposing in its effect than the façade of St. Mark's in Venice, which is dwarfed by the neighboring towers, and loses some of its effect from the glow of color that meets your eyes from every side of that won-

derful square. But Orvieto's façade has nothing to dim its lustre, and the handful of beggars that sit before it imploring our pity by their squalor only enhance the brightness of its beauty. Especially fine is the rose window above the central arch with its setting of saints, apostles and prophets. The cathedral, like that of Siena, is built of alternate blocks of white and black marble, but can hardly be said to attain to the dignity of its magnificent façade.

The interior has also its interest, though it is not so bright as the exterior, being lined with grey limestone, alternating with bands of dark basalt. For a moment the great interior seems almost empty, but our attention is soon attracted by pictures and statues of considerable interest. These are of little moment, however, compared with the new chapel at the end of the right nave. Here Fra Angelico came in the year 1447 and worked for three months on the decoration of the ceiling above the altar. It is valued among the noblest of his works, but its interest is slighter than that of the pictures executed here about fifty years later by his pupil, Luca Signorelli, who completed the decoration of the chapel, depicting the Fall of Anti-Christ and the Last Judgment, with scenes from ancient mythology and from the Divine Comedy of Dante. His treatment of the human body in its various attitudes is far beyond Fra Angelico's range, and the dramatic vigor shown by his work, especially by his *Inferno*, is very striking. This picture is of interest from its influence on Michael Angelo, who, Vasari says, derived from it many motives for his Last Judgment.

But one grows weary of fonts and shrines and tombs, and even of the frescoes of Signorelli, and there is a magnificent view awaiting us from the site of the citadel near the spot where we entered the town. The place is now a promenade, with an amphitheatre for dramatic representations in the open air. But we have come to see the valley of the Tiber and the Umbrian hills, and it is wonderful with what relief in the country which has most of art to display one turns to its still more magnificent display of natural beauty. But hard by there is a curiosity not to be matched elsewhere to my knowledge—the famous well of St. Patrick. It was after the sack of Rome, and Clement VII. had escaped from the hands of the Emperor's soldiers, and was

in Orvieto, where he hoped to defend himself. So to be sure of a supply of water, he sent for the great architect, San Gallo, and bade him cut a well in the rock. For over twelve years the work went on, and was finished only in 1540. The well, cut in the tufa, is 46 feet across, and goes down 180 feet before it finds a spring. About the well run two passages or inclined ways in spirals, so arranged that the doors lighting each front on opposite sides of the well, so that as we came up from the spring we saw again and again another party descending. Down and up these inclined ways went teams of oxen, drawing loads of water to the citadel in which was the well-head. As the keeper opened the door to admit us, he started back before the leap of the largest green snake we had seen; but a couple of blows with his club disposed of the poor creature, which had betaken itself to the shelter of the structure from the heat of the sun. Refreshed with our view from the citadel and our cool walk into the heart of the rock, we took train for Siena, hoping to see even greater wonders, as is always the case with the traveller whose fancy always thinks of the coming wonders as clad in brightest colors. But it is needless to add that we found few places even in Italy to match this ancient hill town in variety of interest.

When the Child is King

BABE, so long ago enshrined
In a stable bare and gray,
Something of Thy sweeter mind,
Of Thy love for all Thy kind,
Rules us on Thy natal day.
And because a shepherd band—
Sages, too, with gifts in train—
Knelt and kissed a baby hand,
Yearning for some wee command,
So to-day a child shall reign.

—From "A Child's Christmas Tree," in the *December Everybody's*.

Robert W. Service

RUBY C. HEWITT, '11.

ROBERT W. SERVICE, who has won fame with his first book of verse, "Songs of a Sourdough," is a young man with promise of even greater success before him; yet he is very modest about his work. He asserts that he was much surprised at the enthusiastic reception of his poems, which he wrote at first merely as a pastime, and because he felt he must pour out the feelings inspired in him by Nature amidst the vastness and grandeur of the North. He says of himself,

"It's the great, big, broad land 'way up yonder,
It's the forests, where silence has lease;
It's the beauty that thrills me with wonder,
It's the stillness that fills me with peace."

Service was born in England in 1874, but received his early education in Glasgow. He was a very precocious child, and started to write verses when almost an infant. There is an amusing anecdote told of a grace which came impromptu from his lips, when at dinner with his grandfather, at a very early age. He said:

"Lord bless the meat and bless the pepper;
Bless wee Harry when he writes a letter.
Bless us all here, that is, us five,
And keep the rest downstairs alive."

It was an appeal from his young mind to his grandfather to occasionally change the form and wording of his grace before meals.

He came to Canada about twelve years ago, and, seized with a "wanderlust," travelled for a couple of years as a common tramp, up and down from Victoria to Mexico, visiting the most important cities and towns on the Pacific coast. His feelings during these years of such varied experiences are admirably expressed in his poem, "The Tramps":

"Can you recall, dear comrade, when we tramped God's land together,
And we sang the old, old Earth-song, for our youth was very sweet;
When we drank and fought and lusted, as we mocked at tie and tether,
Along the road to Anywhere, the wide world at our feet?

"Along the road to Anywhere, when each day had its story;
When time was yet our vassal, and life's jest was still unstale;
When peace unfathomed filled our hearts as, bathed in amber glory,
Along the road to Anywhere we watched the sunsets pale.

"Alas! the road to Anywhere is pitfalled with disaster;
There's hunger, want, and weariness, yet Oh! we loved it so!
As on we tramped exultantly, and no man was our master;
And no man guessed what dreams were ours as, swinging heel and
toe,

We tramped the road to Anywhere, the magic road to Anywhere,
The tragic road to Anywhere, such dear, dim years ago."

About six years ago he became a clerk in the Bank of Commerce and is now teller in the branch in Dawson City, his other positions having been Kamloops, Vancouver, Skagway and White Horse.

Most of Service's poems deal with the free life of the frontier, mine and camp, as it is in this country. Taken together, they form an effective picture of the grandeur and lure of the great, strange country of the Yukon. But this writer paints men into his picture, men of flesh and blood, who toil, and sin, and accomplish, who dream and despair. Listen, as one of them speaks, in "The Spell of the Yukon":

"I wanted the gold, and I sought it;
I scrabbled and mucked like a slave.
Was it famine or scurvy—I fought it;
I hurled my youth into a grave.
I wanted the gold, and I got it—
Came out with a fortune last fall;
Yet somehow life's not what I thought it,
And somehow the gold isn't all.

"No! There's the land. (Have you seen it?)
It's the cussedest land that I know;
From the big, dizzy mountains that screen it,
To the deep, death-like valleys below.
Some say God was tired when He made it;
Some say it's a fine land to shun.
Maybe; but there's some as would trade it
For no land on earth—and I'm one.

"You come-to get rich (damned good reason),
You feel like an exile at first;
You hate it like hell for a season,
And then you are worse than the worst.
It grips you like some kinds of sinning;
It twists you from foe to a friend.
It seems it's been since the beginning;
It seems it will be to the end."

Mr. Service has ever found an attraction in the seamy side of life, and the majority of his poems deal with that stratum of humankind. Let me quote from his own words, in discussion of his poems: "My poems," he says, "were published with the hope that the horny-handed miner might find in them something that comes within the scope of his own experience and hug them to his rough heart on that account. . . . I don't believe in pretty language and verbal felicities, but in getting down close as I can to the primal facts of life, getting down to the bed-rock of things. I get as close in touch with nature as possible," he continues, "even if I have to touch it in the raw. I am rather a pessimist. The side of life that reflects disillusion and despair makes a strong impression on me." He loves the northland with its roughness and loneliness. He loathes society and conventionalities. In fact, he once remarked, of course somewhat jestingly, that his idea of eternal punishment is one everlasting society where life would be one long-continued pink tea.

Service's volume of poems deserves and has received a hearty welcome, because, as has been shown, it marks a departure from the old lines taken by Canadian versifiers. The poems are, in general, written in the Kipling style of expression, and he is often called "The Canadian Kipling." Nevertheless, they cannot be said to lack originality on that account. Many a would-be poet has attempted to copy Kipling's style, yet we know of none whose verses have ever attained the popularity of "The Songs of a Sourdough," over twenty-seven thousand copies of which have been published and sold within a year. They have a distinct quality of "Canadianism" and are striking and forceful. They deal with the primal instincts and passions of men in direct and virile language, with many a strain of humor or touch of pathos.

"Say! you've struck a heap of trouble—
 Bust in business, lost your wife;
 No one cares a cent about you;
 You don't care a cent for life.
 Hard luck has of hope bereft you;
 Health is falling, wish you'd die—
 Why, you've still the sunshine left you,
 And the big blue sky."

There are those that claim that the work of a rough man's hand, the workings of a rough man's mind and heart, and the speeches of a rough man's lips, are unfit subjects for poetic utterance. Yet in "Songs of a Sourdough" Robert W. Service has thrilled more readers, and got nearer to the hearts of the old-time miners, than any other verse-maker in all the length and breadth of the great Dominion. In the "Call of the Wild," for example, which could never be left out of an anthology of Canadian verse, he certainly sees the Northern Wilderness through the eyes of a man into whose soul it has entered.

"Have you gazed on naked grandeur, where there's nothing else to gaze on,
 Set-pieces and drop-curtain scenes galore;
 Big mountains heaved to heaven, which the blinding sunsets blazon,
 Black canyons where the rapids rip and roar?
 Have you swept the visioned valley, with the green stream streaking through it;
 Searched the Vastness for a something you have lost?
 Have you strung your soul to silence? Then for God's sake go and do it;
 Hear the challenge, learn the lesson, pay the cost."

Come where the ice-crystals crackle and crinkle!
 (Over the meadows, oh!)
 Haste where the flakes of the snow
 Spangle and sprinkle the fair periwinkle,
 Whirl where the piping winds blow!
 (Merrily, love, let us go!)

—From "A Christmas Glee," by Clinton Scollard, in the December *Metropolitan*.

The King Moose

MISS E. STEWART.

THE foreman of the shack, a burly Scotchman, turned suddenly from the fire to the group of men at the table. "Who goes out first in the spring?" he asked.

A few moments of excited conversation, and then Pierre Carlon, the little Frenchman, turned. "Dan, I see in de forest de trail of de Moose King; who keel heem go out de firs', eh? We tak it so, eh?" and the men nodded their assent.

"King Moose, ugh!" grunted Adjo, "me shoot, ugh!" and the men roared. Adjo, the Indian, had wandered in on a cold fall night three months earlier; he was a "wee bit off," Dan had said, so they never left him alone in the shack, or trusted him on any expedition. Adjo kill the King Moose! Ha-ha!

Adjo bent low over his moccasin-thong, and tugged hard at it; his eyes were determined. It was the day after the conversation about the moose. He and Carlon were alone in the shack. The Frenchman had slipped on the ice and broken his leg, and the doctor must be brought. Adjo, after the manner of his race, was, in his childish way, kindness itself to his friend.

He stroked Pierre's head. "De doctor come quick," he said, and turning abruptly, left the shack.

Walking was heavy, and the nearest doctor ten miles off, but Adjo travelled quickly, the vision of Pierre's face, white and drawn with pain, goading him on. It was only when he had seen the doctor start back with a fresh guide that he rested. Then he turned into one of the stores and bought a little biscuit and bacon. This he divided, putting one part into his pocket, and carrying the other in his hand as he started off on the long tramp home. The "crunch, crunch" of his snowshoes was music to the Indian, as, bending his head, he struck off across the snowy stretch with a long, even stride.

He did not return the way he had come, but, turning to the right, skirted the hill, and went on through the forest. Half-way through, he ate his own little lunch, and, laying the other close by, knelt before it and chanted a little prayer in his own tongue. Then he loaded his gun and continued on his way. He had not

gone far when he stopped suddenly and wheeled to his left. Only an Indian could have heard the snapping of the twig that caused Adjo to circle as he did. Gradually, closer and closer he came, creeping, gliding and listening, till, rounding a clump of cedars, he uttered a satisfied "Ugh!"

Circling again, he came suddenly upon the browsing animal. He shot twice; then crept closer, and kneeling before the head, cried aloud: "De King Moose! He is de King! O, Manitou, say to Winawaa dat Adjo he shoot de King Moose! Ugh! Ugh!"

Then taking a little moccasin from his pocket, he fitted it into the footmark of the moose, and cried again to the stars, "It is my Winawaa. O, Manitou, it is her. She is lead me to de King Moose, to de Happy Hunting Ground!"

It was night—a clear, starry January night—when Adjo reached the shack. The men met him at the door, showing him a respect that nothing but his service to Carlon could have wrung from them. After the first volley of questions had been answered, Pierre, from where he sat propped up before the fire, said, "Adjo, you haf de sense, eh?"

"Ugh!"

"Den pourquoi tak de bon grub and leaf it in de forest?" And one of the other men said, "Yes, Adjo, tell us why, and you'll have a chance at de King Moose."

Adjo, kneeling, began, "My wife! you say? Ugh! Winiwaa she leave me. She go to de good Manitou. She live in de forest. She call me in one night to come here. I come. Her spirit it need food. I give it her. Dat is all." Adjo rose from his knees and ended as he turned to his bunk:

"De King Moose, he is dead. I kill him. Winawaa lead me. You find him by de beég pine. He haf de moccasin of Winawaa on hees neck. I put it there; it show! Ugh!"

And Adjo was the first to go out in the spring; but the men never forgot it. Long years after Adjo had followed Winawaa to the Happy Hunting Ground, they told the story round the fire, and pointed to the place over the door where the head of the moose was mounted, with a little beaded moccasin dangling from one of its antlers.

[*Note*.—In the lumber districts of the north-lands, the killing of the "king" moose is regarded as a wonderful feat by the hunters and especially by the Indians.—ED.]

"Ring out the Old, Ring in the New"

CARRIE B. DUNNETT, '09.

ON summer days Aunt Kitty usually sat on her veranda, as it was such an excellent vantage-ground from which to observe the neighborhood's activity. Moreover, it was very pleasant there, for a beautiful wood of elms and maples lay just at the foot of the slope, and at the left stood the little white church and the stone schoolhouse which represented to Aunt Kitty's mind the two sweetest things in life, Sabbath worship and the joys of childhood.

Farmhouses and big red barns made bright touches of color amid the rolling hills and sunny meadows. Aunt Kitty's bright eyes saw beauty everywhere, but to her the best of it all was her cottage. It was small and white and covered with Virginia creeper; it stood under the huge old maple which had been spared by her father when he was clearing the land in pioneer days of eighty years ago; it was *her very own* and contained all her earthly possessions. It was home.

Aunt Kitty's cheery presence and sympathetic face were welcomed everywhere. Neighbors and relatives alike felt their family circles were never quite complete without her, and sometimes she would say, between a laugh and a sigh, that she "had not time to go home." At midsummer, however, she was sure to be at home, for then her grandnieces from the city came to spend a few weeks at the cottage. You might have seen them every evening, seated on the veranda steps, gazing with tender, interested eyes on the white-haired old lady in the high-backed rocker. For Aunt Kitty had both a good memory and a fine vein of humor, and she heartily enjoyed "reminiscencing," as the girls called it. She would tell of the anxious days and weary nights when fever had raged in the old home and when doctors had been too far away to be available; or of the cruel shock when word came that "poor William" had found a watery grave as he was coming out from the Old Land; and then tears would trickle down her wrinkled cheeks. But oftener the story was cheery, for Auntie laughed more readily than she wept. Then she would tell of

the frolics of her girlhood, of the merry evenings that followed "bees" and "raisings"; or she would relate many instances of the foibles and eccentricities ("notions," she called them) of her neighbors. Certainly Aunt Kitty's stories, unlike present-day productions, were not intended for one presentation only; they were never abandoned on account of antiquity. In fact, if you knew the topic under discussion, you could be reasonably sure as to which story Aunt Kitty would tell. But what of that! It was always appropriate and pleasing. The girls soon came to regard these anecdotes as familiar friends who emerged at intervals from the misty past to brighten the quiet twilight hours on the veranda. A favorite story was that of an old man of rather doubtful honesty who always ascribed his prosperity in life to the largeness of the sums which he paid to the minister's salary. "My wife said I paid too much last year," he told Aunt Kitty, "but the Lord made it up to me d'rectly, for before the week was out the butcher came along and paid me five dollars for a calf that wasn't worth *a bit* more than three."

But the time came when Aunt Kitty's cottage was opened to another occupant. An only sister in far-off Oregon wrote to tell of her husband's death and of her own impoverished condition. Auntie's kind heart was touched at once and although she sighed softly as she thought of the thus-far-undisturbed serenity of her life she gladly welcomed to her home the weary traveller from "over the line."

Harriet was more sensitive than her sister, and more emotional. She spoke her mind impulsively and unreservedly, which Auntie never did, but she was the less reluctant of the two to retract her words. It was, perhaps, not strange that the two old ladies, fond sisters though they were, should "rub" one another almost constantly. Each had grown old in doing things in her own way. Neither felt it compatible with the dignity of gray hairs to yield to the other's "notions." Harriet had been cheered for forty years by the delicious flavor of green tea. Aunt Kitty could drink only black. Auntie's canary persisted in singing jubilantly just as Harriet was "dropping off" into her afternoon nap. A deep grievance was the placing of Harriet's huge old bureau, which she

had brought all the way from Oregon. True, there was no room for it in Auntie's tiny cottage, but it seemed sacrilege to let it stand out in the woodhouse at the back. Auntie's face was becoming a trifle less sunny; Harriet's voice was taking a higher key; discord was doing its bitter work. Many a night two white heads in quaint, tight-fitting caps would seek their pillows in apparent peace, while two hearts were beating tumultuously over some disputed right. Aunt Kitty was less voluble about her annoyances than Harriet. "I did not say much," she told us afterward, "but I kept up a terrible thinking."

Months passed by and winter came, bringing snow and ice to cover the bare, brown fields and leaf-strewn ditches. The windows of the cottage were frost-covered every morning until the fire asserted its strength, but there was a coldness in the air within the cosy "living-room" which could not be accounted for by the record of the thermometer. The old clock told its tale to an apparently attentive audience; except for a few remarks about household duties, dignified silence reigned in the cottage.

Christmas was drawing near. The little folk who lived across the road were looking eagerly forward to that best day of all the year. But alas for their hopes. On the very day before Christmas the mother fell ill, very ill. Aunt Kitty ran the risk of having her dishes misplaced in the cupboard, or of seeing her tea towel hung unevenly on the line, and went across the road to be her old helpful self in the sickroom. All day she stayed, and all the evening, and still she could not leave. Other hands did their utmost, but only Aunt Kitty's possessed the magic touch which brought some measure of relief to the sufferer. Day after day she stayed, until a week had elapsed; then, the white horse and its dread rider seemed to have passed the doorway, and the awful boding fear gave way to an overwhelming sense of relief. Aunt Kitty was almost exhausted, and when the bunch of excited children had been soothed to sleep she felt she could be spared. Throwing her shawl around her, she stepped out into the night. The air was clear and cold; a deep, almost solemn, stillness, hung over the world, a pervasive silence, broken only by the crunch-

ing of the snow as Auntie's tired feet made their way along the path. When the old lady had climbed carefully up the slippery steps of the veranda she turned and looked long upon the familiar scene. No sound; all was peace and purity and beauty; just then the moon escaped from behind a cloud and flooded the snowy fields with silvery light. Aunt Kitty looked up at the moon as at the face of a trusted friend. Within the cottage the slow old clock was counting out the midnight hour. New Year's Eve! And midnight! And then the church bell began to ring; sweet and clear its song rang out on the frosty air.

“Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow.”

Could it be merely the bell? Aunt Kitty was not sure. It seemed to her the air was full of unearthly music which floated about her and then was slowly wafted upward toward the silent stars.

“Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.”

Soon the ringing ceased and the melody died away in lingering echoes. Aunt Kitty turned the doorknob softly and went in. The lamp was not burning and the fire had died down to a few embers. Its dim light fell on the tall old clock in the corner, on the rows of fine blue plates behind the glass doors of the cupboard, but it seemed to rest with a peculiar softness on the rocker before the fire where Harriet sat, fast asleep. In her lap lay her Bible and a letter—the one she so often read—the last her boy had written before his death away in the wilds of Texas. On the floor lay a photo, as if it had just slipped from her hand. Her husband's face! And thus she had watched the Old Year out! As Aunt Kitty crossed the room the cat arose and mewed its welcome, and Harriet awoke. The two women looked at each other in silence for a moment, then Harriet said, with a tender light in her eyes, “I waited for you, Kitty, and I have been thinking. This is New Year's Eve!” Auntie smiled in the old way as she hung the tea-kettle over the coals and said, “Let's have a cup of tea, Harriet,” and she took down the can of green tea.

The Victoria Women's Residence and Educational Association

MRS. BURWASH.

THE history of the Victoria Women's Residence and Educational Association is a plain tale of the somewhat dreary experiences of women who undertook the uninviting task of raising money for a cause which few cared for and in which many utterly disbelieved.

Still it is a record of "Something attempted, something done," and, as the thing accomplished is a valuable addition to the training of college women, it is not out of place that the story should be told in a college paper.

When Victoria College began its work in Toronto in October, 1892, there were fourteen women in attendance. Seven of these were from outside of Toronto, and had to find such places to live in as they could among the householders who announced themselves willing to receive students. Their quest was rarely a pleasant one, and at times distinctly disagreeable. It not seldom happened that the woman in search of a home would be kept standing on the doorstep until she had introduced herself and explained the reason of her visit, then answered a list of questions proposed by the lady at the carefully guarded door, who, after scanning her over with doubt and disapproval, would close the interview by saying, "Yes, we take in students, but I don't care to take women; I would rather have men." To make humble application to five or six houses in succession before being admitted to a dingy room in an attic was not a cheerful beginning of college. Then the woes that followed afterward were too many to be recounted.

These facts deeply impressed all those who were closely enough connected with the college to be aware of them with the necessity of providing a home where women could have the ordinary comforts of life and the privilege of companionship with each other.

This was talked about with baited breath; for where could money be found for such an undertaking?

The college was just finding its way into the life of the University of Toronto, and was still in need of many things that required money. It came about in the good providence of God that the subject was mentioned to Miss Massey (now Mrs. Massey-Treble). Her keen insight into the educational needs of women at once perceived how seriously young women were handicapped by the lack of college residence.

Miss Massey's sympathetic approval was the first gleam in darkness, which later burst into a glowing light of thankfulness when it was announced that the late Mr. Hart A. Massey had made a gift of fifty thousand dollars to Victoria College for the purpose of building a residence for women students. Then those who had longed without hope were indeed glad at heart and took courage to make the effort to fulfil their own desires.

Ladies representing the various Methodist churches were invited by the President of the College and the Secretary of Education to meet in the college chapel to consider ways and means of securing land necessary for the building and grounds of the women's residence. This invitation met with an encouraging response. Early in March, 1897, the first meeting was held. Dr. Carman, General Superintendent of the Methodist Church, was in the chair, and around him on the platform were ranged the President of the College, some members of the staff, and several representing the Board of Regents. The practical result of this meeting was the formation of the association now known as The Victoria Women's Residence and Educational Association, but which in the beginning was called The Barbara Heck Memorial Association. This association was officially recognized by the college and authorized to collect money to any amount it chose to assume. Accordingly, the campaign was begun through the press and by personal canvass. The amount asked for was thirty thousand dollars (\$30,000). The association was rarely fortunate in its choice of a treasurer. The late Mrs. George A. Cox had most successfully helped forward many good causes, and now gave this new call her hearty support. She very soon realized, however, on the one hand, that interest in college residence was too languid to ensure financial help, while on the other there was positive and freely expressed antagonism. So deeply did she feel the discouragement of the case that in

the first year she questioned whether it would not be better to drop the whole matter. Upon further consideration, the homeless girls so appealed to her that she resolved to champion this forlorn hope to the end.

In spite of discouragement, the association had many messages of cheer, showing that there were many who understood and sympathized. From Newfoundland to the Pacific coast and from the missionary homes in Japan there came contributions and kindly words, wishing the work Godspeed. After three years of strenuous endeavor the association had five thousand dollars to its credit in the bank. When the twentieth century fund was inaugurated and an urgent appeal made to the church to raise a million dollars in one year, Mrs. Cox took advantage of the opportunity to help forward the women's residence.

Her subscription to this fund was given on condition that ten thousand dollars should be used for the immediate purchase of the block of land lying north of Czar Street. Thus it came to pass that the residence for Victoria women was soon an accomplished fact, and the college men secured their long-wished-for campus.

The building now went on apace, and brighter days dawned for The Victoria Women's Residence and Educational Association. Many new friends came forward willing and eager to take some part in the completion of the home. The furnishing of Annesley Hall was a joy and delight to those who had worked for it from the beginning. Most generous gifts poured in from the city of Toronto, from towns and cities east and west, and from quiet country districts. In October, 1903, the Hall was opened for students, and for nearly five years the association has felt increasing satisfaction in the result of the work that by the munificent generosity of friends they have been able to accomplish.

What remains for the Association to do? Perhaps that is best answered by quoting the article in its constitution which defines its work: "The object of this Association shall be to raise funds to equip and maintain a residence for women students for Victoria College, to provide endowment for the same, to promote the interests of Victoria College, and to advance the

cause of women's education in connection with the Methodist Church." If the Association is to fulfil its ideal there will be work to do in the future. Already it has been necessary to provide a second residence for women students. The question of endowment is answered by the fact that both residences are fully self-sustaining. When the way opens for the Association to promote college interests in any other way than they are doing at present, we are confident it will be undertaken with heartiness.

The cause of the education of women is one that will last through the ages, and to the solution of the many questions involved in this subject The Victoria Women's Residence and Educational Association is giving its best thought and attention, hoping that through the coming years it may be counted worthy to serve the interests of our rapidly developing country.

Book Reviews

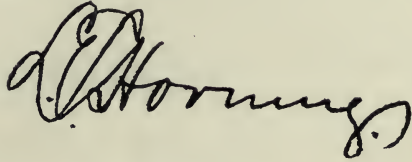
Poetical Tragedies. By WILFRED CAMPBELL. Toronto: William Briggs. 1908. 319 pp.

This is a companion volume to the collected poems published in 1905 by the same author, and is worthy of our careful attention. Two of the four dramas in the volume were published in 1895 in a small volume. These were "Mordred," based on Malory's "*Morte d'Arthur*," a drama of no mean power, especially successful in the characters of Mordred and Dagonet, and containing many very charming little lyrics with a genuine Elizabethan flavor, and "Hildebrand," a dramatic sketch of the great Pope Gregory VII., who enforced the celibacy of the priests and humbled the great Henry of Germany. One must give a certain meed of praise to the unbending character of the great cleric, but there is too much inhumanity in the unwifing of the priests to make the play interesting to the general reader. "Morning," a new effort, is a very patent sermon on modern conditions with old-fashioned stock characters. Placing the scene in long ago days does not for a moment conceal the modernity of the drama. "Daulac" is the dramatization of one of the most heroic deeds in our early Canadian history, but there does not seem to be enough motivation of the character and

doings of the villainous attorney, Desjardins. On the whole, the book is very interesting, and for students especially "Mordred" will well repay study and comparison with the original and with Tennyson's story.

The Selected Poems of William Wye Smith. Toronto: William Briggs. 1908. 230 pp.

The veteran poet has here collected and sifted the work of earlier years, dividing the poems into "Miscellaneous and Canadian" and "Scottish Lyrics," sections of about equal length, and "Children's Pieces." We are glad to see such old favorites as "The Second Concession of Deer," "The Canadians on the Nile," "Wi' the Laverock i' the Lift," "She Likit Him Raal Weel," preserved in this final volume.



English Church Expansion in Western Canada. By Rev. NORMAN L. TUCKER, M.A., D.C.L.

This little volume is one of a series of monographs dealing with the work of the Church of England in the several great fields of missionary enterprise. The volume makes no attempt to touch the work of the other denominations, nor does it attempt an exhaustive study of the work accomplished by the English Church, but makes its appeal to the layman by sketching in a general way the difficulties confronting the missionary in the various sections of our Western Mission field, the success already achieved among the Indians and the whites, and by presenting short biographies of a few devoted heroes prominent in English Church missions. Of particular interest is the outline of the plan of campaign carried on by the mission society, and the work of the catechist on the prairie, while the many facts and figures set forth would be of great value to the student carrying on a comparative study of missions.

An earnest appeal is made to the Church in the mother land for support of a national church in a young and growing nation.

J. E. B.

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Editorial

“Resolutions”—A Quasi-Parable

THERE was Once a Man who Posed as a Critic. He Ridiculed Everything—whether Literature, Politics or Hockey. Most People Voted him a Bore, but his Friends continually marvelled at his Wisdom and said “How Clever! How Keen his Judgment!” So they came to Regard him as an Universal Authority. This Idea he did *not* Criticize.

And Behold it came to pass that on a New Year's Eve the Critic sat in his Den Surrounded by a Circle of his Admirers. And in Course of Time they began to Talk about Resolutions, and Particularly those which are Wont to be Made at the Beginning of a New Year. And when his Friends had all Hesitatingly Expressed their Views and Told of their Good Intentions for the Coming Year, they waited Eagerly for what the Critic might have to Say.

As soon as he had Paused Long Enough to give the Desired Impression of Deliberation, the Critic Solemnly Cleared his Throat, Tilted his Chair Backwards, and Began. “Why Be so Foolish as to Make Resolutions at all? How many of You have ever Kept One?” And he Glared Fiercely about the Room. His Admirers Glared at their Boots. Emboldened, he Went On:

"I'll bet Five Dollars against a Plugged Quarter that out of Every Thousand Resolutions Nine Hundred and Ninety-Nine fail to Survive the Year. I tell you it is Useless to Make Them. Our Present is Bound Down by our Past, and Determined in Spite of the Resolves of the Present. Then Why Waste Time Making Resolutions? And, anyway, Why Make them on the First of January rather than on Any Other Day of the Year? Is One Day Better than Another? Bah! You Folks Make me Tired. To Make Resolutions at all is Foolish; to Make them at the Beginning of the Year in Preference to Any Other Time is to Show Traces of the Barbarous Superstitions which Enthrall'd Primitive Man. Such a Practice is Wholly Out of Place in our Present Day Civilization." And the Critic Brought his Foot down with a Bang—on the Cat's Tail.

His Admirers were Crushed. To Them his Arguments were Unanswerable. They Expressed themselves Accordingly. They even Ventured to Thank the Critic for so Ably Pointing out their Errors. They Declared they would Make no More Resolutions. Thus the Critic Nipped their Good Intentions in the Bud and Increased his Self-Esteem at the Same Time.

Now, while this Tale has not Much of a Plot, it is Intended to have a Moral. In the First Place we Ought to Think for Ourselves. We Ought not to Accept the Dicta of any So-Called Critic as Unquestionable. And, Secondly, in Spite of what the Critic said, it is Well to Make Resolutions. It is only Human Nature to do so. Everybody does—from the German Emperor down to Buster Brown. After all the Critic only Succeeded in Inducing his Admirers to Drop their Good Resolutions in order to Resolve to Make no More Resolutions. Then if it is but Natural to Make Resolutions, why not Make Good Ones?

Of Course we all Fail to Live Up to our Good Resolutions, but then, as the Poet says, "'Tis Better to Have Tried and Failed, than Never to have Tried At All." (Perhaps the Poet Didn't say this, but he Ought to Have Said it Anyway.) Even if we only Succeed in Keeping a Good Resolve for Twenty-Four Hours, we are that much Farther Ahead than we Would Have Been had we Made no Resolution. Next time we may Keep it for Twenty-Five Hours. We are Told that Even Broken Resolutions are Put to Some Use.

The Critic was Wrong when he Said that we are Bound Down by our Past. On the Contrary, it is the Succession of Presents that Makes the Past. So it is the Present that Determines what our Past Shall Be. If we can Always Keep the Present Good, our Past may Look Out for Itself.

As for Making New Year's Resolutions, the Critic was only Partly Right. We Believe that a Good Resolution may be Made as Effectively on the First of July as on the First of January, but there is Something about Beginning the New Year with New Resolutions that Appeals to us. Perhaps this is not Logical, but we do not Care for That. Although we Passed an Exam. in Logic once, we Do Not Believe it is the Only Thing in the World.

Our Advice then would be: Take the Comments of Professional Critics with a Generous 'Grain of Salt.' Make All the Good Resolutions you Can, *i.e.*, All there is even a Remote Possibility of your Carrying Out. To us the First of the New Year seems to be about the Best Time for Putting them into Effect, but Any Old Time is Better than No Time at all. And, Above All, don't be Discouraged if you Fail to Keep Them. Just Buck Up and Try Again. Remember, Somebody who was Perhaps a Greater Authority on Such Subjects than we are has said that "Rome was not Built in a Day." But Rome Was Built, and This Old World has Been Transformed, and it was all Because Resolutions were put into Effect. To do Anything Worth While Good Resolutions are as Necessary as Energy. M. H. S.



The College Song

As was announced in our last issue, the Union Literary Society have decided to offer a prize of ten dollars for the best college song to be submitted before the end of the first week in February. In announcing the conditions governing the competition, it will, perhaps, be well to state some of the motives impelling the society to take this step.

The advantages to be gained by having a suitable college song are obvious. To cultivate anything like the necessary *esprit de corps*, it is an essential. What the National Anthem is to a country the college song is to a college.

But someone may say, "Why, we have a college song, one that has stood the test of time, one that is dear to grads. and

undergrads. Why give up 'The Old Ontario Strand'?" To such a person we would say that we do not propose to give up "The Old Ontario Strand." It is fraught with memories which make it dear to every true lover of Vic., and we hope that Vic.'s halls will ever remain attuned to its melody. Yet there has been much criticism of the old song. From almost every conceivable standpoint it has been attacked. Some have found fault with the air, others with the rhythm; to some the literary form of the song is objectionable, while others see no good in it at all. Perhaps the most valid objection that has been filed against its use is that it is not distinctive enough. It is shown that other colleges have songs similar in sentiment and identical in melody, and that a college song which is to be worthy of Vic. ought to have a distinctive character of its own.

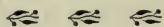
Of course, it may be pointed out that few popular songs are completely proof against criticism of this nature. Still, the Literary Society felt that if it was in its power to secure a song which did not lend itself to so much criticism it was its duty to do so. Accordingly the present competition has been announced. It may be said that "The Old Ontario Strand" will not be laid on the shelf. The new song must compete with the old, even after it has been accepted. "Fair field and no favors" will be the motto. If the new survives, why then "*Le Roi est mort; Vive le Roi.*"

The regulations governing the competition are as follows:

1. Songs must not exceed 24 lines, exclusive of chorus.
 2. No prize shall be awarded until the accepted song has been successfully set to music.
 3. Although competitors are not required to furnish music, each author is invited to suggest a suitable tune for his song.
 4. All songs submitted shall become the property of the U. L. S.
 5. All graduates and undergraduates shall be eligible.
 6. In case no song reaches the standard required by the judges (a committee from the Faculty) no award will be made.
- Apropos of the college song. Mr. E. W. Wallace, '04, is teaching his boys in the school at Yuin Hsien to sing, along with other songs, "My Father Sent Me to Hwa Yin Tang." This is their yell:

“Hwa yin. Hwa yin.
 Hay, hay, hay.
 Hwa yin. Hwa yin.
 Ray, ray, ray.
 Tiger.”

All this looks like preparation for transplanting (on foreign soil) our other cherished tradition, the “Bob Party.” “The Hwa Yin Tang Bob” would sound well.



The College Glee Club

Much of the halo of college tradition takes its rise in the songs which find expression when a body of college men take a “rest from their labors.” But whether it is that there has come a change in the spirit of our universities, or that in *our* college the men are suffering from the need of a closer residential life, certain it is that in this respect we are sadly deficient. Practically the only place where typical college songs are heard is in the Glee Club car on one of their trips. Memories of such excursions are distinctive and bear no flavor of a sordid, financial, work-a-day world.

Yet the practical and beneficial side of this organization has been often overlooked. Victoria College needs advertising, particularly among the prospective male students of the Province. Our success in athletics or in debate is hardly such as appeals to the ordinary man who is looking forward to a college career. Furthermore, we are handicapped by the reputation of being an entirely theological college. But when the Glee Club visits a town the youth of the place “sit up and take notice.” A bit of college spirit and college fun, transplanted into their very midst, appeals to them, and every member of the club is an advertising agent to correct the idea that we are back numbers. More good work of the kind now needed by the college is done by one Glee Club trip than by years of ordinary advertising.

Again, as a musical aggregation we have no need to be ashamed of them. Their record of concerts for three successive years in St. Catharines, Hamilton, Brantford, Guelph and similar places speaks for itself. In addition to their efforts, the assistance of such talent as Miss Grace Merry, elocutionist, and Miss Maude Buschleu, violiniste, who appear at the concert in the College Chapel on January 25th, makes the Club well worthy of support.



Yawning Craters of the Moon

H. G. HUNTING, IN "THE TECHNICAL WORLD."

TO make a moon on a miniature scale, with a pot of paste and supply of gas, was the interesting experiment undertaken by M. Jules Bergeron, a member of the French Academy of Sciences, some years ago.

In studying the effect of vapor, rising from beneath through a mass of the consistency of a thick starch, this scientist observed that, when the surface of the mass became disturbed by the vapor, in passing through, a formation resembling a volcanic crater resulted. The similarity between these formations and the strange unexplained excrescences on the face of the moon, led him to begin a regular course of experiments. After many trials of various alloys, as mediums for his purpose, he found one consisting of seven parts of bismuth, two of cadmium, two of tin, and two of lead, which gave striking results when acted upon by a current of warm air.

When the experiment was under way, one phenomenon noted was the formation of a large circular crater about the point from which the air-current escaped through the surface of the mass, around the edges of which rose that formation, resembling the edges of a cup, with which photographs have made all the world familiar as characteristic of volcanic craters. As the outer edges of the circular crater cooled, the air-current, no longer able to push the hardening mass farther out at the sides, formed a cone rising above the crater's lips, while the inner walls of the crater took more of a slope than the outer walls and the hollow within the circle deepened. Thus the mouths of the great volcanoes were closely imitated in small, and M. Bergeron formed thereon

a theory as to the composition of the moon's substance and the formation of its craters.

M. Bergeron has his followers in the belief that the craters of the moon were formed by a process similar to his, as carried out in this experiment, and that the mass of which the luminary is made up consists of elements not dissimilar from those he used. But there are other theories equally interesting and seemingly as well founded. One is that the surface or crust of the moon is of ice and not of earth or like substance. The belief that a cold atmosphere surrounds the planet is firmly held by some scientists, who put forth the idea that the craters, as we must call them, are the results of the rising of hot springs from the interior of the body. The idea held is that a boiling fluid, heated by inner fires, wells up to the surface periodically. It melts its way through the icy crust and overflows, then is sucked back and leaves a pit-like hole behind. Repetitions of this action gradually build up the edges of the crater and the cone, and so have much the same effect as the action of the gas upon a paste of molten lava and ashes.

Those who oppose this latter theory, notably Monsieurs Loewy and Puiseux, argue that if the moon's surface were of ice, a spot of specially bright reflection would follow the position of the sun, a high-light, which would be visible from the earth. They hold that, as ice is a specially strong reflector of light there must necessarily be some sign of this "bright spot" which some of the many observers who have watched for that very thing, would have found and recorded. The fact that nothing of the kind has been found, they claim, is incontrovertible evidence that the whole theory is wrong. As an added argument, the measurements taken by one observer, M. Landerer, give a value for the angle of polarization for the moon's surface, which is far nearer that of volcanic rocks than of ice, and this seems likewise to prove their contention.

But the craters are there. That is the one indisputable fact and no explanation yet satisfies all observers. Powerful lenses have not yet enabled our eyes to recognize with certainty just what sort of elements we have to deal with in the study and we cannot therefore be very sure that we are or are not upon the right track to solution of the problem.

Professor N. S. Shaler, of Harvard University, states that the moon differs from the earth in that it lacks "the envelopes of air and water." He believes that there is no water on the lunar surface and supports his belief by citing the facts that no seas of discernible size have been discovered and that no rivers can exist where there is total lack of the reflection of the sun's rays which water would necessarily send out to prove its presence. The surface of the moon is as dark as would be our own world's rocks and plains and forests under such observation and lighting, and the presence of water against such a background, Professor Shaler believes, would be readily detected. For this reason he opposes the hot-spring theory of the formation of the craters, and those to whom his arguments appeal as conclusive in regard to the surface water, accept his conclusion that another manner of accounting for the formation must be found.

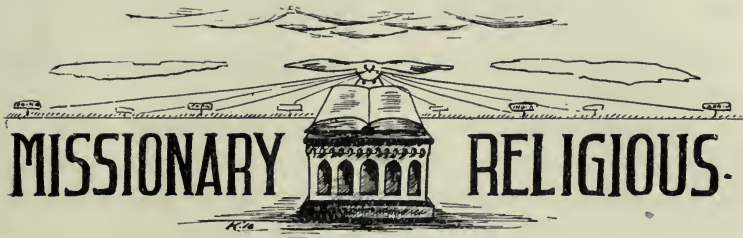
But Professor Shaler holds that craters are volcanoes, and this is the belief of many others. He writes that the pits are in many ways similar to the volcanic craters of the earth. He calls attention to the facts that they exist in many sizes, with no law of equal distribution on the surface of the moon; that in many instances they intersect each other, showing clearly that they were not all formed at the same time if by the same means, but in succession; that the dark portions of the lunar surface, which are rough and supposedly low, do not show as many or as large craters as the highlands, or light portions, which are believed to be the older parts of the surface; and that the intersections show conclusive evidence that the larger of the craters are the older and the smaller ones the later formed. This proves, if it is entirely accepted, that whatever the action which formed the craters or whatever the composition from which they were made, the energy of the action and the wideness of its effect have diminished with time, until the crust has reached a degree of hardness which successfully resists the effort of a possibly weakened force to break it.

Our largest volcanoes of earth are pigmies beside these formations on the moon. All our biggest fire-spouters together would not make one such crater as Tycho, whose lips reach up to the height of 17,000 feet above the plain which they enclose, and yawn in a fifty-four mile gap. Clavius, a southern neighbor

of Tycho, opens her great maw till it measures one hundred and forty miles across, and there are yet larger ones among the craters. Ranyard suggests that the lunar "Apennines" and other mountains, which form the shores or boundaries of what is called the Mare Imbrium, or "Sea of Rains," now dead and dry, are the remains of a huge crater, and if so, it must have been over six hundred miles in extent. Our largest craters are not over sixteen miles in diameter. The crater in the island of Luzon, which is now filled up with the lake called Bombon, measures sixteen by fourteen miles in extent, and the crater of Assoan, Island of Kiushiu, Japan, is fifteen miles from lip to lip. Other craters of the earth measure from seven to nine and eleven miles in extent, but none approach in dimensions even those of middle size which our smaller neighbor can boast.

Among other craters on the moon than those which have been already mentioned, are Cassini, more than fifty-seven miles in extent, and Helicon and Leverrier, twins, a thousand yards and more in depth. A pair of craters, named after Messier, stand in the midst of the Mare Foecundatis, or "Sea of Fertility," another of the great dead beds of what were once seas, and therefore still so called. From these craters extends in an easterly direction a trail of white, forked, and looking like the tail of a comet. Observations taken in 1828 and 1837 recorded no distinction between these two trails, which are now perfectly distinct and have different formation and dimensions. Even the untrained and casual observer may distinguish between them. In a white spot called Linne, in the Mare Serenitatis, "Sea of Serenity," several of the older observers claimed to have plainly seen a crater or pit, but in 1866 Professor Schmidt recorded that it had disappeared, leaving even then only a very small opening.

Changes are constantly taking place upon the moon's surface, which are no less remarkable than the phenomena which have been manifested upon our earth. It is proved to the satisfaction of most scientists that water and vegetation did exist at one time there, but that both have now disappeared, and that the whole of the great ball is now a desert waste.



*The Fulness of the Time**

PROF. J. C. ROBERTSON, M.A.

THERE is a question of considerable interest which has never received adequate treatment; being, as it is, the sort of question that the historian leaves for the theologian and the theologian abandons to the historian. Why did Jesus Christ come at just the period of the world's history that He did? "When the fulness of the time was come," we read, "God sent forth His Son." Just what was it that constituted this "fulness of the time"? Why might not the Messiah have come just as well a thousand years earlier or later?

This is a matter, be it observed, that is to be settled entirely apart from any theory that may be held of Christ's mediatorial office as Redeemer of the world. The atonement, from its very nature, is timeless, in the sense that it is related to no particular epoch of history. To the theologian the Lamb has been slain from the foundation of the world. So that we have in this question I have raised a subject which in a singular way may be removed from the domain of theological controversy; a question of pure history which involves no other theological assumption than this—that in the providence of God at that particular time Jesus Christ came to teach men the perfect way of life and to found the true and universal religion of mankind.

One answer that many would have given in the days of St. Paul we may wholly disregard: it was then a widespread belief that the end of the world was at hand, and the coming of the Messiah was regarded as the culmination of the world's

* Part of a paper on St. Paul and Hellenism, read at the Theological Conference held in Victoria College in September, 1908.

history. The lapse of 1900 years has left us less certain to-day that "the end of all things is at hand."

A second answer that has much more to commend it to us is that the events of history had paved the way for the rapid and effectual spread of the Gospel over the world to a degree and in a manner impossible at any previous period, and that the course of history in that ancient world will be found to have been in a very singular fashion preparing the way of the Lord and making His paths straight. Certainly no student of the expansion of Christianity can ignore the great significance of at least three co-operating factors which I shall mention in the reverse order of their emergence in history:

i. The universal dominion of the Roman emperors had broken down all narrow barriers of local or national jealousy and segregation, while at the same time a wise toleration of local usages (political, religious and social) left room for the development and spread of whatsoever could find soil for expansion. To the Mediterranean world from Persia to Britain, the Roman peace gave a settled government, a well-organized administration of justice and a prosperity that many portions of that world have never since enjoyed. The great commercial highways of antiquity, which were now become also the main roads of communication between Rome and her outlying provinces, were thus the arteries through which flowed the surging currents of the vigorous and well-ordered life of that vast empire. It is easy to see how greatly this unity and stability favored the propaganda of a universal religion.

ii. The conquest of the East by Alexander the Great and the policy of his successors had in another direction furthered the unification of the ancient world. The Greek language—carrying with it, as it did, Greek education and ideals, Greek literature and art and manners—was planted through the length and breadth of the regions conquered by Alexander, and so effectually that when Rome, in her turn, conquered the East she found Egypt, Palestine, Syria and Asia Minor practically Greek provinces. In this connection, two other facts should not be forgotten. Centuries before, Greece had already colonized extensively in every part of the Mediterranean, with the result that, just as to-day the English tongue and Anglo-Saxon civil-

ization are found scattered widely over all this planet, so after the sixth century B.C. one found Greek colonies everywhere in the known world from the Pillars of Hercules to the Euxine. And again, while the Romans, by their superior military skill and their more robust virtues, had conquered Greece, they had, as they themselves acknowledged, gone to school to the race they had just subdued. Whatever liberal education one found among the Romans, whatever tincture of refinement of life, whatever acquaintance with literature and the finer gifts of civilization, they owed directly to Greece.

When Rome then in her turn conquered Asia Minor and Syria, she wisely made no effort to uproot Greek, but rather adopted the policy of spreading more widely than before that Western civilization that was now common to Greeks and Romans. The native Oriental civilization was pushed more and more to the wall by the Græco-Roman civilization, which in St. Paul's time completely dominated the towns and cities, and was just beginning, but very slowly, to spread to the remote and primitive country districts. "All who got any education," says Ramsay, speaking of Asia Minor, the scene of so much of the activity of the early Christian Church, "learned the Greek language and adopted Greek manners."

The result of all this was that at the beginning of our era the civilized portion of mankind was becoming of one speech, the very name of which—the "common dialect"—is significant of its wide use. In every settled community from Spain to Persia Greek was understood, even where it had not actually quite displaced the use of the mother tongue.

Thus in the first century the expansion of Christianity not only followed the great Roman roads of inter-communication, but also was directly related to, and dependent upon, the extension of the Greek language. "Where the Greek spirit and education were completely dominant, the new religion spread with considerable rapidity; where the Greek education was unknown, the new religion seems to have made no progress at all." (Ramsay.)

iii. A third factor contributing to the spread of Christianity remains to be noticed—the dispersal of the Jews consequent, in part, upon the Babylonish captivity and, in part, upon the

action of Alexander the Great in settling large numbers of Jews in his new city of Alexandria. How extensively the Jews had spread beyond Palestine over the Mediterranean world may be gathered from these figures given by Harnack for the first century A.D.: The Jews then numbered in all about four and a half millions (7 or 8% of the whole population of the Empire). Of these only 700,000 were in Palestine—from one million to one and a half millions in Syria; one million in Egypt, and one and a half millions in Asia Minor, Greece, Rome and other districts. To most of the Jews Greek was the language in common use, and the Greek version of their Scriptures, the Septuagint, was the familiar source of edification in their religion. Everywhere, too, these Jews of the Dispersal carried with them the institution of the synagogue—the meeting place for religious instruction and discussion—an institution which probably itself began in the Captivity, when they were deprived of the Temple service. To these synagogues, where Jewish monotheism and Jewish morality were inculcated (generally in the Greek tongue), and where the Greek version of their Scriptures was regularly read and expounded, there gathered also large numbers of Gentile adherents, who, without becoming complete proselytes, yet had their recognized part in the Jewish community. These are the God-fearing people—the devout men and women so often spoken of in Acts. Many a sincere seeker for salvation and peace of mind from among the pagan population of the cities of the Empire attached himself to the local synagogue; and not unnaturally (considering their receptive attitude and the fact that they were free from Jewish exclusiveness and pride) it was among these devout alien adherents of the synagogues that the new Gospel preached by Paul made its most rapid progress. In the Greek synagogues also, especially in Alexandria, was brought about that adjustment of vocabulary, that fitting of Greek terms to Hebrew conceptions (both being widened in the process), which was to furnish Paul with a terminology exactly fitted to his requirements.

To sum up, the spread of the Gospel undoubtedly was largely conditioned and determined by these three factors—the dispersal of the Jews with their synagogues and alien adherents; the widespread familiarity with Greek; and the universal dominion of

Rome. And it is beyond a doubt also that no more favorable conjunction of circumstances had ever before existed for the spread of a new and universal religion.

And yet, with all this, I cannot feel that we have here an adequate explanation of the problem raised at the beginning. Even if we grant that these favoring circumstances were (humanly speaking) indispensable to the success of the mission of Jesus, they have surely too much the character of externals—one might almost say of superficialities—to be the right answer to the question why in the eternal purpose of God was the Redeemer of the world to come at just this epoch. The phrase, “the fulness of the time,” surely implies something more profound, something that touches more nearly the heart and soul of man whereby he lives, something that penetrates more deeply into that region of the mind and spirit where religious faith itself has its abode.

There is another quarter in which it may be suggested we should look for a solution that seems to answer this last condition—a solution, however, that, to my way of thinking, is more plausible than real. One of the commonplaces of the pulpit, from the days of the early apologists of the Church till now, is the denunciation of the corruption of ancient society in the age when Christianity appeared. The hideous picture so often drawn of an absolutely rotten moral condition in that Græco-Roman civilization would suggest this explanation: that, inasmuch as the most brilliant and powerful civilization the world had known had issued in hopeless bankruptcy, it was now absolutely clear that man could not save himself, and that only divine grace could save the world. Man’s extremity was God’s opportunity. This view (which, I fancy, is widely held) I find thus expressed in Uhlhorn’s “Conflict of Christianity with Paganism”: “In Greece, in Rome, had been shown what the human spirit can accomplish in its own strength. It is capable of great things, and gloriously has it wrought, but all the greatness sank into ruin, all the glory paled, and one thing it could not do, it could not appease the longing of every human soul for the eternal; for God. The end of heathenism, as respects religion, is complete insufficiency, perfect despair of itself.” Then, after a detailed review of the corruption manifest in various departments of

life, the author reaches the conclusion "that the heathen world was ethically as well as religiously at the point of dissolution, and that there was no power at hand from which a restoration could proceed. . . . This power must come from another source—from above."

Much the same view was doubtless in the mind of the writer of a recent article in the *Christian Guardian*, who somewhat rashly undertook to "sum up in two phrases" the characteristics of the Roman civilization in the time of the Empire—"heartless cruelty and unfathomable corruption."

Now, one difficulty the candid and accurate historian finds in this line of argument is that it rests upon distortion and exaggeration. The evils portrayed undoubtedly existed just as depicted; every detail is correct, but the picture as a whole is false, because one-sided. What should we say of a similar sweeping condemnation of the Christendom of to-day by some high-minded and honorable Japanese, who, after viewing certain aspects of the life of our great cities and reading certain of our publications, were to pronounce the indiscriminating verdict, "Two phrases sum up Western civilization—unbridled sensuality and unscrupulous self-seeking"? Uhlhorn himself acknowledges that "there is no poorer way of characterizing an age than that of sweeping all the dirt that can be found into one heap" and fixing our gaze exclusively upon that. The Christian historian and apologist should tell not only the truth, but also the whole truth.

The evidence for this charge of exaggeration cannot possibly be given in this paper. For a more just view of the ancient world than the traditional one inherited from the caricatures of satirists and the denunciations of apologists, one should go to such an authoritative book as Dill's "Roman Society," where he will find the whole subject candidly and fully investigated, with due recognition both of the abnormal and monstrous depravity found in certain quarters and of the purity and soundness of morals that co-existed with that depravity.

There, too, he will find that there is abundant ground for characterizing the age in which Christianity grew up as actually an age of moral reformation in the pagan world, and evidence of a movement towards a purer spiritual vision; and that, too,

quite apart from any influence emanating from the new religion just coming into life.

As soon as doubt is cast upon the completeness of the bankruptcy of that ancient world, it becomes impossible to find the solution of our problem in the alleged desperate condition of paganism. We may still hold firmly to our belief that ultimately the pagan world would find peace and satisfaction only in the religion of Jesus, and we may yet be unable to accept the view that Christianity was planned to come just when it should have become clearly and finally evident that without it the world was helpless and hopeless. The Christian religion may well have been the only remedy that could save the world, but we are scarcely justified in saying that the remedy was administered when the patient was in the throes of dissolution, all other treatment having conspicuously failed. The lines of Isaac Watts, "Plunged in a gulf of dark despair, We wretched sinners lay, Without one cheerful beam of hope, Or spark of glimmering day," we may accept as a description of the condition of the unregenerate world generally; but they furnish no clue to the question, Why did the Prince of Peace fly to our relief at just that epoch of the world's history and at no other?

For myself, I prefer to look for the solution of the problem not on the dark side of ancient civilization but on the brighter side—to find it not in its monstrosities of evil but in its noblest aspirations and achievements.

Let us go back for a moment to Uhlhorn's description of the situation. "In Greece," he says, "in Rome, had been shown what the human spirit can accomplish in its own strength. It is capable of great things . . . but all the greatness sank into ruin," etc.

I deprecate emphatically the view that in Greece and Rome—or in China and Japan—the human spirit has been accomplishing anything great *in its own strength* and apart from God. No sound theory of Inspiration needs to be bolstered up with the idea that the Divine Spirit has not abundantly manifested itself also in pagan lands. Surely, whatsoever is honest, just, lovely and of good report in any age or in any clime is but a manifestation of that true Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

And so, in the philosophy and civilization of the pagan world, in its religious aspirations and in its efforts after a sound morality, I find not a race of men left absolutely to themselves, working apart from God in their own merely human strength, and as a result issuing in baffled futility and utter bankruptcy, but rather I find men made in the image of God, exercising God-given powers, and amid dimness and difficulty and disloyalty, yet under a divine guidance (whether it be termed Nature or Conscience or God), seeking the Lord if haply they might feel after Him and find Him.

The true lines along which to work in solving the problem of the coming of Christianity at just that period of the world's history I believe to be a study of the preparation of the world to receive adequately the perfect revelation of truth made by Christ. And this preparation would have a two-fold aspect: first, the external preparation in the three ways sketched at the beginning of this paper; and second, an inner preparation of the spirit to enable the civilized world of that day to apprehend, to retain and to develop the new truths revealed. In short, if this view be correct, Christ came with His revelation when under the divine leading the Græco-Roman world had been educated up to the point of appreciation. Upon such a study there is no space in this paper to enter, nor can I here even sketch the headings of the chapters under which the subject would be developed. The purpose of what is here printed is achieved if those who have read thus far are stimulated to look with new interest and clearer vision upon that ancient world in which the seed of the Gospel was to be planted, and to find in "pagan" culture, thought and faith not mere human futilities and heathen blindness, but, equally with Jewish law, a schoolmaster to bring the world to Christ.



PERSONALS AND EXCHANGES

Class of '06

J H. ADAMS is teaching in Peterborough High School.
Miss F. M. Ashall is teaching mathematics in Trenton High School.

E. E. Ball is the Moderns man in Clinton Collegiate Institute.
F. C. Bowman's address is care of Nichols Chemical Company, Sulphide, Ont.

H. G. Brown is engaged—in the teaching trade, Japan.

W. G. Bull is preaching at Monticello, Ont.

Miss E. L. Chubb is teaching in Westminster College, Toronto.

J. W. Cohoon is teaching in Leamington High School.

Mrs. Connolly's address is 16 Tatsuoka Cho Hongo, Tokyo, Japan.

M. E. Conron is preaching at Walsh, in the Hamilton Conference.

Miss K. E. Cullen is teaching in Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.

Miss A. E. Deacon is teaching in Alma College, St. Thomas.

F. G. Farrill is pastor of the Kensington Avenue Methodist Church, Hamilton.

A. B. Fennell presides over the Mathematics of Albert College, Belleville.

W. E. Galloway is preaching at Sedgwick, Alta.

A. M. Harley is with Watson, Smoke & Smith, 20 King Street East, Toronto.

G. G. Harris is preaching at Wolseley, Sask.

C. D. Henderson is with the National Trust Company.

M. C. Lane is on the staff of the *Commercial Appeal*, Memphis, Tenn.

E. L. Luck teaches English and History in Albert College, Edmonton.

R. J. Manning is assistant in the Chemistry Department of the University.

P. B. Macfarlane and S. G. Mills graduated from the Medical College last spring. The former is in the Provincial Health Office and the latter doing work at the General Hospital.

H. S. Malwood is preaching in London, Ont.

C. E. Mark is busy in the Faculty of Education.

D. B. Nugent takes up his stand in the Dominion Observatory, Ottawa.

Miss O. G. Patterson is instructor in Household Science at the University.

Miss M. A. Proctor is lecturing on dietetics in some hospital in New York City.

Miss K. C. Rice is attending the Faculty of Education.

Miss B. L. Scott is teaching at Drayton, Ont.

A. W. Shaver is preaching in Pasadena, Cal.

F. Sternberg's address is 155 Dunn Avenue, Toronto.

G. E. Trueman is in Y.M.C.A. work in Japan.

J. H. Wells is preaching at Lion's Head, Ont.

Miss E. J. Williams is teaching Mathematics at Paris High School.

J. M. Zurbrigg is imbibing knowledge at the Faculty of Education.

The Secretary, Miss E. L. Chubb, Westminster College, Toronto, would be glad to receive any corrections or the address of those whose names do not appear.

Personals

E. E. Craig, B.A., '96, has entered the ministry of the Congregational Church, and has recently been ordained to the pastorate of the Congregational Church at Edgartown, Mass.

At Guelph, on Wednesday afternoon, October 21, a happy event took place. F. W. H. Jacombe, B.A., '96, M.A., M.F., of the Forestry Branch of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, found happiness at last in the person of Miss Maud Marianne, elder daughter of Ald. and Mrs. Geo. Penfold. Rev. H. W. Crews tied the blissful knot, after which Mr. and Mrs. Jacombe left for Ottawa, where they will reside. ACTA joins hands in their large circle of friends to bow smiling congratulations.

A reunion of Victoria graduates in Japan was held in Karuizawa, August 13, for the purpose of organizing an Alumnae Association. Those present were: Mrs. Norman (nee Heal), '96; Mrs. Connolly (nee Thompson), '06; Miss Annie W. Allen, '02, and Miss R. V. Beatty, '03. The new association begins with a small membership, but with much enthusiasm and college spirit, even though separated from "Old Vic.," both by miles and by years.

After a short business session, at which Mrs. Norman was elected President, afternoon tea was served and a pleasant hour was spent in reminiscences of college days. Then all joined hands for "Auld Lang Syne" and the "Old Ontario Strand," which brought back memories of reception and "Lit.," and with the old familiar call of "V.C., V.C." this first meeting came to a close.

We are all delighted to again see Jack McCamus, late of '10.

W. Sanford Evans, '91, was recently elected mayor of Winnipeg by a handsome majority.

Marriages

SHARPE—HARRISON—On December 30th last a very pretty wedding took place at Keene, Ont., when Miss Mary Mabel Gertrude Harrison, formerly of the class of '07, was united in marriage to Mr. Terence B. Sharpe. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. W. D. Harrison, while the bride and groom were ably assisted by Miss Willene Miller and Mr. Philip Boyd respectively. The happy couple, after spending some time visiting old friends in Quebec and Toronto, left for Winnipeg, where they will reside. ACTA extends best wishes.

Exchanges

To the following visitors we bow a cordial welcome: *Vox Collegii*, *Western University Gazette*, *St. Hilda's Chronicle*, *The Magnet*, *Vox Wesleyana*, *Notre Dame Scholastic*, *The Martlet*, *The Hya Yaka*, *McMaster University Monthly*, *Acadia Athenaeum*, *Harvard Monthly*, *Queen's University Journal*, *Columbia Monthly*, *Lux Columbia*, *The Student*, *Echoes From*

the Pines, Oxford Magazine, The University Monthly, St. Andrew's College Review.

About the finest Canadian exchange upon the desk is *Queen's University Journal*, a bi-monthly publication of no mean merit.

"Four Cornerstones of Modern Thought and How we came by them," in the *Journal* of December 15, is a masterly sketch of the foundations of modern thought and how they were built up by the contributions of the Hebrew, the Greek, the Roman and the Teuton. From Hebrew morality, projected into the Roman Empire sprang up the Christian Church, rescuing and carrying along with it Roman imperialism and law. Greek philosophy and worship of religion, having found its culmination in Aristotle, sank into a smouldering heap of grey ashes; but the capture of Constantinople scattered the dying embers over all Europe and the fire of intellectualism burst out afresh. These three elements met and fused in Teutonic individualism to bequeath us our modern civilized thought.

Another indispensable feature of the publication is its regular treatment of current events: the trouble centering about Bosnia, the Turkish revolution, the humiliation of the German Emperor, and the vetoing of the License Bill by the House of Lords, are all set forth with exceptional intelligence and lucidity. Nor is the attention of the editors averted from college interests, as is attested by the timely editorial of December 1, upon "Honor in College Sport," which will set many sporting enthusiasts thinking somewhat seriously.

"ACTA VICTORIANA.—This is a very welcome paper. It is perhaps the best magazine we have on the exchange list."—*St. Andrew's College Review.*

"Matthew Arnold and the Thought of the Nineteenth Century," from the pen of Wilfred Campbell in the *Christmas University Magazine*, is an excellent comment upon the great scholar-poet and the thought of the nineteenth century, of which he is the finest exponent. A noble poem on Matthew Arnold is appended.

Wilfred Campbell graduated from Toronto University in the early eighties. "Many competent English critics regard Mr. Campbell as the foremost Canadian poet. They find in his verse a freedom from conventional standards, that appears to them

characteristic of the country of his origin. He made his fame chiefly as a poet of nature; but, as the poem printed in this number shows, Mr. Campbell is also a thinker on the problems of human life and society."

NON SEQUITUR.

Tommy, very sleepy, was saying his prayers. "Now I lay me down to sleep," he began; "I pray the Lord my soul to keep." "If," his mother prompted. "If he hollers, let him go; eny, meny, miny, mo."—*Ex.*

"The Woman Suffrage in England" in the *Martlet*, of December 18, presents a very lucid view of the situation in England. It has the supreme advantage of being written by a woman.

McGill is looking up to Toronto for an example. An extract from the *Varsity* upon souvenir thieving occupies the whole department of exchanges in the issue of December 18, while in the issue of December we can see our own genial convener of the Bible Study Committee elucidating the mysteries of his charge up in Jackson Hall. Funny the way things come back!

THE TORCH OF LIFE.

At the portals of existence
Flares the torch of life,
Gleaming out across the darkness
Of unending strife.

Always beckoning it lures us
Whence we ne'er return,
Yet fore'er the goal evades us
And fore'er we yearn.

—*Acadia Athenaeum.*

The door is ever open for our next door neighbor to run in any time. *The McMaster University Monthly* is always interesting. "The Romance of Mathematics" is the leading article of the Christmas issue, and will be eagerly devoured by all who possess any figurative inclinations. "A City of Dreams" is a delightful little piece, whose delicate play of fancy is beautiful indeed. Its freshette authorship perhaps makes it more charming.

'TIS LOVE!

Toper (hanging on to a lamp post).—"An' yet they say it's love that makes the world go round."—*Ex.*

"As a journal of vital interest to outsiders we do not exist, but as a means of developing those who may, in the future, operate such journals we do exist."—*Vox Wesleyana*.

Though of not very extensive proportions for a monthly, the *Vox Wesleyana* contains some excellent material, among them two prize essays, "The Child First," and "A Plea for the Written Word."

The Miami Student is proud. The son-in-law of the President of Miami University is the President-elect of the United States.

"The University Man in Music" in the Christmas number of *Harvard Monthly* is an excellent article, rife with suggestions for reform about Toronto—even though it is the musical centre of Canada. The literary genius of the Harvard undergraduate, as revealed in this magazine from time to time, is remarkable. The primary aim of this publication is to preserve as far as possible the best literary work produced in college by the undergraduates. Is it this aim which makes it about the best exchange we have? Every number is a treat from first to last. Read as a sample, "The Winds of Night" in the Christmas issue.

MORE LOVELY GROWS THE EARTH.

More lovely grows the earth as we grow old,
 More tenderness is in the dawning spring,
 More bronze upon the blackbird's burnished wing,
 And richer is the autumn's cloth-of-gold;
 A deeper meaning, too, the years unfold,
 Until to waiting hearts each living thing
 For very love its bounty seems to bring,
 Entreating us with beauty to behold.
 Or is it that with years we grow more wise
 And reverend to the mystery profound—
 Withheld from careless or indifferent eyes—
 That broods in simple things the world around—
 More conscious of the Love that glorifies
 The common ways and makes them holy ground?

—Helena Coleman, in *O. A. C. Review*.



ON Wednesday afternoon, December 9th, at the regular meeting of the Women's Literary Society, the first of the series of inter-college debates was held. The subject of the debate was, "Resolved, That conscription would be advisable for Great Britain and her colonies."

Miss Kelly, '10, and Miss Hately, '11, of St. Hilda's, took the affirmative, and Miss Hockey, '10, and Miss Crews, '11, of Victoria, took the negative. The debate was an excellent one, both sides having excellent material and good debating style. The decision given by the judges was that victory belonged to the negative side. The next debate will be between Victoria and University College, and will take place in the near future.

The last meeting of the Women's Literary Society for the Christmas term was held on Wednesday, December 16th. The entire programme was provided by the sophomores, and as it was so near Christmas their selections all referred to that happy season. Miss Dafoe, in picturesque Dutch costume, gave a paper on Christmas customs in Holland. Several other papers were given; also some good piano and vocal solos. The closing number on the programme was a scene taken from "The Birds' Christmas Carol," which was very cleverly done by ten girls. The sophomores deserve great praise for the splendid programme they provided, and we are sure the members of the Literary Society are all very grateful to them for the good time they gave them.

It has been suggested that some person around College play the part of professional jester, then sell the jokes to some of those people who never appear in the "Locals." This would certainly help the "Local" editors a great deal, and would also be an excellent way for some enterprising soul to make missionary money. Won't somebody try it?

Miss G—y—n, '10—"The part of a paper-chase that appeals to me the most is, after it is all over and you give your college yells and songs, and thus try to appear sporty, when in reality you *feel* like a theolog of thirty-five years' standing."

M—y—r, '09 (on rink)—"Say, Mac, these gloves are no good for skating with a girl. They are absolutely non-conductors of sensation."

C—m—e, '10—"To-night was the first time I was ever thanked for taking a girl for a skate."

M—r, '09—"Did you ever see yourself skate?"

Z—m—n, '12—"Professor, is it ever possible to take the greater from the less?"

Professor—"Well, you approximate very closely to it when you take the conceit out of a freshman."

Jewett, '10 (asked to give an account of Swinnerton's call on the previous evening)—"Ask Swin. He can tell you better than I can."

Swin., B.D.—"Oh, it's all a *dream* to me."

McN—, '10—"Say, Fritz, did I ever tell you of my experience in a menagerie?"

Avison, '09, proud in the possession of a glaringly white vest, rose in the pulpit recently, pulled back his coat, stuck his hands in his pockets, and announced as his text, "To what purpose is this great *waste*?"

The Rink Committee recently advertised in *McMaster Monthly*, and thus received a copy of that issue. Robert, confusing it with the exchange number for ACTA, gave it to Miss Barker, who presented it to the Pres. of the A. U., saying: "Is this for you, Mr. Morrison?"

Morrison read the following address: "Victoria Athletic Ass."

Bick, C.T. (to room-mate)—"Say, Bill, I'll be mighty lucky if I ever get a real good wife!"

McKenzie, '09—"Are you going home for Christmas, Swin?"

Swinnerton—"No, I'm going home in June to be—to—to have a vacation."

Sophette (to friend)—“Hasn’t Mr. Pearson yards and yards of feet?”

Miss S—m—h, ’09 (Thursday, Jan. 7th)—“Really it is awful around College now; there is nobody back but theologs and ’09 girls.”

Miss D—f—e, ’11—“Did I get any work done in the holidays? Well, I should say not. We had a houseful of company and Local Option on the go—and you know how well they agree.”

McC—s, ’12 (on the rink)—“Yes, I see many improvements; the new rink house, the old one enlarged, and best of all—the gum-slot.”

Miss D—n—t, ’09—“Look at the shorthand on the board!”

Miss B—r—e, ’09—“That isn’t shorthand, it is Greek.”

Miss C—l—r, ’09—“You are both wrong, I tell you it is Hebrew.” And so it was.

Overheard in the halls—“Why is H-m-w-y, ’09, the best ‘bureau of information’ regarding Annesley Hall?”

Miss S—n—y, ’10 (with a puzzled expression)—“Well, what is goose wheat anyway? Is it something you give geese?”

M—l—r, ’09—“Say, do you know that I have just read three books of really classic fiction—David Copperfield, Oliver Twist and Ivanhoe?”

M—v—n, ’10—“Well, you’re ahead of me. The only bit of classic fiction I ever read was Caesar’s *Bellum Gallicum*.”

Dr. J. Burwash, lecturing on Church Polity re Marriage—“I’m only speaking for your sakes; I don’t expect to be married much more.”

Heard in a meeting of the U.L.S. programme committee: “What about talent for open Lit?” “Oh, let’s get Mrs. Riff-Raff to contribute.”

Someone suggested securing a member of the Whitney Cabinet. A voice, “Kenney tried for three or four nights last year to get Hanna.”

MacN—v—n (waking up suddenly)—“Hannah who?”

Moore, ’10—“Isn’t it too bad we haven’t got better telephone connection with the Hall?”

One of our most devout theologists, who preaches every Sunday, attended the "Anti's" meeting in Massey Hall. Beside him sat a reputable citizen of the Anti persuasion. When F. S. Spence seemed at last about to get a hearing R. C. let out a yell that would have made the reputation of a freshman at a rugby match. "Shut up, you d—— fool!" shouted the Son of Thunder. R. C. answered by pulling off his coat; theolog doffed his glasses, and only outside interference prevented a most interesting discussion. Oh, Archie!

Enter J. V. M. (knocks on gate)—"Hullo, up there, pass Scene—The Pearly gates and golden.

me in, will you?"

St. Peter (looking over ramparts)—"Who seeks admission here?"

J. V. M.—"I'm J. V. M., star specialist of the U. of T."

St. P. (after looking up records)—"Sorry, friend; but we have a few stars against you here as well. We'll have to keep you out."

St. M.—"No use, Peter, I know Mac. You may as well admit him. Jimmy Brebner tried for four years to keep him out of U. of T. and had to sign his parchment at the last."

W—sh—n, '10, to C—s—re, '10—"Is it true that the third and fourth year fellows don't have to wait till Friday to go over to the Hall?"

Outsider to McNiven, '10—"You have a Jew in your year, have you not?"

McNiven, '10—"No, but we have a Jewitt,"

Sunday School Teacher—"And now, children, can you tell me, when Balaam and his ass conversed, what language they spoke in?"

Little Fritz—"Please, ma'am, Assyrian."—(Sel.)

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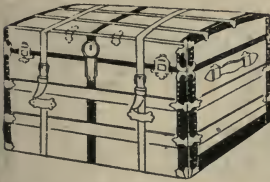
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**EDUCATION DEPARTMENT CALENDAR
FOR 1909 (in part)**

January:

1. NEW YEAR'S DAY (Friday).
By-laws for establishing and withdrawal of union of municipalities for High School purposes to take effect.
4. Provincial Normal Schools open (Second Term).
Clerks of Municipalities to be notified by Separate School supporters of their withdrawal.
High, Public and Separate Schools open.
5. Truant Officers' reports to Department, due.
6. First meeting of rural School Trustees.
Polling day for trustees in Public and Separate Schools.
7. Principals of High Schools and Collegiate Institutes to forward list of teachers, etc.
11. Appointment of High School Trustees by Municipal Councils.
14. Annual Reports of Boards in cities and towns, to Department, due.
Names and addresses of Public School Trustees and Teachers to be sent to Township Clerks and Inspectors.
15. Trustees' Annual Reports to Inspectors, due.
Annual Reports of Kindergarten attendance to Department, due.
Annual Reports of Separate Schools, to Department, due.
Application for Legislative apportionment for inspection of Public Schools in cities and towns separated from the county, to Department, due.

20. First meeting of Public School Boards in cities, towns and incorporated villages.
26. Appointment of High School Trustees by County Councils.

February:

3. First meeting of High School Boards and Boards of Education.

March:

1. Inspectors' Annual Reports, to Department, due.
Annual Reports from High School Boards, to Department, due.
(This includes the Financial Statement.)
Financial Statement of Teachers' Associations, to Department, due.
Separate School Supporters to notify Municipal Clerks.
31. Night Schools close (Session 1908-9).

April:

1. Returns by Clerks of counties, cities, etc., of population, to Department, due.
8. High Schools, second term, and Public and Separate Schools close.
9. GOOD FRIDAY.
12. EASTER MONDAY.
13. Annual Meeting of the Ontario Educational Association at Toronto.
15. Reports on Night Schools, due (Session 1908-9).
19. High Schools (Third Term), and Public and Separate Schools open after Easter Holidays.

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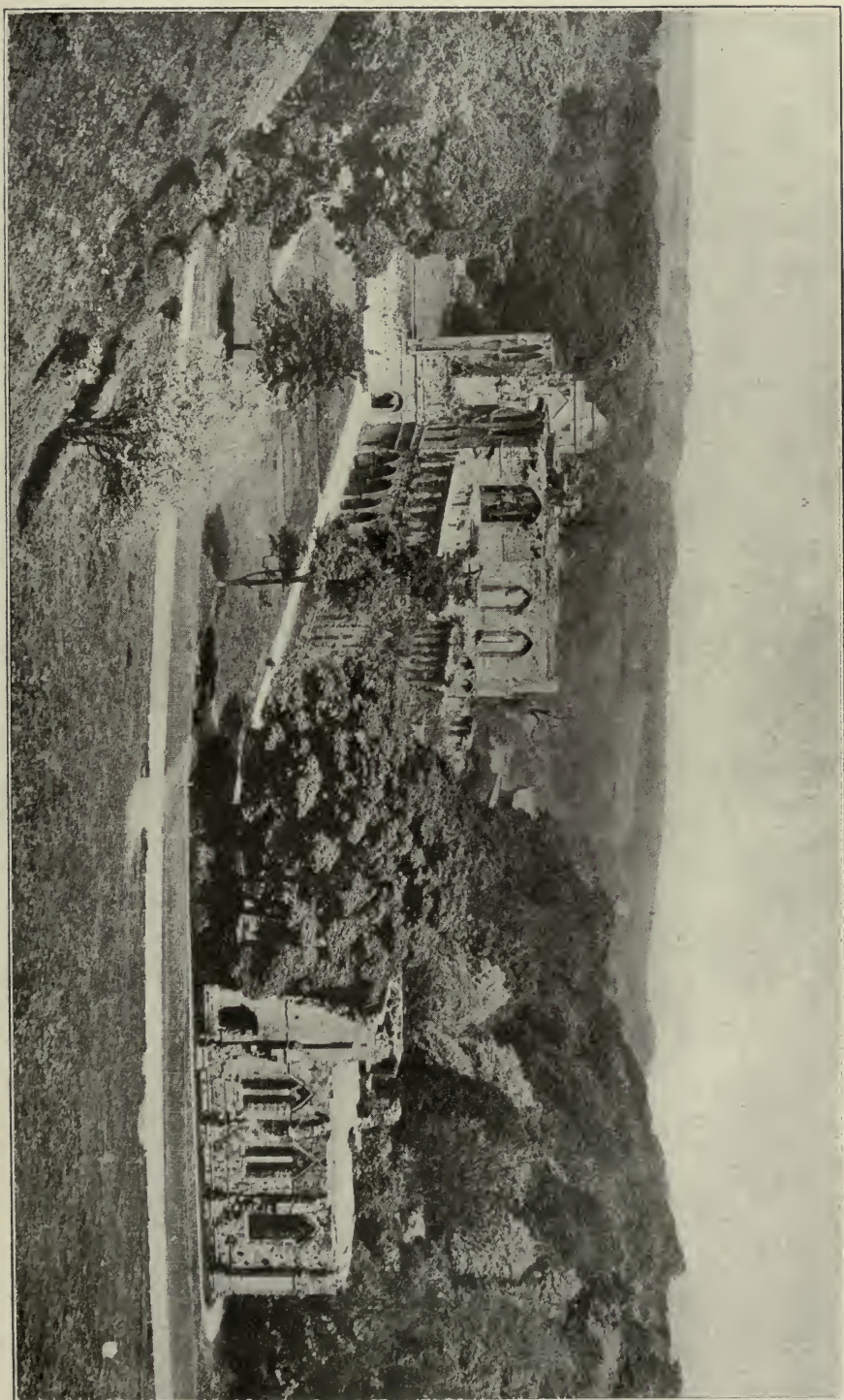
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ACTA VICTORIANA



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TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1909.

No. 5

*Forever Thine**

A. L. BURT, '10

UPON the shore I sit and dream of thee,
And dreaming, trace with loving, careful hand
Thy tender name upon the happy sand,
And hear thee in the murmur of the sea ;
The climbing tide creeps slowly up to me,
Nor sees thy name engraven on the strand—
'Tis washed ! 'tis gone ! and vainly have I scanned
Through all the fickle sand's light tracery !

But, Love, these sands are not my heart, for there,
As though in steel, thy name is graven deep,
And o'er it years may flow with heavy tide ;
The shifting sands play all around, but e'er,
E'en when the sea of time o'er all will sweep,
Deep in my heart, thy name will true abide.

* Awarded first prize in the Poetry Contest.

A Summer in Westmoreland

MISS M. E. T. ADDISON, B.A.

IT was after a short tour in Bonnie Scotland, through a long chain of lochs between purple hills and past picturesque glens, that we turned southward to spend some weeks in a tiny hamlet of Westmoreland. It does not belong to the orthodox tourist route, it is not mentioned in the guide-books nor is it to be found on the ordinary map. Even that inquisitive, ubiquitous monster, the automobile, scorned to stop there and whizzed past shaking off against it a cloud of dust and smoke. But if you will take a map, measure about ten miles due east of Lake Side, look for the River Kent and the River Gilpin, if you can find it, about two miles from where these meet you will see this charming, peaceful spot. Its post-office bears the name of Levens, but the name by which it goes among the inhabitants, "Beethwaite Green," is more expressive.

Long ago the River Gilpin, when it approached the arm of the sea, spread itself out over a broad valley, which became in time a mossy plain, then a peat bog. Ingenious man, scorning such waste, limited the bed of the river, gathered most of the peat, still the cheapest fuel of the region, and transformed the barren land into green pastures and fair fields. On the far side there rises abruptly from the level plain stretching to the sands of Morecambe Bay a craggy fell, which slopes gently toward the west. On this side from the rivers' mouth a steady incline leads to a height on which is situated the church, only the spire of which is visible amid the surrounding trees. Behind it is the village, "The Hare and Hounds," a quaint little inn, stands on the slope below the church and looks out over the valleys of both rivers to the sands of Grange, and on the other side away beyond the Sear to the hills of the Lake District proper.

The proper way to see this country is to settle down for a few weeks in one place, and thence make excursions, preferably on foot. If time be limited, the most central is Ambleside. But as our object was to shun the vulgar crowd of tourists and flee far from them, we chose to make our headquarters at Levens. It is an excellent place to loaf. If the day is bright and warm,

there is the old-fashioned triangular garden across the way, shut in by that wall of stone which the Englishman delights to put up between him and a too curious world, and you may watch the silver waters of the tide steal over the distant sands or gaze at the fleecy clouds as they chase each other past the Langdale Pikes, the Old Man, Seafell and Helvellyn, or revel in the glorious colors as the sun sinks down behind the hills, the stillness broken only by the merry laughter of little children and the clatter of their wooden clogs on the stony pavement.

One is not always lazy, however, and there are things to see even in this out-of-the-way spot. So let us begin our excursions and pay a visit to Levens Hall, which gives its name to the



BORROWDALE, WESTMORELAND.

village. It is an interesting old house, part of it, the strong, square tower, built as early as 1415. The rest is comparatively modern, with the gables, broad casemented windows and deep doorways of the Tudor period. As the house is occupied we must content ourselves with a view of the grounds and gardens. The sparkling stream, a few hundred yards before it, is the guardian of its good fortune.

“ Luck to Levens
As long as the Kent flows ”

When this toast is proposed, the well-wishers must drink it standing on one foot. Behind the house is the old garden laid out in the days of James II., in the topiary style, "the best specimen in the country," we are told. Fantastic, indeed, is it—a host of gay flowers with no evident arrangement as to color or variety scattered among the weird shapes cut in yew and living box, here a representation of Queen Elizabeth and her maids, not very flattering; there a peacock, a huge B for Bagot, an umbrella and many others. Back of these lies a bowling green of the softest most velvety grass, surrounded by a high beech hedge so wide at the top that a man cannot reach half way across it. At the very end and across the estate extends a long avenue of beautiful elm trees that give one the impression of being miles and miles away from human habitation. The ancient park, containing dark fallow-deer which figure frequently in the legends of the country, is on the other side of the road.

But Levens Hall is not the only fine old place of note near the village. On the other side rises Sizergh Fell, over and beyond which stands the castle. It, too, is of early times, built probably before the Hall. There is the same peel tower of masonry six feet through, and as old as the tower must be the floor of the great hall, of planks smoothed with some sharp instrument, such as an axe or large chisel, and fastened with wooden pins. From the hall a winding stair in the tower leads to a balcony overlooking it, off which is the haunted chamber. There is the usual stain on the floor, and the caretaker, with a humorous smile, points out this and a lock of fair hair on the wall as proof of the validity of the story of a maiden's flight, recapture and tragic death. The carving and panelling in the rooms are the most striking features of the interior of the house, which has been despoiled of its choicest treasures. The view from the tower is magnificent over the undulating fields, grey stone villages nestling among the trees or clinging to the brow of a hill, large towns, winding canals—away to the far-off hills.

Before returning to our inn, let us follow this branch of the road which will take us to the one bordering the valley of the Gilpin and leading to Brigsteer. A rocky fell is to the east with great screes, low bushes and scattered sprigs of white

heather; on the west stretches the valley; beyond it the heights, peak above peak, blue, purple, golden against the white of the sky. In the springtime the vale is abloom with plum and cherry blossoms; now it is clad in the yellow, brown and deep greens of late summer. All at once the view on either side is cut off and we enter a hazelwood. Ah! if we might but see this in the springtime, when the carpet is of fragrant violets, a modest background for the delicacy of the lily of the valley, and the glory of the best of golden daffodils—"tossing their heads in sprightly dance!"

Next morning we shall go on a longer tour, starting from Heversham station, stopping off at Furness Abbey, and then



DERWENTWATER, WESTMORELAND.

going on to Coniston. There is an English saying, "If it is not raining, take your umbrella; if it is, please yourself," and this advice is particularly *à propos* in this land of smiles and tears. Nowhere except in the Highlands of Scotland does it seem to rain so easily, so suddenly and with such energy, as among the hills of Northern England. There is nothing of special interest on the journey until we find ourselves in a wood of great beauty in the very heart of which we alight at Furness Abbey station. The station and hotel are under the same roof, and they and

the Abbey occupy the whole of a cup-shaped, wooded hollow known as the "Valley of Deadly Nightshade."

When in 1124 a body of thirteen monks of the Savignian Order wished to establish a monastery in England, what lovelier spot could have been chosen than this narrow glen with its perpetual stream, well-wooded hills and rich building resources. It and the surrounding country with all rights and privileges pertaining thereto were deeded by Stephen, afterward King of England, to the abbot and monks of Furness. Some thirty years later they adopted the Cistercian Order, and also the form of architecture peculiar to it. The Abbey was of immense size, second only to Fountains in England, and was built of red sandstone which gives even to the ruins a warmth and life missed in the cold grey stone of Melrose. Its outside wall enclosed sixty-five acres. In its present condition it is not possible to identify the position of all the various buildings, much less to see the grandeur which made up such an imposing whole, but enough remains to fill the beholder with wonder and deepest admiration. The Cistercian monasteries were built usually around a central cloister with the church on the north. By a richly moulded Norman arch we enter the north transept, to the east of which are three fine, pointed arches, entrances to former chapels. Adjoining these is the chancel, belonging to the fifteenth century, the glory of which is the sedilia with richly carved canopies of singular beauty. The great central tower above the intersection of the transepts and nave was supported by four lofty arches, only the eastern of which remains, and these rested on huge clustered piers belonging to the first building. Of the nave only the south wall and belfry tower, with broken piles of stones where once were massive pillars, remain to tell the extent of the great church.

On the east and west of the cloister court there must have been long arcades, and above them the dormitories of the monastery; beyond them the refectory, the great hall and other buildings. These are almost all gone. Behind the south transept is the chapter house, the gem of the Abbey, and one of the most exquisite examples remaining of Early English architecture. It is entered from the cloister by the central of three round-headed arches with concentric mouldings. The first and

third open into recesses which were used, it is thought, as libraries. The central one, with groined vaulting, is the vestibule of the chapter house. This was a room sixty by forty-five feet, around which ran an arcade, with four arches on the long side, three on the short one, and one on each side of the entrance. Each arch ended in two lancet-windows, open or blind, combined under a large pointed arch, in the spandel of which was a finely carved medallion. The capitals of the columns were richly moulded with rare designs. It was here that Roger Pele, the last Abbot of Furness, signed the deed of surrender to King Henry VIII., by which he and his brethren were deprived of their vast inheritance.

“ But all things have their end ;
Churches and cities, which have diseases like to men,
Must have like death that we have.”

The beauty of the chapter house lies bare “ to the injuries of stormy weather,” ivy-grown, ferns and mosses clinging to the roofless walls ; around the stumps of the once graceful columns grass and flowers nestle lovingly, and a great tree with bending boughs seems to keep a sad and gentle watch over the tomb of vanished greatness.

“ I do love these auncient ruynes :
We never tread upon them but we set
Our foote upon some reverend historie.”

We must not linger longer in this “ Vale of Deadly Nightshade,” but hasten on to Coniston. Nature is not less rich and varied in these hills and dales than in others, for are there not lovely Yewdale, the Old Man, whose “ dells are deep and broad bald brow is high,” the quaint village and “ that long and narrow sheet of water stretching its six miles of blue between the fells” ? Yet it is the human interest rather than the natural that attracts us most. Windermere, Grasmere, Keswick have their coterie of poets and scholars, and Coniston is not behind them. There is the genial country doctor, Craig Gibson, naturalist, geologist, telling his stories in racy dialect ; the learned young lady Elizabeth Smith, who was well acquainted with languages, ancient and modern, and who could bake and sew,

too; the "Sister Ladies of the Thwaite," friends of Ruskin. At Tent House, on the lake, Tennyson and his bride spent their honeymoon, and for the first time Mrs. Tennyson met Carlyle. "The meeting was characteristic," we are told. "He slowly scanned her from head to foot, then gave her a hearty shake of the hand." Across the lake stands the stately Brantwood. Long ago it was a modest house, the home of the brave, untaught poet, Gerald Massey; then it became the abode of the ardent poet engraver, William J. Linton and his wife, Eliza Lynn, the "little dare-devil girl," who would write; at last, it came to John Ruskin. Under his care it grew from the humble cottage to a mansion and a very charming one. Situated on an eminence facing the village, it commands a view of Yewdale and the Old Man, with its firs, quarries, fells, and ever-varying colors. It rests against a background of moors and cliffs, green meadows on either side, before it a garden. Such a garden! Shrubs, trees, flowers! Sunset roses—roses everywhere in such profusion! Irregular terraces lead down to the shore and the little semi-circular harbor guarding its boats.

Just one place more—to the churchyard in the village, to a secluded spot under a fir tree, beside the ivy-clad wall, to a narrow grass plot bordered by white marble, a simple, artistic cross at its head—here in sweet peace, without pomp or splendor sleeps "a meek man and a brave."

"Thou takest not away, O Death!
 Thou strik'st—and absence perisheth,
 Indifference is no more;
 The future brightens on our sight;
 For on the past hath fallen a light
 That tempts us to adore."

Smile and the world smiles with you,
 Knock and you knock alone,
 For the cheerful grin
 Will let you in
 Where the knocker is never known.

—*University of Ottawa Review.*

Some Glimpses of John Ruskin

ETHEL G. CHADWICK, '07.

OF Scotch parentage and English environment, with Celtic fire, Norman strength and English coolness, strangely combined, John Ruskin began life in the early part of the nineteenth century. Of his father's reflective nature and fine taste in reading, his utter devotion to the life and career of his only child, round whom his life revolved; of his mother's stern, evangelical faith and character, tempered always with good sense; of the respect and obedience rendered unto both as their due, and the inability of either son or parents to live happily if long separated, of all this his personal memoirs are full. He was early taught the blessings of self-control, while it was a principle of his mother's not to allow him the use of toys if by any chance they should be given to him. Being always whipped if he cried or tumbled, he soon attained a serenity of manner and security of locomotion to us abnormal in so young a child. Yet this seeming self-control was but a false article, and served him only under the circumstances to which he was accustomed. Had he been allowed to mingle more freely in his youth with those of his own age, he would not have shrunk so painfully in after years from public appearance. It is characteristic of his training that, when at Oxford, he felt in the chapel as though he had equal rights with the best, but always most hopelessly out of place in the great dining-hall.

The blessings of his education to the age of seven he gives in his *Præterita*. He ranks as first the entirely peaceful tenor of his childhood. Never had he seen an angry, hurt or offended look in the eyes of either parent. He had lived in the midst of order and quietness. Obedience he had instinctively acquired as a ship responds to her helm. The habit of fixed attention had become ingrained so that throughout his life he could abstract himself from his surroundings and fix his mind on whatever he wished. Also, he had an extreme perfection in palate and all other bodily senses, caused by the utter prohibition of dainties. The calamities up to this time also number

four. The first, and utterly most pathetic, was that he had nothing to love. Pitiful was the wail of this affectionate heart seeking someone on whom to lavish its abounding love. Respect and admiration for his parents he was taught, but never that childish abandonment of love. Again he had nothing to endure, either of danger or of pain, for his watchful parents shielded him as any hot-house plant from every breath of harm. He was not taught manners or etiquette, so that when shyness came with consciousness of his own deficiencies, he suffered unutterable pain. Chief of the evils he considers to be that his judgment of right and wrong and his powers of independent action were left entirely undeveloped. Yet his respect for his mother's teaching remained till his death, while he counts as the one essential part of his education her daily Bible drill.

In addition to these characteristics as given by himself, there are two or three worthy of mention. Most important, probably, was his extraordinary patience in looking and precision in feeling which afterwards developed into his analytic power. Perhaps his one promise of future greatness was his exceedingly eager and methodic thirst for visible fact. We notice also in his work a rapid glancing from subject to subject, each being left unfinished for the attack on the next. Another characteristic growing out of his solitary childhood was his habit of gazing at the sea, hour after hour, with no attempt to analyze. Not being allowed to row, or sail, or even walk near the harbor alone, he spent his time in aimless gazing at the forbidden—a fearful loss of time, he says.

His connection with Turneresque ideas throughout his art-work has been so close that it would be well to trace the influence of the great painter. His first glimpse of Turner was on his thirteenth birthday, when a copy of Roger's "Italy," containing some Turner vignettes, was given to him. He immediately took them for his only masters and set himself to imitate them by fine pen-shading. Before this he had begun drawing lessons, and had learnt the essential principles of composition. But his early attempts were quite without originality, and were not felt by his father to be the least flattering to his vanity. It was during one of the yearly trips of the family that the first germs of architectural genius began

to develop in young Ruskin. A year later Prout's sketches in Flanders and Germany so delighted him and his father that a continental tour was planned to see the originals. This tour was productive of some one hundred and thirty drawings, not inelegant, all laborious, but quite characterless. Meanwhile, his scholastic education was going forward under various tutors, he being fairly proficient in his work, but rather because nothing occurred to distract him from it than because he loved it for its own sake.

Notice his first sight of the Alps and its effect upon him. They had reached Schaffhausen and towards sunset were walking out of the town, when "suddenly—behold—beyond. They were clear as crystal, sharp on the pure horizon sky, and already tinged with rose by the sinking sun. Infinitely beyond all that we had thought or dreamed—the seen walls of lost Eden could not have been more beautiful to us. It is not possible to imagine a more blessed entrance into life for a child of such a temperament as mine. . . . To the terrace and the shore of the Lake of Geneva my heart and faith return to this day, in every impulse that is yet nobly alive in them, and every thought that has in it of help or peace."

It is strange that two of our foremost English writers, Ruskin and Carlyle, should both be so devoid of scholarship and common-sense. Of the former lack Ruskin gave eminent example when at Oxford. The refectory became to him a haunted room because of the examinations that took place within it. His strict ideas of honor forbade the use of a crib, but he tells us that he believes the Dean had rather he had used fifty of them than borne the puzzled and hopeless aspect he presented in the afternoon over whatever he had to do. His Latin writing was, he supposes, the worst in the University. Yet he who could not distinguish a first from a second future, wrote in his first year a philosophical essay which outranked those of all the other students, and, after three attempts, he won the greatest of Oxford's honors—the Newdigate prize in poetry. Soon after he entered college, most fortunately for him, he fell under the notice of Henry Acland, who, perceiving his helpless possibilities, took him affection-

ately in hand. He quietly showed him the manner of an English youth of good sense and family, and gave him an insight into pure, wise and honorable manhood. Ruskin remarks on the early completeness of his friend in judgment and powers, which, had they not been arrested by the interests of a beautiful home life, might have ripened into tropical splendor. From which are we to conclude that we owe the treasures Ruskin himself has left us to his own private heart-aches and loneliness, and that, had fate ordained a more satisfying home life, the world would have been the poorer?

With his love of art went a passion for science, in which his early-developed analytic power and patience and precision in examining specimens stood him in good stead. On their numerous trips he eagerly collected and examined everything that could be of use in a scientific way. His love for the Alps was based not merely on their artistic grandeur, but he looked deeper down into their structure. Science and art were with him indissolubly linked, for locality and romance could never be separated from his researches into mineralogy or geology.

We have mentioned Ruskin's devotion to Turner, but it was not until he was seventeen years of age that he saw Turner's own pictures, and the impetus gained from the Roger's vignettes began to bear fruit. These pictures being severely criticized in *Blackwood's Magazine*, he felt moved to reply, and, though his defense was not in any way encouraged by the painter, it afterwards developed into "Modern Painters." It was not until he was twenty-three that he found, out of the variety of his youthful interests, what was his real mission. He began one day when on a ramble to draw a spray of ivy in its natural arrangement, when light suddenly broke on him, and he saw how much finer it was in its natural design than any conventional rearrangement could be. "Be sincere with nature, study her with humbleness, rejecting nothing, selecting nothing and scorning nothing." Like Carlyle, he preached the Gospel of Sincerity. Renouncing henceforth his poetic aspirations, his capacities for art production, and hopes of being a man of science, he took upon him the task of telling the world, "that Art no less than other spheres of life had

its heroes; that the mainspring of their energy was Sincerity, and the burden of their utterance Truth."

To this interest in modern living landscape Ruskin added, shortly after, a devotion to religious art, thus combining sincerity and the moral purpose. This he also did in his architectural work. To the sincerity, harmony and perfection of Greece, he added the deeper seriousness, the sense of mystery and spiritual strife of the Gothic. From insisting upon the moral character of the individual artist as an essential condition of true art-work, Ruskin came in later life to emphasize rather the character of a nation. "Let a nation be happy, healthy and pure, and art will spring about it as from a fountain." This clear and growing recognition of the organic relation between art and national character formed the bridge from Ruskin's art mission to his social mission. How to purify the English people so that a true national art could be possible, was the task he set before him in his fortieth year, and formed the main work of his remaining years. From his study of nature, of the mountains and the sea, he passed through his period of art-work, and assumed his social and economic mission. His remedy for the social distress lay not in political agitation, but in education. "To see life steadily and to see it whole," was his solution of the enigma. With this purpose in view he gave several series of lectures to workingmen, which were later gathered into book form, and which contain his ideas of social reform. He feels called as a prophet to help alleviate the material distress around him by explaining what he can of its causes, and pointing out some of the methods by which it might be relieved.

Having followed Ruskin in a more or less disjointed fashion through the important periods of his life's work, we will take leave here, while he is yet busy in the prime of life, giving out his message to those who need it so keenly, laboring for his native land and fellow-man. We will only say that the one great characteristic of his early life remained with him to the end—he was sincere with himself first and with the world always.

The Cruel World—A Sketch

RETA T. BABEL, '11.

MISS HANNAH JANE MEGGS was a dumpy little spinster of uncertain age, with a round, placid face and gray, accordion-pleated hair. One day her father died, leaving Hannah to face the world alone with a tidy bank account and a large, backwoods farm. On this farm Hannah Jane had spent all her life, working hard day in and day out. After her father's death Hannah's future was a much discussed question. For her to stay on the farm alone was out of all question. About the only thing for her to do would be to live with her married brother on his farm a mile distant. But when Jabez proposed this, Hannah Jane looked at him mildly through her spectacles, and said:

"Thank ye, Jabez, but I've hed my fill of farm life. I ain't never been to the city, much, an' I'm calculatin' to go there an' live now. I want to see some of the world before I die."

Jabez felt as if something had knocked all power of speech from him. He could not have looked more astonished if his sister had proposed climbing the church steeple. Finally he gasped:

"You ain't meanin' thet, Han Jane?"

Hannah Jane went calmly on with her knitting.

"Yes, I be," she said, clicking the knitting needles in a most exasperating manner. After allowing sufficient time for Jabez's feelings to record all degrees of temperature, she ventured a few more remarks:

"I'm goin' to take Ebenezer with me—he's lots of comp'ny. And I know of a good boardin'-house, too. I read of it in the paper, and I writ for a room last night."

"But ye're too old to go galavantin' off to the city when ye ain't never been off'n this farm overnight more'n three times in your hull life. And ye won't know a livin' soul when you git thar."

"Not real well, p'rhaps," persisted Hannah Jane. "But Widow Burr over Sweethome way told me her husban' hed a

niece who married a butcher in the city, an' she's goin' to get me their address if she can. And I'll hev Ebenezer—he's almost like a close relation."

Jabez saw that further argument was useless, and drove home to tell his wife.

"Ye can't do nothin' with Han Jane. When she's sot, she's sot, an' there's an end to it."

Two weeks later he drove Hannah Jane, Ebenezer and an old-fashioned hair-cloth trunk to the depot.

"Remember, when you're tired of city life, Han' Jane, there's always a place for ye with us on the farm," were his parting words. But Hannah Jane waved him a good-bye, which said very plainly that she was not intending to get tired of city life.

Hannah Jane and Ebenezer had been a month in the big city of W——, and though the days had dragged somewhat, they did not for a moment regret their coming. Hannah had become fairly well acquainted with the city's highways and byways; she could really venture now on a short daily walk, and she knew that a policeman was the proper person to appeal to if one got lost or found some mysterious difficulty in the way the streets *would* shift around.

But Ebenezer began to get thin. He missed his daily allowance of cream—skim milk was a poor substitute, and the landlady's broom was entirely too much in evidence when he was napping comfortably on a parlor chair and dreaming of the fat field mice he was once intimate with. His mistress became tired of the scorched beefsteak and stewed prune diet, and after much deliberating and counting of resources, decided to rent a tiny brick cottage, tucked in between two tall tenement buildings on a neighboring street. A few days later they took possession and lived happily, though Hannah Jane sometimes thought she would like to see a good-sized tree, and Ebenezer suffered greatly at the paws of city cats, who laughed at his countrified ways, and turned up their whiskers at his tales of abundance of mice and cream in the place where he came from. If there was such a place surely no self-respecting cat would leave it.

One night Hannah Jane read in her evening paper of the numerous burglaries and murders which were occurring all over the city. The next evening there were more, and the accounts increased in number and boldness until Hannah Jane suddenly felt very helpless and alone. Such daring she had never heard of. Men entered houses, murdered whoever they could find, helped themselves and departed. All sorts of entrances were gained, locks were picked, doors burst in and window-panes daringly broken. She became sure the world was becoming a very wicked place, and dreaded going to bed at night for fear of what might happen before morning. She hit upon an ingenious way of piling the flatirons against her bedroom door where they would not only give warning if anyone attempted to enter, but also prove a weapon of defense.

"Of course, I don't see why any burglar'd want to break into this place," she argued with herself. "There ain't nothin' worth stealin'—but then you never ken tell—an' they do say they choose the most onlikely places."

After an evening spent in reading most harrowing and hair-raising accounts of burglaries, Hannah Jane, with outward and inward quakings prepared to retire.

"I b'leêve I'll let you sleep in my room to-night Ebenezer," she remarked, picking him up. "You're only a cat but you're better 'n nothin'—in case any b— thing should happen."

Ebenezer purred his agreement, and was deposited on the rug at the side of the big four-poster bed in which Hannah Jane was soon swallowed up to spend a restless night. About four o'clock in the morning, she awakened suddenly and thought of the tales in the paper. It seemed to her that her hair stood on end as she heard audible footsteps on the cement walk outside.

"It's a burglar," she gasped, "it must be—oh—" and as there came a sudden distinct crash of glass, Hannah Jane shrank to one-half her former size, and was absolutely stiff with fright. Would he come to her room and murder her? She expected any second to hear the crash of falling flatirons. Her heart pounded so she thought it must burst, and she was sure her hair had turned snow-white.

After a long silence Hannah Jane tried to calm herself.

"Don't be sich a fool," she quavered. "At your age. Get up and light the lamp—that'll let the burglar know you've got some spirit left, anyway."

She put one trembling foot to the floor, landed it squarely on Ebenezer, whom she had entirely forgotten, shrieked with surprise and fright, and promptly drew it back into the bed again. Get up? Not for worlds—there were probably more burglars under the bed, just waiting to seize her as she unsuspectingly lighted a lamp. She lay cold and trembling for what seemed ages. There were so many noises going on outside. The burglar must have found out his mistake and was turning the house upside down for revenge. If only she had stayed on the farm with Jabez; there, at least, one could feel safe at night.

At last streaks of dawn appeared, and when the room became light, Hannah Jane rose, dressed and crept with trembling knees to the door. She unplied the flatirons, and with one in each hand, opened the door. A tidy room met her astonished gaze—everything was as it had been left the night before, not one thing was out of place, and Hannah Jane could scarcely believe her eyes. Gaining courage she went over the whole cottage. Nothing had been touched; moreover, every window-pane was intact. Surely her terror and sleepless night had not been merely a horrible nightmare.

Finally, she opened the small front door, and stood in the doorway a moment to get some of the fresh morning air. On the pavement in front of her lay something which glittered in the sunlight. It was a milk-bottle, dropped by a careless milk-man on his early morning rounds, and shattered into a thousand pieces.

Hannah Jane observed—then suddenly closed the door and appeared overcome by some inward emotion. Later, as she gave Ebenezer his saucer of cream, she remarked to him:

"Ain't you gittin' kinda tired of the city, Ebenezer? I'm goin' to write Jabez thet we're comin' back."

On Hearing Melancholy Music

C. W. S.

ELUSIVE melody, stay, oh stay!
Flit'st thou like racky film away?
Breathing soft, crooning low, lower,—still,—
Have thy will.

What yearning thrilled me when thou wert nigh!
—Or yearning, or boding, or phantasy—
That caught and wrought me as it would
To every mood.

I heard the wind in the rigging moan,
And the spume high over the bows was thrown,
The sea's salt breath I deeply drew,
And watched the mew.

I heard from a tower a city's hum,
Saw its press; and o'er desert dumb
The hoarse caracara wing its way
In quest of prey.

What a yearning I had when the strain was nigh!
—Or yearning, or boding, or phantasy—
That caught and wrought me as it would
To every mood.

The peaceful bells of a Sabbath morn,
By a soft June air o'er the hills upborne,
With happiness my soul did fill,
And with good-will.

In the dusky quiet of eve I stood
By the shadowy river's reedy flood,
And saw a maid ply her boat along
To a vesper-song.

In the springing woods I was anon,
Where a brook was splashing over a stone,
And I brushed aside a leaf to get
The first violet.

In the springing woods,--and one was near
Whose absence maketh all earth drear;
And never more can spring be spring,
Nor anything

For me be perfect; all my thought,
Where'er it strays, however fraught
With joy or other pain, will turn
To him I mourn.

The Joys of the Coon Hunt

C. E. LOCKE, '11.

IT was a typical fall evening early in November, clear and cool, and the brilliant moonshine flooded the landscape. I was just settling down for an evening's reading, and had ensconced myself in a large and comfortable Morris chair, with my feet to the fireplace (for ours was the true, old-fashioned farmhouse), when there came a thundering double knock at the door, and I heard the jolly, laughing voices of two neighbor friends. In they came, with a burst of cool fresh air, slinging their guns over their shoulders. "Hurrah for the coons, Charlie!" cried Bob Allen. "Glorious night, and just the time." In a moment I had decided to spend the night in the moonlit fields, and, tossing Hibben into a far corner, "Make yourselves at home, boys, till I get ready," I cried, and hastened off upstairs. Donning an old shooting jacket and cramming the pockets with shells, I picked up the old shotgun, and in a very few minutes was downstairs.

Leaving the house we took along the two dogs, Nig and Tan, and with banter and jest strode off in the moonshine. It was a glorious night. The moon, a burnished silver disk, was slowly passing across the heavens, and the fields were bright as day. There is a romantic charm about such a night, and those words of Shakespeare would fain occur

to me, "On such a night as this ——." But hark! Far down in the cornfield we heard a faint, whickering cry. "Coons!" shouted Bob and John in a whisper, and away we sped after the excited canines. In among the corn rushed the dogs, creating a great fuss and stirring things up a bit, while wily Mr. Coon made tracks for the open.

Soon we saw a black body galloping across the stubble, and then, with vociferous cries, the trailing dogs appeared, to vanish in a patch of scrub oaks. Over the rough, uneven ground we rushed, crashing through the underbrush, and finally drew up panting, and well-nigh winded, at the foot of a high stub, at the base of which Nig and Tan were raising "Cain in general." "Can you see him?" I cried, peering up to where the stub showed dark against the moonlit sky. "Not yet, but wait. Ah, there he is, the sly old beggar." "Why, that's only a knot," said John. Bang! The report of the old shotgun reverberated across the fields. "Number one," said Bob, as he tossed him into the bag. Meanwhile John had figured out that it was not a knot after all.

Our success just served to enliven our blood, and back we trudged again to the corn patch, the dogs silent and far in advance. Suddenly a chorus of growls and barks broke out far to the left, and away we rushed. This time we did not catch a glimpse of His Honor, who led the dogs a roundabout chase of it, but finally, guided by the noise created by the canines, we stood at the base of a dense pine. "Someone must climb," was the verdict, and hastily we tossed up for it in the moonlight. The lot fell to me.

According to eminent naturalists, there is inherent in the human breast an awe or respect of the things of the wild which tends to induce timidity, and such I found to prevail to some small extent in my case. Nevertheless, it was not with fear and trembling, but with a stout club, that I shinned up that gummy bole, on the lookout for two green eyes to glare in wrath upon me. Up and up I climbed, until I felt that the dogs must be playing false, when, just on the point of descending, I caught the glint of light and a little growl came from the limb below me. There he was, half-way out. Clearly I could see his wicked little teeth bared, for be it understood that Mr. John Coon is of a rather pugnacious disposition and can render

a fairly good account of himself to the average dog. "Get ready, boys!" I cried. "Here he is." Steadily growling all the while, he backed out the limb, I on the offensive. When he was reaching precarious ground I began to shake the limb violently, and finally "handed him a clip" that caused him to light on all fours, in good fighting trim, among the dogs. Away he went, putting up a good fight, and, indeed, succeeded in reaching a sapling, but, alas, his life's work was ended. He was a fine specimen, a sort of well-fed alderman of his tribe, as it were, but into the bag he went. "Number two," said Bob sadly.

Finding an old "Spy" tree, we lay down (although I confess it was rather chilly) and munched some red beauties, which we had discovered at the top. "Well, boys," said Bob, taking out his watch, "it's about —." Suddenly, in startling proximity, we heard the chuckle of a greedy feaster, and in a moment the dogs were off in full cry. "Wait!" I said, as Bob and John were following. "Let us see them come out." Evidently Tan and Nig had caught a Tartar, or, at least, were trying hard to do so, for the wise old chap, at the first alarm, had done some crafty circling and trail jumping and, leading a roundabout circuit, was bearing down our way. Suddenly, at a rolling gallop, a greyish black mass moved rapidly across the field. It was astonishing at what a speed this shambling gallop carried the animal, and in a very few seconds he had gained the scrub oaks. Ten minutes later the report of a shotgun bore to the sleeping farmhouses the news that "number three" would steal no more corn that fall.

Forthwith we turned our steps homeward and sought to renew our exploits in the land of sleep.

Book Reviews

The Genius of Shakespeare and Other Essays. By W. F. OSBORNE, M.A. Toronto: William Briggs, 1908. 149 pp.

It was with far more than the usual interest that I picked up Prof. Osborne's book. He was one of my earliest and brightest students. His career since graduation has been successful and his good name is well known. There are three essays in the booklet—"The Genius of Shakespeare," Ten-

nyson's "In Memoriam," and "The Idylls of the King." All of them are full of information, a sort of running commentary or biography to accompany the study of the text. From this point of view the "Tennyson" studies are the more successful. One might, however, with justice, object to the way in which Tennyson's teachings on Universalism and Evolution are summarily dismissed. Surely no apology is needed in this age for showing some faith in Evolution. Indeed, any other position is hardly conceivable. And very many would say the same of Universalism. But be this as it may, no poet aiming to discuss the deepest problems of interest to man and striving to discuss them, as he must, from the standpoint of his own day could possibly leave these questions untouched. In attempting their solution, in taking some sixteen years to give form to "In Memoriam," I cannot conceive of Tennyson "flinging" into verse "the shifting phases of his grief," etc. "In Memoriam" has been a favorite study for years, and to me every word appeals as the product of ripe thought and the sincerest effort to arrive at truth.

The essay on Shakespeare suffers from over-condensation. Had it been expanded into a book it would have been possible for Prof. Osborne to dwell long enough upon his different points to make them clear to all readers. One old heresy seems to be favored, namely, that Shakespeare is unfriendly to the common people. He is, but only so far as he is a voice of his time which knew not the democracy as it is conceived of in this day. In all other respects we see that Shakespeare stands for the true man, and repeatedly does he emphasize the necessity of "humanity" in his kings, who with him, as with all others of his day, are the representatives of the race.

One feature of these essays, and especially of the first, is the delight shown in striking phrases or unfamiliar words. Such doubtless, appeal to an audience when the lecturer, by voice and gesture, is forcing them home to his hearers. But in a printed book they should have been either culled out or toned down. For instance, the speech of the grave-diggers in Hamlet is "pert," the dialogue between Horatio and the sailors "cute," and so with many others. Probably the unconventional West is largely to blame for some of these faults.

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Editorial

Economy

DESPITE their many virtues along pecuniary lines, there is one thing around this College which the students have not yet learned to economize, and that is Time. Life in this little College world of ours may seem very complex, but its complexities are mere nothings to the realities of the larger world in which most of us expect to play a part in the near future. It is not that there are too many things in Victoria to do that the main trouble lies, but in the fact that some things are done spasmodically, other things are lazed over, and an executive meeting which should be finished in ten minutes is protracted to an hour or two. Many hours a week are spent in profitless discussion, many more hours are spent in loafing, time is wasted in bootless bemoaning of some unfortunate event which has occurred or situation which has arisen, a large amount of time is spent in preparation for the accomplishment of some allotted task. Time is wasted in an infinite number of ways. Things should be done in an orderly way, but there is no necessity of spending a whole evening making out a time-table of the number of hours one hopes to study during the next few days or weeks.

System is all right, but, like everything else, it may be, and is, run to extremes. Concentration is a co-ordinate need of a lot of persons around this College. Even now statements, which become prolific during April and May, are being made that such and such a person has studied eight, ten or twelve hours a day. But the real criterion should be, if it is necessary to make any boast at all, how many hours' work has been done, how much has actually been accomplished? In pretty nearly half the cases where a person states that a certain number of hours have been put in in any one day, it signifies that that much time was spent with a book in front of him, and that the work accomplished should have been done in perhaps two-thirds, or even half, the time. Economy of time and Concentration of Energy—these are two of the most important factors in becoming an all-round man or an all-round woman. Genius may be an infinite capacity for taking pains, but the two factors stated in the previous sentence are the main elements in attaining to pre-eminence in Scholastic, Literary, Athletic or any other phase of college activity.



The Competitions

As competitions usually go at Victoria, this year's Short Story, and, in a lesser measure, the Essay and Poetry Contests, were disappointing. The Poetry Contest was the most encouraging, although there were less than a dozen entries. After careful perusal, the judges have awarded the first prize in this class to A. L. Burt, '10, whose poem, entitled "Forever Thine," appears on the first page of this number. In the Essay Contest there were less than half a dozen entered, but they were all of an exceptionally high calibre, and the small number of the contestants does not in any way detract from the credit and praise due the winner, Miss Mabel Jamieson, '10. There were three undergraduates who competed for the Short Story Prize, but the judges decided to make no award. The reason is simple—they were not stories, but simply sketches. There was hardly the semblance of a plot in any one of the three, and that is one essential ingredient of a story. All three were very commendable sketches, but they were not stories in the accepted sense of the word. Prof. Reynar, one of the judges,

remarked on the particular merit of each of the entries, and said that if any one of them had had a plot it would be well worth a prize. We hope that no student will be discouraged by our decision not to award a prize. In no other work of life than in that of short-story writing is the saying that "success comes after a long series of failures" so applicable.

There isn't going to be the annual Editor's Lament this year, entitled, "Why Do Not More People Try the Competitions?" For an answer to this question we beg to refer our readers to the files of ACTA for the last decade. The editor is going to make only one remark, namely, that there are several scores of people in this institution who have the required ability and would have the time if it were only economized.



One Blessing

The Editor of ACTA has one cause for thankfulness that his contemporary, the Editor of *Varsity*, does not seem to have. Last fall it was more or less of an open secret, around University College at least, that the Editor-in-Chief and Sporting Editor practically wrote the whole issue twice every week, with almost unvarying regularity. This may be rather early in the year to thank the members of ACTA Board for their assistance, but nevertheless it is a fact that one and all, from the Missionary and Religious Editor down to the Business Manager, have worked exceedingly well and with great willingness, and the Editor-in-Chief has no cause for complaint such as *Varsity's* Editor has. About a month ago our esteemed contemporary complained that about twenty out of his twenty-six assistants had died a natural and noiseless death. Around Victoria, the Editor's only cause for complaint is that the rest of the College seem to acquiesce in the idea that no writing should be done except by members of ACTA Board.



Through an inadvertent error we neglected to mention the publishers of "English Church Expansion in Western Canada," reviewed in our January issue. The book is published by the Musson Book Co., Limited, of this city.



Darwin

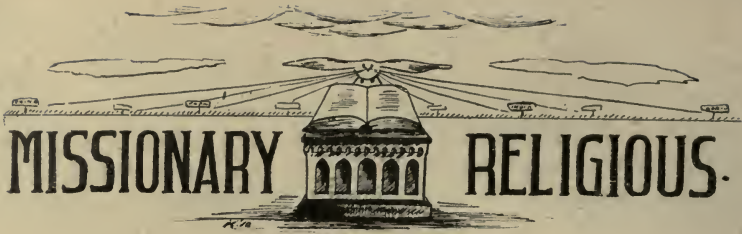
AS we celebrate the centenary of Darwin's birth on February 12, 1909, the readers of ACTA will no doubt be interested in a brief account of the life and work of this great naturalist.

Charles Robert Darwin was born at Shrewsbury, February 12, 1809, the second son and fourth child of the successful medical practitioner, Dr. Robert Darwin. His early education was conducted at Shrewsbury. In 1825 he went to Edinburgh to prepare for the medical profession, but, finding himself unfitted for it, he went to Cambridge to prepare for the ministry. He took his degree in 1831 from Christ's, but, having still some two terms to keep, studied geology under Sedgewick and Henslow. He read Humboldt's "Personal Narrative," which filled him with admiration for naturalists and travel, so when the opportunity of going as naturalist with the *Beagle*, which was bound on a surveying trip and a circumnavigation of the globe, destined to last for five years, offered itself, he naturally accepted. After visiting the Cape Verde Islands, they surveyed on the South American coasts and the adjacent islands, afterwards visiting Australia and various islands of the Pacific Archipelago. His work on the geology of the countries visited and that of coral islands became the subject of volumes published later. After his return the idea of entering the ministry was tacitly abandoned, not through heterodoxy, for only gradually did he become an agnostic, but because he had found his true vocation. He returned from this memorable voyage a successful collector, a brilliant and practised geologist, and with a wide general knowledge of zoology. Above all, he was full of thoughts on evolution, impressed on him by his observation of the relations between animals of islands and those of the nearest continental areas, near akin, and yet not the same; and between living animals and those

recently extinct and found fossil in the same country, here again related, but not the same. These facts led him to reflect deeply on the modification of species, and, after twenty-three years' work, the epoch-making volume, the "Origin of Species," appeared in 1859.

The theories of "Evolution," "Natural Selection," or "The Survival of the Fittest," elaborated in succeeding works, have gained since, in fact practically at once, almost universal acceptance. Charles Darwin's long life of patient, continuous work, the most fruitful, the most inspiring, in the annals of modern science, came to an end on April 19, 1882, and he was interred in Westminster Abbey. During the last forty years of his life he suffered continually from ill-health, and the marvellous results he achieved were made possible only by two conditions—the confidence of his father, who placed him in such a position that he did not have to struggle for a living, and the devoted care of his wife. "She shielded him from every avoidable annoyance, and omitted nothing that might save him trouble, or that might alleviate the many discomforts of ill-health. For nearly forty years he never knew one day of the health of ordinary men." ("Life and Letters.")

Darwin considered his own success was due chiefly to "the love of science, unbounded patience in long reflection upon any subject, industry in observing and collecting facts, as well as a fair share of invention and common sense." He also says, "I have steadily endeavored to keep my mind free, so as to give up any hypothesis, however much beloved (and I cannot resist forming one upon every subject), as soon as the facts are shown to be opposed to it." The essential causes of his success are to be found in this latter sentence, the creative genius ever inspired by existing knowledge to build hypotheses, by whose aid further knowledge could be won; the calm, unbiased mind; the transparent honesty and love of truth, which enabled him to abandon or to modify his own creations when they ceased to be supported by observation. The even balance between these powers was as important as their remarkable development. The great naturalist appeared in the ripeness of time, when scientists were everywhere discussing the problem of evolution, though only one other saw his way clearly to the solution.—J. E. H., '09.



A Chance for Your Life

REV. J. L. STEWART, B.A.

THERE are few more intense questions than this, "What will I do with my life?" There are few who ask it more earnestly than our college men and women of to-day. One has passed or is passing through these highest seats of learning. He has received the best his generation affords in some department of life. Many others have labored and through the bitterness of a thousand defeats and the joys of some successes experiences of others have handed to him the guiding lines to the goal. Heir thus of all the ages, it is but natural that he should ask, "How may I best repay this indebtedness? Where may I invest my life that it will tell widest and longest in influence for truth, beauty, goodness among my race?"

Let us look to China, or rather to Western China, as a field for such an investment. Here are three great provinces of fertile valleys, broad plains, rolling plateaus, giant mountain ranges leading up to the great Hermit nation stretching far eastward from the Himalayas, the Lama land of Thibet. Few, if any, parts of the earth's surface have had bestowed upon them more bountiful gifts to the human family than this. The best accredited authority commercially, Sir A. Hosie, classifies and catalogues these natural resources as follows:

A. Agricultural and Horticultural Products.

1. Cereals and grain plants: Rice, wheat, millet, corn, buckwheat, oats, peas, barley, etc., etc.—eleven in all.
2. Pulse: Sixteen kinds of beans, also peas and peanuts.
3. Starch-yielding plants: Sweet potatoes, yams, lotus, taro bracken, common potato, and five with no common name in English.
4. Vegetables and seasoning plants: Lucerne, tara, shallot, onion, garlic, leek, turnip, carrot, radish, seven varieties of cab-

bage, rape, lettuce, brinjal, celery, spinach, goosefoot, coriander, cayenne pepper, mustard, Chinese pepper, ginger, bamboo shoots, sedge, melon, gourds, watermelon, squash, cucumber, vegetable marrow, etc., etc., without English name.

5. Fruits: Apples, crabapples, loquat, pear, quince, apricot, cherry, olive, peach, plum, grape, cumquat, lemon, mulberry, orange, persimmon, pomegranate, punelo, strawberry, brambleberry, raspberry, acorn, chestnut, hazelnut, walnut, water chestnut and others to the number of forty.

6. Products of 1, 2 and 3: Jellies, macaroni, vermicelli, soy, vinegar, wines, spirits.

7. Sugar. 8. Tea. 9. Tobacco. 10. Opium. 11. Varnish, tallow, soap and oil plants. 12. Textile plants. 13. Paper-making materials. 14. Dyestuffs. 15. Medicines (vegetable, animal and mineral, two hundred and twenty varieties).

16. Woods used by carpenters: Bamboo, cedar, pine, cypress, oak, walnut, in all; thirty varieties.

B. Animal Products.

1. Sericulture, silk and silk-weaving, to the value of over \$12,000,000.

2. Insect white wax, honey and beeswax.

3. Hides, leather, glue.

4. Horn, hoof and boneware.

5. Hair, bristles, feathers.

6. Wool. 7. Skins and furs. 8. Soap. 9. Musk.

C. Minerals and Mineral Products.

1. Gold. 2. Silver. 3. Copper. 4. Lead. 5. Zinc and spelter. 6. Antimony. 7. Iron. 8. Saltpetre. 9. Sulphur. 10. Sil. of soda. 11. Gypsum. 12. Soda. 13. Sul. of iron. 14. Coal and coke. 15. Lime. 16. Jade. 17. Mineral oil. 18. Salt to the extent of \$5,000,000 worth annually.

Where on earth else will you find such an inheritance? Who are the heirs to such a possession?

The population of Western China is made up as follows: Sz-Chuen, 60,000,000; Yunnan, 12,000,000; Knei Chow, 8,000,000, and West China, 80,000,000. That is the usual estimate. Add to this the access to Thibet, included in the area of influence, and you have the population of the United States and Canada combined.

Of what sort of stuff are they made? They are by general consent among the most patient, peace-loving, intensely practical people in the world. Patient: They plod along from day to day, from dawn to dark and far into the night, scarce knowing a holiday. Peace-loving: Though overrun again and again by hords of horsemen from the north, Huns, Mongols and Tartars, they have peacefully gone on with their labors till the conqueror became the conquered and the vanquisher proved vanquished. Practical: Though China has had her philosophers and political and social theorists, yet these have ever turned to the practical rather than the mystic side. With then such a population, such millions of people who possess the qualities which make for success, and with nature so prodigal in her gifts, why has China not made greater progress?

If it can be expressed in one phrase, it is this, "My people perish for lack of knowledge." In agriculture alone have these people entered in any measure into their inheritance. By means of wonderful systems of irrigation, fertilization and terracing of their mountain slopes, they have succeeded in producing a food supply sufficient under ordinary circumstances for the majority of their multitudes. Yet even this could be largely improved by our selection of seeds, stock raising, dairying, more adequate machinery and methods. Turning to forestry, China to-day is robbed of vast areas now sand-swept through destruction of the timber and vegetation. The devastation still goes on in her mountain districts till, denuded, they are left bare, barren and wind-swept. Mining, despite her vast mineral wealth, is largely but a hole in the hill where coolies trot in and out with baskets. Her carrying trade in the west is still but pack cows and donkeys, wheelbarrows and baskets, or bundles and poles on men's backs and shoulders, while on the rivers thousands of crafts are wrecked yearly in the rapids, and men strain and tug as they trudge patiently on, trailing the flotilla of commerce up stream. Even with her dense population to-day China, in the estimate of many, could safely double her people were but the treasures hidden all about her revealed and released through the magic of Western wisdom.

The enabling of China to enter into this material inheritance will mean a new era for that ancient empire. But better to feed, clothe, shelter, assist it in its toil, is that enough? That is

largely but making a living. Is it not another and a higher thing to live? And do we not live in our freedom from fears, our harmony in home, social and national relationships, our visions of far-off divine events, our emotions of peace and love and joy? And where shall they find these save as they are found in the fullness of the Father as revealed in Jesus the Christ? To increase her riches and not her righteousness, her possessions and not her peace, would be but to sow more deeply the seeds of materialism, avarice, greed and the grinding of the faces of the poor, which reads desolation and death.

To-day we of the West and of the Aryan races hold largely the world's history and destiny in our grasp. Twenty years from now and it will never again be wholly ours. Already Japan is a mighty agent. Another twice ten years and China, with her fourth of the human family, will be acting her part for weal or woe in the affairs of men. To-day China is in transition and convulsion. She has awakened to the fact of her weakness and is seeking strength.

Naturally she is seeking the material things first. She is feverishly endeavoring of herself to build steamers, roads, railroads and public buildings. She is seeking to open mines, manufactures and develop her industries. She aims to abolish opium, foot-binding and impure government. She has established arsenals, mints, powder magazines, presses, a great educational system embracing all departments from kindergarten to post-graduate courses, and recently has ordered it compulsory upon all classes. Should it seem strange that among her rulers, her scholars and her thoughtful middle classes many are found who seek in Christianity the solution of some of China's sorrows? Such, at any rate, stand the facts of the present.

To say the least, now is the tide in the affairs of our Aryan race. China is sending forth her students to Japan, the United States, Belgium, Britain, France, and Germany. She also welcomes to her shores any who can truly teach and lead her people. In West China, among our fourteen millions, the responsibility of Canadian Methodism, we want architects, engineers, dentists, doctors, nurses, musicians, printers, writers, teachers, preachers, men who in all and through all these avenues will count it their chiefest joy to lead their fellows into fullness of life.

Again in our generation the Spirit of the Son of Man speaks, and is saying still, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world of wealth and fame and power and, doing so, awake at last to realize that he has lost the very meaning of his being, service to his brother and his Maker, and his own soul's fulfilment?" Our fathers in the past have written the history of the past, the children of the future will write theirs, to us is given the writing of the history of this generation. What can we write more eternal than the spread of Christian comfort, culture and the Christ spirit o'er all the nations of the earth. Write thus, and then,

Thro' the endless coming ages earth shall be
Something other than the wildest modern guess of you and me.

The Annual Missionary Conference

January 29-31.

"The Field is the World; the Good Seed are the Children of the Kingdom."

THE Annual Missionary Conference which has just closed was one of the best for years. There were six sessions. On Friday evening, "China" was the topic. Mrs. W. E. Ross, President of the Woman's Missionary Society, emphasized the need for women of ability as workers in educational and social spheres, and Rev. J. L. Stewart, B.A., spoke from first-hand knowledge of the call for men. The scribe forgot his notes, so winsomely and entertainingly did Mr. Stewart describe the life of the Chinese of Sz-Chuan, showing how many points of contact with these Oriental people the tactful missionary can obtain.

The Home Work on Saturday was in two divisions. In the morning Mr. J. W. Hardy, B.A., '04, gave a comprehensive sketch of our Indian work, calling upon us to remove the sting of truth in the reproach of the songstress of this race:

"What have you brought but evil and curses since you came?
How have you paid us for our game, how paid us for our land?
By a Book to save our souls from the sins you brought in your other hand,
Go back with your new religion."

Upon Mr. J. H. Arnup, '04, fell the task of presenting The Western Problem, and he measured up to his privilege.

The West is past the broncho-busting stage; the men wanted now are those of large calibre, with the statesman's eye. In the evening the Laymen's Missionary Movement was handled by Mr. R. Osborne, B.A., and by Hon. Mr. Morine for Mr. Rowell, who was kept away by ill-health. Mr. Morine regards this Movement as chiefly valuable for the reflex influence it will have in creating deeper religious faith among those at home. And it will not be long before the laymen will see that what is also required will be what is dearer to them than their money or their time,—bone of their bone, and flesh of their flesh.

The venerable Chancellor preached the sermon Sunday morning in the chapel. In the afternoon the appeal was made, Mr. Z. Ono, of Tokyo, repeating the prayer of the Maccabean, on behalf of the students of that city.

The closing session on Sunday evening excited greatest interest. The chapel was filled. Rev. Dr. Sutherland occupied the chair, and the five volunteers under appointment to sail in the fall told why they are going. Of the party, Dr. J. E. Thompson is a graduate of the College of Dental Surgeons, this year is at Wycliffe, and connects his interest in missions with Mr. E. W. Wallace's influence; Miss Neata Markland is a graduate in philosophy in '04, coming to Victoria from Columbian College in her second year, and goes because she knows no reason why she should not; Mr. J. H. Oldham, '08, honor graduate in political science, would have Christ come into a world that is His own, and has assumed the responsibility of being a Christian; Miss E. Campbell, President of the Y. W. C. A. in '03, goes, for there her influence will tell for most; and Mr. F. H. Langford, who is last year's Prince of Wales' gold medalist, has from a boy been interested in missions, puzzled as to who maketh him to differ, and now duty must be done.

In addition to the five mentioned above, and to Mr. Taylor, who goes into evangelistic work, the party consists now of Miss Barbara G. McNaughton, nurse, from the Province of Quebec; Dr. E. C. Wilford, now in post-graduate work in Edinburgh; Dr. A. J. Prentice, of Collingwood; Mr. G. G. Harris, B.A., who will be remembered as Vic.'s gold medalist in Philosophy in 1904; and Mr. D. S. Kern, B.A., of Wesley College.



PERSONALS AND EXCHANGES

Class of 1905

MISS Edith Dwight has charge of the library of the O. A. C., Guelph.

Miss Margaret Hamilton is at home, Peterborough, Ont.

Miss Carrie Jickling is teaching Classics in St. Mary's.

Miss Ethel Patterson is on the staff of Havergal College, Toronto.

Miss Edna Smith is at her home, 14 Park Road, Toronto.

Mrs. Geo. Sparling (née Switzer) is in Chentu, China.

Miss Wenonah Spence is teaching at Jarvis Street Collegiate, Toronto.

Miss Marion McLaughlin has a position in the Civil Service, Ottawa.

Miss Ethel Wallace is a missionary at Foo Chow, China.

Miss Alice Wilson is attending the Faculty of Education.

Miss Edna Walker is at home, Rosedale, Toronto.

J. S. Bennett is Classical Master, Cobourg Collegiate Institute.

R. H. Clarke is still in Leipsic, Germany.

W. G. Connolly is a missionary in Japan (16 Tatsuocho, Hongo, Tokyo).

H. H. Cragg is preaching in the Bay of Quinte Conference (Bloomfield, Ont.).

J. A. M. Dawson is a member of the Faculty of Queen's University, Kingston.

J. R. Davison, who is in business at Wetaskiwin, Alta., is in town for a few weeks.

A. E. Elliott is preaching at Rae Street Methodist Church, Regina.

A. L. Fullerton is with the Central Canada Loan and Savings Co., 26 King Street East.

W. F. Green is in the Mineralogical Department, University of Toronto.

J. H. Gain is in business with his father in the city.

F. A. E. Hamilton is assistant to the General Superintendent of the Wm. Davies Co.

C. M. Hincks is practising medicine in the city.

C. P. Holmes is in Japan, a missionary.

Clyo Jackson and J. A. Spenceley are taking theology at Vic.

W. E. James is preaching at White Whale Lake, Alta.

J. F. Knight is stationed at Dawn Mills, London Conference.

F. W. Langford is preaching at Embro, Ont.

A. D. Miller is on the staff of Mount Allison University.

E. W. Morgan, H. D. Robertson and W. E. Sibley are engaged in missionary work, Chentu, China. (Address, care of Canadian Methodist Mission, Chentu, Chuen, China.)

F. J. Rutherford is stationed at Greenwood, B.C.

W. J. Salter is teaching Classics at Woodstock.

E. W. Stapleford is preaching in Vancouver. (1598 Sixth Avenue, Vancouver, B.C.)

W. A. Walden is stationed at Camlachie, Ont.

The present addresses of Miss S. VanAlstyne and Mr. E. V. Puddell are unknown to the Secretary.

Personals

E. Domm, B.A., '08, is attending the Evangelical Methodist College at Napierville, Ill.

J. E. Brownlee, B.A., '08, and F. S. Albright, B.A., '08, are both travelling for the London Lithographing Company.

H. Plewman, ex-President of '10, is with the Howell Lithographing Company, Hamilton. He is their artist.

Chas. W. Brown, B.A., '87, gold medalist of that year, is pastor of the First Methodist Church, Regina.

Geo. Cruise, B.A., '05, is a member of the law firm of Lancaster and Campbell, St. Catharines.

Harry Cragg, B.A., who is preaching at Chisholm, Ont., was blessed with a little girl, November 29.

Miss Sadie Bristol is teaching at Athens, Ont.

Miss Edith Campbell is a deaconess in Toronto, but intends soon to leave for China.

We much regret to say that Elmwood Bowerman, '10, is at his home in Bloomfield, Ont., suffering from cancer of the throat. He is in a very serious condition; no hopes are held out for his recovery.

E. E. Snider, B.A., '90, has been appointed principal of the High School at Port Hope.

The class of '03 always were so active that it is hard, at any given time, to locate them all accurately. The following corrections of the list that appeared in the Christmas issue have come to our hands:

Miss Rose Cullen is still teaching in Paris.

Miss Ruby M. Jolliffe was attending Bryn Mawr, '07-'08, but is now teaching at Pennington, N.J.

C. W. Webb is teaching in Stratford.

Miss Alice Rockwell, on July 7, was married to F. M. Warren, in Duluth, and is now living in Minneapolis.

V. W. Odlum is running a new paper at Winnipeg.

We are all glad to see H. J. Sheridan, B.A., '07, around the College again.

J. L. Stewart, B.A., '01, who gave such an optimistic address at the Missionary Conference, and is now home on furlough, is a former Editor-in-Chief of ACTA.

Exchanges

"Arts and Divinity. Is Separation Desirable?" is the subject of an editorial in the *Trinity University Review*. The discussion is elicited chiefly by a letter signed, "The Old File," published in the same issue. The editor is of the opinion that separation is desirable. This is a question sometimes mooted around our own halls, and merits worthy consideration. In separation, it is true, the "weaker ones will be strengthened by closer association with those whose wills are stronger," and be shielded from "the shock of contact with forces not wholly good." The spirit breathing through their midst will be more unadulterated. But does it not hold that a one-sided growth is most often puny? Growth in spiritual wisdom and growth in worldly wisdom must keep pace with each other; they are two complementary colors, and unless the balance is preserved our view of life will be through a colored glass.

Unfortunately the problem is treated only from the side of the Divinity man; the influence upon the Arts man is too important to overlook. The weakness of an occasional Divinity man may have a demoralizing effect upon his Arts cousin. But, granting that this weak Arts man would not encounter this influence elsewhere, is not the evil, more often assumed than real, lost in the ennobling influence of the Divinity man of grander character? And these greatly outnumber their dwarfed brethren.

President Eliot, of Harvard University, is to be succeeded by Abbott Lawrence Lowell, professor, author and lawyer. Mr. Lowell is a relative of the poet, and has occupied the chair of "The Science of Government" in Harvard since 1900.

ACTA VICTORIANA comes to us in a very excellent number. In bulk it exceeds many of our current magazines.—*Argosy*.

CONSIDER.

Friend, have you heard of the town of No Good,
On the banks of the River Slow,
Where the Some-time-or-other scents the air,
And the soft Go-easies grow?

It lies in the valley of What's-the-use,
In the province of Let-her-slide;
It's the home of the reckless I-don't-care,
Where the Give-it-up's abide.

The town is as old as the human race,
And it grows with the flight of years,
It is wrapped in the fog of the idler's dreams;
Its streets are paved with discarded schemes,
And sprinkled with useless tears.

—*Ex.*

Of all the college magazines that reach us, ACTA VICTORIANA is undoubtedly one of the best. It is well gotten up, well printed, and generally contains a fine selection of interesting articles. The editors are certainly not sparing in their energy in their endeavor to uphold the reputation of their university.—*The Mitre*.

A college paper must aim at a higher standard than the gossip and cheap jests of a local newspaper.—*The Mitre*.

We cannot expect success from our capable representatives on the athletic field or hockey rink, even though the material be worthy of winning the series, unless we, the rest of the student body, contribute our share to the victory,—and it is not an inconsiderable share. This is the spirit of a letter on the hockey club in the McGill University *Martlet*. It is not alone the absolute athletic merit of any team that wins the laurels. The vital force, the inspiration, is the enthusiastic interest of the rest of the college in their team; this impels on to victory. Is it too much for the students to give up the time spent at a few matches for the sake of their own representatives, who weekly sacrifice many precious hours?

MY ABSOLUTE.

There is no *near* when I am far from thee;
There is no *far* when I am near to thee:
In thy sweet presence is infinity,
Whence petty space must flee.

There is no *early* when I am late to thee;
There is no *late* when I must go from thee:
In thy dear presence is eternity,
Whence count of time must flee.

I boast no true love like my love for thee;
I seek no new love save more love from thee;
In thy full love is all sufficiency,
Like timeless sky and spaceless sea.

—*Harvard University Monthly*.

We acknowledge this month the following exchanges: *The Student*, *The Collegiate Outlook*, *The Hya Yaka*, *McMaster University Monthly*, *Vox Wesleyana*, *Harvard University Monthly*, *Queen's University Journal*, *The University Monthly*, *University of Ottawa Review*, *The Mitre*, *The Columbia Monthly*, *The Martlet*, *Notre Dame Scholastic*, *Trinity University Review*, *Acadia Athenaeum*, *Oxford University Magazine*, *The Argosy*, *Lux Columbia*, *St. Hilda's Chronicle*, and *O. A. C. Review*.



Basket Ball

PHARMACY 29, VICTORIA 23.

ON January 26th Victoria added one more to her already long list of defeats. As usual, no one was surprised. The game opened by Pharmacy getting in some easy team work while the Victoria men were waking up. Victoria made poor passes and were rather slow. Pharmacy, with weaker but better trained men, dropped in basket after basket. The many fouls which were called were due in nearly every case to ignorance of the rules, Victoria being the greater offender. At half-time the score stood 15—4 in favor of Pharmacy.

The second half opened at a much faster pace, Victoria having found her feet at last. Her defence checked hard and fed the forwards well. The forwards broke away from their men and picked up greatly in their shooting. The score was nearly even when Livingstone had to leave the floor with a slight injury. Victoria was again on the defensive, and Pharmacy had piled up a neat score when Livingstone came on again. "Livy" deserves great praise for the way he rallied the team and the excellent work he did up to the end of the game. Pharmacy were forced to play the defensive under their basket for a lively ten minutes. "Ecc" and Gerrie played well together and dropped baskets at a good rate. "Livy" proved himself an able captain. He worked fast and cleverly with the forwards, and was usually able to get back to his defence when needed. In spite of Victoria's fast play in the second half, Pharmacy's lead proved too great, and the final score was 27-23.

The team lined up: Defence, Livingstone (capt.) and Deacon; centre, Rumball; forwards, Ecclestone and Gerrie.

The Victoria team was organized just a week before the game. There were two regular practices. The five men were never together till the day of the game. If Victoria wants a winning

team we would suggest that a floor be laid on the present court. The team is composed of first and second year men, and with care could become inter-faculty champions, but a championship team will never be trained on the slime of the present court.

Hockey

VICTORIA 6, JUNIOR S. P. S. 5.

Such was the score. The first game of Group B of the Jennings Cup series between Junior S. P. S. and Victoria was played on February 2. According to schedule, it should have taken place on Varsity rink; but, owing to the superior ice at Vic., the game was played here.

The teams lined up about 4.30 and proceeded to strike a whirlwind pace. Some fears were entertained by the spectators as to how our men could stand it, but it was not long till Oldham scored from centre after neat combination work with McCamus. Then the School tried hard to even up, but the man and puck plays by Birnie and Jewitt relieved. During this half McCamus seemed to have a particular spite against the School goaltender and kept that gentleman about as much interested as the spectators, adding two more to Vic.'s credit. The School should have had one or two, but wild shooting prevailed and Vic. took another score. Half-time, 4—0.

The second half began with each team apparently as fresh as at the beginning. The School and Vic. alternately notched twice, Dobson and Maclaren doing the trick for us. One more goal, when Dobson had got through the whole line, should have been ours, but went to even up with the School for their loss in the first half. By this time darkness was coming on, and the lights seemed merely to make the shadows more deceptive for our boys, so that after the next score by the School they contented themselves with a defence game. The S. P. S. men were taking all chances, however, and two more were slipped in on long shots through our defence, no one being able to locate the puck. The referee's whistle ended the suspense with the score 6—5 in Vic.'s favor.

To the spectators the game seemed comparatively free from roughness, though many of the players can testify to the contrary. Three men, however, were penalized, two of whom wore

the scarlet and gold, though to the onlookers it seemed the School excelled in those offences for which our men suffered, viz., tripping and chopping.

In spite of our losses from last year's team, Victoria has some excellent players. The bright particular star on the ice was McCamus at left wing. He has even improved greatly over his form when with us before. His speed, stick handling, back checking and ability to shoot without a second's delay at times when it seemed almost impossible, made him the idol of the "rooters." Oldham, at centre, had speed to burn, and could give them all pointers on purloining the puck. Of the new men, Maclaren, as rover, seemed to have more wind and "staying" power this year. His speed and stick handling are well known, and a little more vigor in checking for the puck would supply all that is necessary. Capt. Birnie is playing cover point this year. Though he put up an excellent defence game, he is pre-eminently a forward, and it is a pity he has to learn a new style of game when he has all the qualities necessary for a first-class rover. In Campbell, the goal-tender, we have a distinct "find," fully equal to his reputation, a trifle slow in clearing, but cool, quick-eyed and experienced. Owing to Gundy's accident, his place at point was taken by Jewitt. Dobson, of the first year, made his initial appearance on the Vic. team. He comes to us with a high reputation, but his effectiveness was crippled by his being given the right boards, though he is a left-handed shooter.

In this connection, we think mistakes have been made too frequently around Vic. A man with a reputation must be put on the team, though he has had no training whatever for the position he is asked to play. It is unfair to the man, but it is more unfair to the college. The different positions require different styles of men and of playing. In the excitement of the game the men will naturally drift to the positions they are accustomed to, and at a critical time their opponents will not be covered by the proper checks. It is necessary to introduce into our athletics a few sound business principles. Team play is absolutely essential, and each man has his own duty. Neither a team composed entirely of forwards nor one of defence men can ever succeed; nor can players be shifted indiscriminately, however great their reputation.

But we feel our team will greatly improve with practice, whether altered or not. The college is rightly proud of the victory and hopes it is but a preliminary to future successes.



UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, 2—VICTORIA, 1.

In the first game of the Intercollegiate League, which took place on Varsity rink, Monday, February 1, the University College Ladies' Team defeated that of Victoria by a score of 2—1. Owing to lack of practice neither team played a very strong game. Miss MacLaren and Miss Crane were the mainstays of the Victoria team, Miss Armstrong also playing well. The line-up of the Victoria team was as follows: Goal, Miss Denne; point, Miss Grange; cover-point, Miss Denton; forwards, Misses MacLaren, Crane, McConnell and Armstrong.



VICTORIA LADIES, 7—ST. HILDA'S COLLEGE, 3.

The intercollegiate hockey match between St. Hilda's College and Victoria Ladies' hockey team was played on Victoria rink on Wednesday afternoon, February 3. The score was as indicated above. The Victoria Ladies have a strong team this year, and this match showed some brilliant playing; though, owing, no doubt, to lack of opportunity for practice, there was not a great deal of combination. The score at the end of the first half stood 2—1, but fast playing in the second half left it 7—3 in favor of Victoria. St. Hilda's College played a good game, but were perhaps even more lacking in combination than the Victoria Ladies. For Victoria, Miss Denton, at cover-point, put up an especially strong game, and Miss MacLaren by effective playing scored many of the goals.



VICTORIA, 19—WYCLIFFE, 1.

In the second Jennings Cup game, Victoria showed her complete superiority over Wycliffe. The game on the whole was very slow, and developed into an uninteresting one-sided exhibition. The Vic. players were not forced to extend themselves at all, scoring almost at will. In the first half the defence were forced to participate in the game to some extent, but in the last

half the game was played almost entirely by the Vic. forwards. The half time score was 7—1. The team representing Vic. was the same as in the previous match, with the exception that Rumball played right wing.

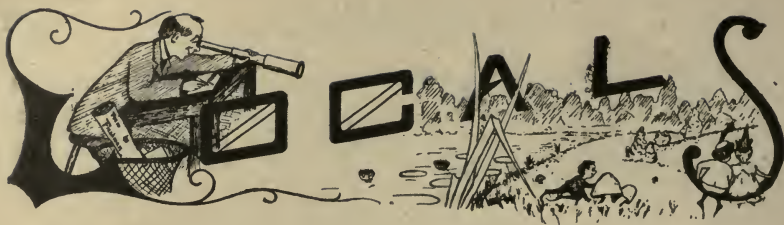


PICKINGS FROM PUCK.

A most welcome and gratifying innovation has been introduced by the University Athletic Directorate in regard to the Jennings Cup series in hockey. In former years all the games in this series were sudden-death games, one defeat thus putting a team out of the running. But this year the teams entered have been divided into four-club groups, and each team plays home and home games with the other teams of the group. The group winners play off for the championship. Thus, whether a team wins or loses, it has at least the opportunity of playing a number of games, and in this alone there is greater incentive for men to get out and train for the first team than there has been in previous years. By this new arrangement keener competition has resulted, and more interest and enthusiasm has been evidenced in the games. The success of this alteration might well convince the Directorate of the advisability of a similar change in the rugby and association football series.

A practice game of hockey was played by the Vic. team early in the season against Phi Delta Theta Fraternity. Although the Vic. players had not previously been able to obtain much practice, they played a fast combination game, leading until near the end by 3—1. But they were unable to maintain the pace for the full time, and the final score stood 3—3.

Although only one of last year's championship Varsity team is on the present aggregation, the team this year is well upholding the honor of the University, and bids fair to again carry off the championship of the Intercollegiate Hockey Union. In their first game they walloped McGill by the score of 12—0. Queen's, which defeated Varsity at Kingston by the close score of 8—7, at present appears to be the only real contender for the championship. Varsity walloped Laval, 8—0, later.



IN inverse ratio to the murkiness of the day were the spirits of the Glee Club as they started out on their annual trip last month. The iron horse snorted, tightened his traces and sped away over the steel ribbands which join our city with Hamilton.

The trip this year was not quite so extensive as in former years, but what it lacked in extent was more than made up in excellence. Our violinist, Miss Maud Buschlen, whose reputation is too well known to need any comment, delighted the audience with a number of selections, the excellence of which proved her to be an artist of no mean merit. Miss Grace Merry, elocutionist, gave a number of well-chosen readings and was obliged to respond to repeated encores, while E. H. Ley, B.A., in his solo work called forth unstinted applause. Under the able direction of Mr. H. M. Fletcher, the chorus and octette work showed the result of their faithful practice. The Sunday services at St. Paul's Methodist Church, St. Catharines, were in charge of the Glee Club, which relieved the choir of its musical duties and the pastor of homiletic care. R. E. S. Taylor preached on missions in the morning, while the afternoon meeting at the Y. M. C. A. was in charge of W. Vance, who gave a very interesting talk to young men. In the evening H. W. Avison *filled* the pulpit and preached a powerful sermon to a large congregation.

Nothing stirring took place on the trip except a slight disturbance on the train when a "fresh soph.," who is of a very taking disposition—he ran off with the treasurer's *treasure* the previous evening—was tapped gently but firmly.

The following tid-bits speak for themselves:

Hamilton, Saturday, 10 a.m.

Pike—"Say, boys, I'm going up the mountain."

Taylor—"Oh, go long, that's a 'bluff.'"

Todd (saluting Avison on the street)—"You are looking thin, 'Fat.'"

Intoxicated Citizen—"Say, young man, what are those colors?"

Conn—"Red and yellow."

Edmison—"Are you acquainted with the 'Todd boys'?"

One of St. Kitts' Fair Belles—"Why, yes! All the girls here know them."

Ha—n—s, '09 (in car on Glee Club trip)—"Who is that other woman up there? Oh, gee—no, it's Rosy."

Someone (on Glee Club trip)—"I'm not particular about going where there are girls."

M—rr—s, C. T.—"Here am I, send me."

McQ—e, C. T. (looking at the front of a library book on which were the words "Source, Purchase")—"Did old Purchase really give this book to the library?"

Miss H—w—tt, '11—"ACTA has been in our home so long I feel as if I had grown up with it." ACTA is now in its 36th edition.

B—r—t, '10—"Are you trying to avoid the holes?"

B—rl—w, '10—"No, I'm avoiding the girls that want to skate with me."

Codling, C. T. (looking at University Directory)—"I say, there are quite a number of ladies *taking* medicine."

Overheard at Morning Service, Convocation Hall:

Lady—"There are quite a number of students out this morning."

Husband—"Yes; these are only the pick of them though; the rest are in bed."

South Hall, Sunday evening:

Mrs. Sheffield (turning the lights higher in the reception room)—"It seems a little gloomy here."

Miss Stitt, '12 (from the cosy corner)—"I hadn't noticed it."

Seniorette—"The person who makes any remarks about Mr. Cassmore's hair hasn't got much to talk about."

Third Year Ethics.—A ripple of laughter emanates from Washington, and soon pervades the whole class.

Dr. Blewett—"I do not know the cause of this levity, but it evidently has originated from some unintellectual source."

T—yl—r, '12 (after eating a huge dinner)—“ I am a part of all that I have met.”

Talking of Whitby Conversat.:

Sw—er—n, B.D.—“ Only a dollar, boys! ”

M—nt—m—ry, '11—“ Can we take two for a dollar? ”

S—, B.D.—“ Yes, if you're one.”

M—, '11—“ Well, we're not one yet.”

The oration contest for our lady undergraduates took place on the evening of Wednesday, Feb. 3, and Miss Mabel Jamieson, '10, was awarded the Bell prize. The subject for the evening was “The Value of an Ideal,” and Miss Jamieson is to be especially complimented because of the excellence of the speeches made by the other competitors. Dr. Edgar, in awarding the prize, characterized the winner's oration as the best he had listened to on the topic in twenty-five years.

The list of officers of the various years for the Spring term is as follows:

Fourth Year—President, J. E. Todd; 1st Vice-President, Miss Margaret Phillips; 2nd Vice-President, M. H. Staples; Secretary, N. C. Sharpe; Treasurer, Miss Clara German.

Third Year—President, W. E. McNiven; 1st Vice-President, Miss Jamieson; 2nd Vice-President, C. P. Brown; Secretary, Charles Robertson; Treasurer, Miss Jackson.

Second Year—President, W. H. Moorehouse; 1st Vice-President, Miss Rouse; 2nd Vice-President, E. J. Pratt; Secretary, Bert Eby; Treasurer, Miss Laura Denton.

First Year—President, W. Evans; 1st Vice-President, Miss Matthews; 2nd Vice-President, H. W. Manning; Secretary, G. Fleming; Treasurer, Miss Pettit.

On Wednesday, January 13th, at the regular meeting of the Women's Literary Society, the debate between '09 and '10 was the prominent number on the programme. The subject of the debate was, “Resolved, That women in the British Empire should not have the suffrage.” Miss Jamieson, '10, and Miss Lukes, '10, upheld the affirmative, and Miss Delahaye, '09, and Miss Grange, '09, the negative. The debate was a very interesting one, and on both sides many good points were brought forward. The judges, however, decided that victory belonged to

the negative. The next and final inter-year debate will, therefore, be between '09 and '11, and will take place as soon as it can be arranged.

The Young Women's Christian Association held their first meeting for 1909 on Monday, January 11th, at 4 o'clock, in the Ladies' Study. Miss Lena Hill, '09, gave a paper on "The Aims of the Individual Student," and Miss Dunnet, '09, gave "The Aims of the Society." After the regular meeting the Social Committee took charge of the programme and served light refreshments. The social half-hour was very much enjoyed by all present, as it gave the members of the Society an opportunity to become better acquainted.

Macklin, '10—"This is pretty good ice."

Miss H—k—y, '10—"Yes, we can't complain to-night."

Macklin, '10—"It is pretty hard when you can't complain."

Senior—"Well, have you been to consult Prof. Edgar?"

Miss K—x, '09—"No, I went to prayers instead."

M—re, '10 (on the rink, to a young lady with whom he had just skated two bands, and who remarked that she must go in)—
"Oh, I am so sorry, as I am only *just beginning* to enjoy it."

Miss C—w—n, '11—"I used to think psychology had something to do with the mind."

Junior—"Well, hasn't it?"

Miss C—w—n, '11—"Oh, no; all I can find in it is the eye, ear and nose."

Miss S—v—s, '09 (in mission study class)—"The worst thing about the Indian women is that if their husbands die young they can't get married again."

Miss McC—n—l, '11 (commenting on her hockey playing)—
"There was one big, tall man who knocked me over every time I met him; then once I met him in mid-air and didn't know what to do with him."

Miss J—m—n, '10—"Who is that playing goal?"

Miss H—w—tt, '11—"It is Mr. Wright without his hair; he must have it all under his toque."

Miss J—m—n, '10—"No wonder I didn't know him, there is so little of him left when his hair is gone."

L—t—ch, '11 (on the rink)—“ My, this is fine; I could live on skates—and fruit cake.”

Miss M—t—s, '12—“ I must go in; this is too soft for me. Oh! I mean the ice, not you.”

Miss H—w—t, '09 (upon hearing that Prof. Robertson was likely to go abroad this summer)—“ I am so glad, because I have always heard that to go abroad *broadens* one.”

Miss C—k, '09—“ What kind of a gift will '09 leave for the Ladies' Study? ”

Miss H—l, '09—“ If I lose my year you can leave me.”

White, C. T.—“ I only know one freshette: I don't know what her name is, and I wouldn't know her if I met her, but I know the number of her house.”

Miss Mathews, '12—“ My, I felt queer when I was elected 1st Vice-President. It seemed as if I was getting married.”

Applegath, C. T., to Deaconess in one of Dr. Chown's lectures—“ Pardon me, but where are you attached? ”

Jotting from the debate.

“ A fellow comes out of college with a string of stars and a comet, whereby hangs a tail.”

“ This bread and butter question is one that is continually staring us in the face.”

Witticisms gleaned at the Senior Dinner Committee election:

Mr. Waddell (on being called on to preach a sermon)—“ I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now.”

W—sh—ng—n, '10—“ I move that Mr. Pratt strike a match—to light the gas.”

Pratt, '11—“ I move that Mr. Washington be that match.”

Jewitt, '10—“ I move that Mr. Cassmore be asked to withdraw his feet.”

Br—dge—n—“ I fear these jokes are getting on too low a level.”

Junior—“ In ACTA Board picture Dr. Edgar looks as if he had the old Nick behind him.”

Miss S—n—y, '10—“ Well, who is he if he isn't? ”

Junior—“ Oh, it just happens to be Jamie Horning.”

The final inter-college debate, which was to have come off on Monday, February 1st, between University College and Victoria, has been called off on account of the illness of one of the Victoria debaters, consequently University College gets it by default, as it was too late in the term to make other arrangements.

Miss H—y—s, '09 (on the rink)—“ Oh, do you see that hole sticking right up out of the ice! ”

Miss H—y, '10 (addressing C. G. Fr—ch, when he came up to her for the third band)—“ Why, where have you been, Charlie; don't you know you have wasted two whole bands? ”

The officers elected for the U. L. S. Spring term are as follows: Hon. President, Prof. Dewitt; President, H. G. Manning, '09; 1st Vice-President, M. H. Staples, '09; 2nd Vice-President, O. V. Jewitt, '10; Leader of Government, W. E. Honey, '09; Leader of Opposition, L. H. Kirby, '10; Treasurer, C. Robertson, '10; Secretary, J. R. Rumball, '11; Assistant Secretary, W. J. Morrison, '11; Marshal, F. J. Barlow, '10; Pianist, H. Holgate, '12; Assistant Pianist, A. W. Burt, '11; Critic, J. H. Arnup, '09; Assistant Critic, W. E. MacNiven, '10; Curator, W. Moorhouse, '11; Councillors, N. C. Sharpe, '09; H. L. Morrison, '09; H. Baker, '09.

“ TATTLE ” TALES.

The Supreme Grand Push of the Legion of Orpheus was in a stew. He had promised to assist in the musical programme of a session of the Missionary Conference. He had also been invited to a party on the same evening. At the time of which we are writing his social instincts were much stronger than his missionary spirit. He was accordingly doing his best to find a “ sub ” who might minister to the musical ear of the missionaries—apparently without success.

In this dilemma he came to the Critic for consolation. “ Gee! ” said he, “ I wish I had never had anything to do with this blamed Glee Club.”

“ So do we all,” replied the Critic sadly—and he is still wondering why the musical gentleman left so abruptly.

Speaking about missionary work, we would suggest that as soon as they have solved the “ foreign work ” problem, the Missionary Society commence operations among the students of

Victoria College. Shades of John Wesley! If Dame Gossip informs us rightly, there is abundance of work for them to do in that quarter. You don't believe it? Well, listen:

Some time ago a light beamed long and wearily upon four seniors in an upper chamber. And what were they doing? Plugging? Ah, no, my children! They were playing a wonderful game, yept King Pedro!

Well, yes, that's pretty bad, but just wait. As we were going through the halls one day last term our attention was arrested by a series of metallic tintinnabulations that spoke of the intermittent exchange of coins. Resolving ourselves into an investigation committee, we proceeded to ascertain the causes of this unwonted sound. Judge of our surprise when we found three of our local magnates, the President of Lit., a 4th Year member of ACTA Board (alas, but we must publish the truth), and the President of the "Y," respectively, engaged in the thrilling pastime of "matching" coppers. In justice to the gentleman last named, we must add that he was acting as referee—and, so far as we could see, was giving his decisions with great impartiality.

And now we hear that "everybody" is going to take in the University theatre night! Now, what d'ye think o' that?

She (in a friendly tone)—"By the way, are you going to take supper anywhere to-morrow evening?"

He (eagerly)—"Why, no; not that I know of."

She (serenely)—"My! won't you be hungry the next morning."—*Ex.*

The above, under the caption of "Stung!" is taken from one of our best-known contemporaries, and reminds us of a story. A certain deacon of this institution was attending a bazaar at a well-known Methodist young ladies' establishment one Friday night last term. On the Saturday following a certain Dominion championship Rugby match was scheduled. The hero of this story, finding the conversation waning, asked the young lady, "Are you going to the Rugby match to-morrow?" "No," was the disconcerting, albeit somewhat eager reply. The conversation again waned—for the hero had already "made his date."

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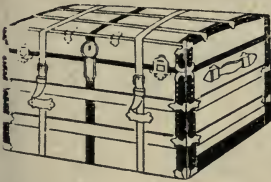
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**EDUCATION DEPARTMENT CALENDAR
FOR 1909 (in part)**

January:

1. NEW YEAR'S DAY (Friday).
By-laws for establishing and withdrawal of
union of municipalities for High School
purposes to take effect.
4. Provincial Normal Schools open (Second
Term).
Clerks of Municipalities to be notified by
Separate School supporters of their with-
drawal.
High, Public and Separate Schools open.
5. Truant Officers' reports to Department, due.
6. First meeting of rural School Trustees.
Polling day for trustees in Public and
Separate Schools.
7. Principals of High Schools and Collegiate
Institutes to forward list of teachers, etc.
11. Appointment of High School Trustees by
Municipal Councils.
14. Annual Reports of Boards in cities and
towns, to Department, due.
Names and addresses of Public School
Trustees and Teachers to be sent to Town-
ship Clerks and Inspectors.
15. Trustees' Annual Reports to Inspectors, due.
Annual Reports of Kindergarten attend-
ance, to Department, due.
Annual Reports of Separate Schools, to
Department, due.
Application for Legislative apportionment
for inspection of Public Schools in cities
and towns separated from the county, to
Department, due.

20. First meeting of Public School Boards in
cities, towns and incorporated villages.
26. Appointment of High School Trustees by
County Councils.

February:

3. First meeting of High School Boards and
Boards of Education.

March:

1. Inspectors' Annual Reports, to Depart-
ment, due.
Annual Reports from High School Boards,
to Department, due.
(This includes the Financial Statement.)
Financial Statement of Teachers' Associa-
tions, to Department, due.
Separate School Supporters to notify Muni-
cipal Clerks.
31. Night Schools close (Session 1908-9).

April:

1. Returns by Clerks of counties, cities, etc.,
of population, to Department, due.
8. High Schools, second term, and Public
and Separate Schools close.
9. GOOD FRIDAY.
12. EASTER MONDAY.
13. Annual Meeting of the Ontario Educa-
tional Association at Toronto.
15. Reports on Night Schools, due (Session
1908-9).
19. High Schools (Third Term), and Public
and Separate Schools open after Easter
Holidays.

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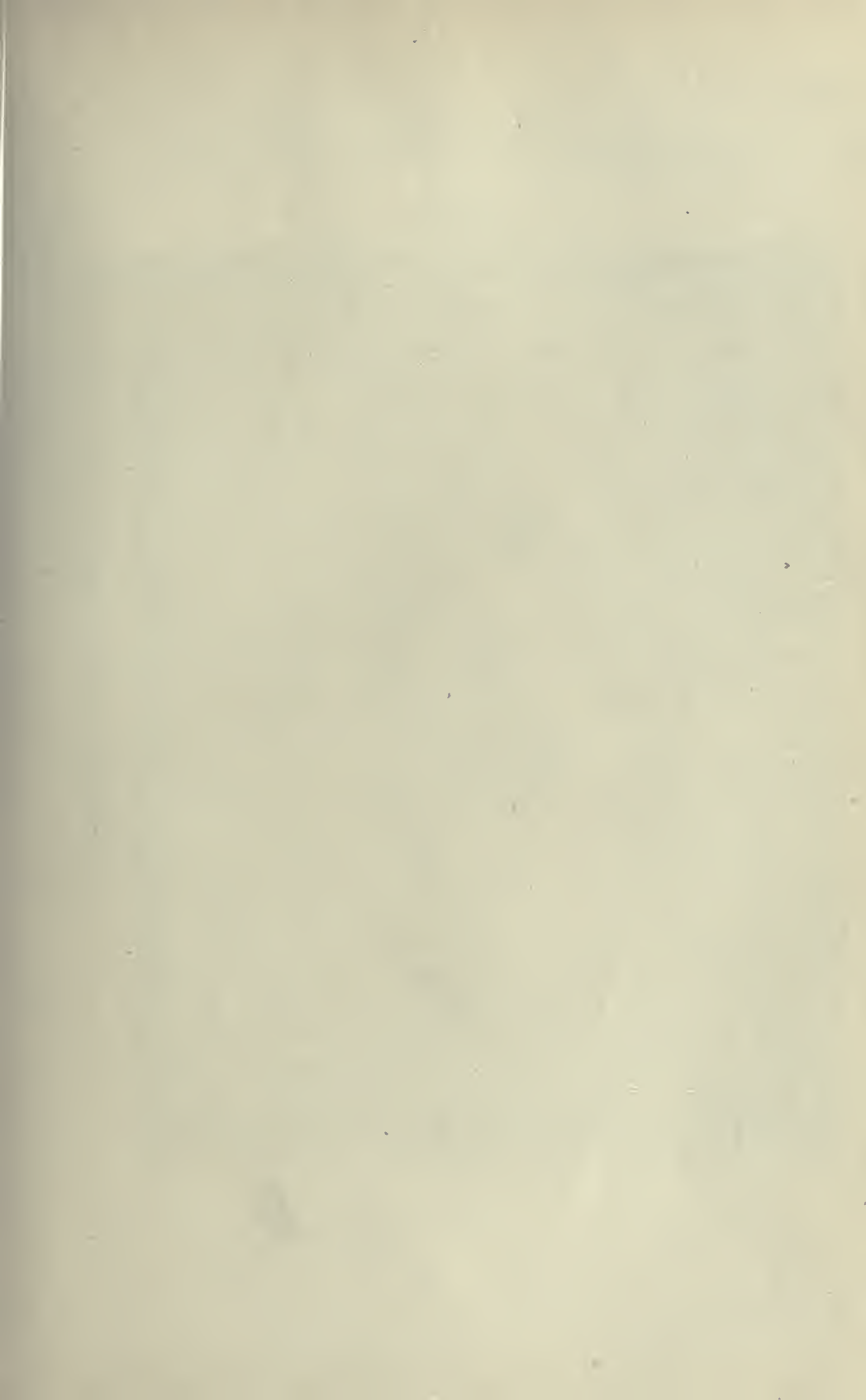
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PLOUGHING—THE FIRST GLEAM

ACTA VICTORIANA



Published monthly during the College year by the Union
Literary Society of Victoria University, Toronto

VOL. XXXII.

TORONTO, MARCH, 1909.

No. 6.

The Canadian Art Club

“AMANUENSIS.”

“NATIONAL ignorance of decent Art is always criminal, unless in earliest conditions of society; and then it is brutal.”* To us as Canadians Ruskin’s dictum may seem somewhat unpalatable, for it is certain that we must plead guilty to the charge of national ignorance of even the essentials of the fine arts; yet if we can take it seriously to heart the process may prove wholesome. Of whatever extenuating circumstances there are we may take advantage: we may say that hitherto we have been in the formative stage of our existence, that we have been too busy with the necessary material problems of life to pay much attention to the cultivation of the aesthetic and the beautiful, but even then we are only proving that our ignorance is rather that of the brute than that of the criminal—a conclusion that is in some respects not entirely satisfactory.

In all ages Philosophers have taught us that in order to live truly or nobly, people require the stimulus of beauty around them. The justice of Plato’s identification of the beautiful with the good has been repeatedly vindicated in history. The development of the highest forms of art has ever been synchronous, and in no small degree conterminous, with that of the best civilizations.

It is in this light that the formation of the Canadian Art Club seems to have the greatest national significance. This Club, which at present is holding its second annual exhibition, consisted originally of eight painters, but this number has

*John Ruskin, “Eagle’s Nest,” p. 16.

been recently increased by the addition of three members, of whom two are sculptors. All of its members are Canadian born, men whose outlook has been broadened by close association with the art of the Old World, and who are all working together with the one common aim to produce something that shall be national in spirit, something that shall have the strength and vitality and bigness which we love to associate with things Canadian, and yet something that shall be true to art in every particular rather than what is cheap and popular.

The Club, it may be stated, is in no way opposed to either of the older Canadian Art organizations. Its members, it is true, have come out from an older association, but not from any desire to disrupt or to injure it. They have been actuated solely by the desire to break away from the bonds of conventionalism which naturally wind themselves about a conservative body, and to breathe the free air of their profession untrammelled by any personal considerations, and unrestricted by the self-satisfied opinion of men set in judgment over their work. Thus they hold a position in Canadian Art circles similar to that held by the "Society of Twelve" in London, the "Society of Ten American Painters" in New York, and the "Cercle Volnez" in Paris.

In general we may say of the club that notwithstanding their common aim, and the fraternity of feeling essential to the welding together of the group into a forceful unit, strong stress is laid on preserving the individual outlook. That they are successful in this quest for individuality cannot be disputed. It is doubtful whether there has ever been a similar group that has produced work more diversified in its nature. Each artist in his own way deals with his subject, always approaching it from a personal standpoint. This may be best illustrated by a glance at the work of the various exhibitors.

A canvas of Continental reputation, which has won for the artist gold medals at the Pan-American Exhibition of Buffalo and the Exposition of St. Louis, is Mr. Horatio Walker's "Plowing, the First Gleam," a reproduction of which appears as the frontispiece of this issue. We are struck most forcibly by the power and vigour of the whole interpretation,—the brute power of the oxen, and the virile strength of ploughman and driver. Though the arms of the driver are, perhaps, extended some-

what romantically, they are also extended most effectively, suggesting most forcibly the whole spirit of muscular labor as applied to pioneer agriculture. The glow of rosy dawn which suffuses the whole picture sympathetically reinforces this suggestion. The work of Walker has been compared with that of Millet, but unnecessarily. The two artists have undoubtedly



Homer Watson, R.C.A.

NUT GATHERERS IN THE FOREST.

chosen somewhat similar subjects, but Walker has not given to his work the same sentiment as has Millet, but rather a fresh personal interpretation of the life around him. In dealing with the subjects interesting him most and his favorite type of humanity he distinctly has his own point of view.

In "The Vaudeville Girl," by Mr. Curtis Williamson, we have a masterly portrait that will live for years to come. There is little to be gained by comparing it with the old masters, nor indeed with the modern. It is the work of a philosopher with a successful appreciation of life. One may not like the subject, but yet one must grant that the artist who painted the girl was in thorough sympathy with his model. He is frankly appreciative



W. Edwin Atkinson, A.R.C.A.

THE WILLOWS—EVENING.

rather than critical, one who not only studies life in its different phases, but who has a great love for nature in all its guises.

Mr. J. Wilson Morrice, a Montrealer who at present lives in Paris, is one of the most prominent artists of to-day. His work is greatly appreciated and sought after in Paris and in London. He was a personal friend of Mr. Whistler and Mr. Prendergast, of Boston, and his work shows how greatly in sympathy he was

with the work of both these artists. His "Public Gardens, Venice," is delightful in its subtle color and atmospheric qualities. In both this and the "Nocturne, Venice," as well as in others of his, one must note the exquisite grace of the women, his sensitive touch when painting blacks, and his quaint humor in suggesting the characteristics of the Venetian women in contrast with those of the Parisiennes.

Mr. John Russell is a Hamilton man, at present in Paris. His portrait group "Mother and Son" has great dignity and sympathy and is peculiarly distinguished in coloring. In the ar-



Archibald Browne.

SLUMBERING WATERS.

rangement of the wall on which this picture is hung, the hanging committee has been particularly successful in securing an effective balance of the different canvases and in realizing most satisfactorily harmony and contrast of tones. The picture just referred to is balanced on the right by the large canvas of Mr. Williamson, the glowing red of which contrasts most delightfully with the quiet blacks of the Russell portrait. Between these two large canvases are some refreshing landscapes by Browne

and Atkinson with the delicate coloring and poetic suggestiveness characteristic of these two painters.

Of the work of Mr. W. Edwin Atkinson, there are several representative examples. His picture, "The Subsiding Flood," is in some respects his best. His work shows a steady progress and has good luminous qualities. There is about it a kind of mysterious poetic quality which



Franklin Brownell, R.C.A.

THE WINNOWER.

proclaims the true artist. We feel that the artist is practising his calling in the true "art for art's sake" spirit, rather than with the purely mercenary aim of so adjusting his pigment that he who runs may read, approve,—and buy. It is interesting to compare Mr. Atkinson's landscapes with those of Mr. Archibald Browne, for each artist, while aiming at poetic suggestion and the evocation of a mood of mystery, still retains

his own distinctive note. The latter's "A Midsummer Night" is particularly charming and suggestive.

A very rich canvas in Mr. Edmund Morris's older manner represents some Scotch landscape. It is particularly striking in its vivid yet true coloring and in its skilful arrangement. It is to be hoped that, now that his important but not altogether pleasing ethnological labor on the Indians is apparently completed, he will return with renewed vigor and insight to the interpretation of nature.

Mr. Homer Watson's reputation is so secure in this country, that further comment is unnecessary than to say that the canvases which he exhibits represent his finest qualities.

Mr. Brownell's figure studies are more pleasing than his landscapes, which are somewhat garish. In "The Winnower" we have an example of his best work.

Of portrait painting there is but one example on exhibition. This is a large, full-length portrait of Mr. Justice Cassells, of Ottawa, by Mr. Harris. It has many points of excellence, but the general consensus of artistic opinion is that it is not at all in the artist's best vein.

The statuettes of Mr. A. Phimister Proctor, one of the new members of the club, are full of power and vigor, and would not greatly suffer by contrast if placed in a museum beside those of Barye. His "Indian Warrior" bears two gold medals and is one of the most famous bronzes on the continent. Of his more recent work his "Dog With a Bone" is especially admired by critics as combining grace and symmetry of form with fidelity to nature. His water colors have the same big movement and generous appreciation of form.

In conclusion, we may say that the high character and great individuality of the work now on exhibition, are most expressive of the spirit of independent action and give ample promise for the future. In holding an exhibition each year at which are shown not only the work of the members, but also that of distinguished Canadian painters who are living abroad, the Canadian Art Club must certainly become a great educative factor. In thus calling the attention of the average man to a few of the beauties surrounding him, and in pointing out for him the flowers that grow by the wayside of life, their contribution to our highest national development is much greater than can be measured in mere dollars and cents.

*The Value of the Ideal**

A QUERY AND A PLEA.

MISS M. C. JAMIESON, '10.

INVOLVED in the above subject are certain assumptions, commonly unquestioned, which must first be investigated, if we are to obtain any clear, adequate conception of its significance. If it be found that such assumptions are well grounded, we can then proceed to estimate, in what respects and to what extent the ideal is of value in human life.

First, it is assumed that in consciousness are to be found certain ideal conceptions. Second, that whatever the nature of these conceptions be, they are of unquestioned value. Whether or not we are justified in granting these assumptions, will depend entirely upon how you define the word "ideal."

If the definition of the above term means that in the race or individual consciousness are to be found certain supreme conceptions, which embody completely, perfectly, all that constitutes truth, beauty, goodness, etc., the answer must be emphatically that we have no ideals. In a world of humanity manifestly so imperfect, such conceptions are inconceivable. However great perfection may be claimed by the word which designates them, they are, at least, as imperfect as the one who conceives them. For finite human beings, then, there is nothing absolutely ideal and in such a sense, it is useless,—nay, impossible—to discuss the question of value.

Such, however, is not the ordinary meaning attaching to the term. Prof. James, of Harvard, voices perhaps, in the following quotation, the generally accepted definition of the word.† "An ideal is something intellectually conceived, something of which we are not unconscious, if we have it at all, something which carries with it a certain outlook, uplift, brightness. Further, there must be novelty in the ideal,—novelty, at least for him whom the ideal grasps. Sodden routine is incompatible with ideality, though what is sodden routine for one person may be ideal novelty for another. To keep out of the gutter is, for

*Awarded first prize in Essay Competition.

†Essay on "The Significance of Life."

most of us, no part of consciousness at all, yet, for many, it is the most legitimately engrossing of ideals."

This definition clearly emphasizes the relativity of ideals to the lives which entertain them. Ideals are peculiarly personal things. "Hence the stupidity and injustice of our opinions so far as they deal with the significance of alien lives. Hence the falsity of our judgments so far as they presume to decide in any absolute way on the value of other peoples' ideals." Further, ideals are not only relative to the lives which entertain them, but relative also to the stage of development in that life. To the child certain ideals are peculiarly significant which to the grown person have lost all significance whatever.

But, is not the ideal, in this sense, a mere reflex of the individual's experience, the highest and best, it may be, that is in that experience, but, after all, a reflex? Do we not find further proof of this in the fact that education—enlarging, as it does, our horizon and perspective—is a means of enlarging and modifying our ideals, so that what is ideal to-day is not ideal to-morrow?

To the first question raised then: Have we ideals? Certainly, if the word "ideal" is understood to indicate certain characteristic conceptions which, however far in advance of the individuals experience they may appear to be, are essentially a reflex of that experience. There are, in this sense of the word, as many ideal conceptions as there are individual thinking beings. Taken immediately, abstractly, one might almost say that they are the cheapest things in human life. Everybody has them in some shape or form, high or low, sound or mistaken, and the most worthless sentimentalists and dreamers, who never show one grain of effort, courage, or endurance, possibly have them in the greatest abundance.

But, the mere possession of them is certainly of little value, for, the more ideals a man has, the more contemptible on the whole do you continue to deem him, if the matter ends there. If they are to become of value, they must fulfil the requirements of several conditions. First, however splendid they may appear in moments of clear vision and broad outlook, such ideals can only become of value as they become valueless. Such a paradoxical statement may at first be questioned, but it is nevertheless true. If such ideals become well defined, if they become full of

relatively unchanging content, there must necessarily result a tendency toward stunted, one sided or artificial growth, and according as they approximate to such a condition will they become, not only negative in value, but often positively harmful.

It may be argued that ideals of this character are rarely to be met with, but a careful examination of the history of any national or individual experience will reveal many instances of conceptions which, for a longer or shorter period, have remained relatively constant ideals with more or less definite reflex content. For many years, the Longing for the ideal One, who was to be the Hope of Israel, the Glory of the nation, revealed itself in the lives of the Hebrew nation. Gradually this became more or less concrete with ideas of an earthly king who was to come with earthly pomp and splendour, these ideas being clearly the reflex of their own desires and ambitions. To this as an ideal, so tenaciously did they cling, so blinded did their eyes become to all else, and so blunted their sensibilities to truth, that when He came who was indeed King, they failed to recognize His true royal character. This same spirit of idealization showed itself in their ideals of conduct which were more or less positive and well defined, and strict conformity to these led to that spirit of pharisaical formalism which sapped the very life of the Hebrew nation.

Nor are ideals of a similar character confined alone to ancient days. Can we not all recall a certain type of teacher (more prominent, we are glad to say, a few years ago than at the present time), who came forth from the training school with certain well-defined pedagogical ideals, which at the time, no doubt, had certain value, but which were held too often as if final, and each individual child must conform to these, however inadequately they met the requirements of each particular case. There followed on the part of teachers of this type, a narrow, arbitrary spirit which could not make for true success and "on the part of the rising generation, not a new generation with new ideals—for they had not been allowed to form their own—but a generation of average men, with a suppression of all originality, a continuously increasing tendency to think as little as possible, and to act only as a member of a crowd."*

*Prof. A. Kirschmann, Ph.D., "Deception and Reality."

or less extent there is this tendency in the lives of all of us and for a longer or shorter period, ideals which have long outlived their usefulness, hold sway over us. Just to that degree in which we are held in bondage to them, is the spirit of true freedom and true progress violated.

A first condition therefore, which must be fulfilled, if ideals are to become of value, is this: that with each new moment, the formulas which have been useful, it may be, in the past, should lose at least something of their force. Man should constantly outgrow his mental as well as his physical habiliments. A second condition, and equally essential, is an open heart—a spirit which involves facing fairly and squarely every question which has to do with moral responsibility (and that is, we believe, every act of human life). By this we mean, not to look in one direction only,—and is not that what we are doing as long as we keep before us positive concrete ideals?—but to approach every situation untrammelled by conventionality or consistency, to look in every direction and, without hesitation, without prejudice, without fear, to consider, in its relation to our whole experience, every course open to us. A third condition, also equally important, is the element of responsiveness, that simple faithfulness to his light which any common, unintellectual man may exhibit with the most cultured, that readiness to pursue whatever course seems to be the only right course for us to pursue, and, therefore, as Tennyson expresses it, “because right is right, to follow right were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.”

But if we fully grasp the significance of each of these conditions, have we not reached a different conception of the ideal than that outlined above? In the activities of the immediate present, here and now or nowhere, must be found the ideal, and if such is to be found tenable from a moral point of view, can it be anything less than that voice of duty or of truth which, we believe, every man's experience contains? Does it not embody that which urges us to decide anew all questions which involve moral responsibility, not blindly copying our own past decisions, or even those broader decisions which have become crystallized into the conventionalities, moral and social, of any age? “Is it not to act always according to our sense of truth,—that spark of divinity within us which we call conscience?”

The ideal thus ceases to be a transitory fleeting view of life. It ceases likewise to express or foreshadow a condition of life still in the remote future. "The ideal thou seekest is ever within thee." It becomes an ever present reality, because it is the principle according to which the constant struggles and changes of our everyday life are guided.

The great significance of the ideal, therefore, will be found, not in rigid adherence even to an ever advancing ideal, but in unshaken loyalty to truth. It may be questioned whether you are not removing, in thus stripping the ideal of positive content, the very element which makes it significant, and whether you are not introducing an element of uncertainty, of vagueness, of lack of direction and purpose, which will result in laxity of morals? Do we hesitate to commit ourselves to that voice of truth—yea, that voice of God—which speaks within us? Is there any conceivable situation in life which does not offer a man one right course to follow, Truth,—is it not written with ineffaceable character upon each heart as the fundamental, moral and intellectual law? The solicitations of this spirit are never forborne. Tenderly, tenderly they woo and court us. If we would educate ourselves to truth and not allow the slightest deviation from it, would it not mean that we would grow as God and nature intended that we should grow? Does anyone imagine that such a law is lax? Let him keep its commandments for one day.

It is a plea to live in the present, with eyes wide open to the significance of every moment, instead of standing, heedless of the riches around one, on tiptoe to foresee the future. Life is shot through with values and relations which we often fail to recognize because of our circumscribed—one might almost say conventionalized—points of view. In such an attitude is the hope and spring of renewed activities. There will be in those moments of surrender that which will constrain one to ascribe more validity to those experiences than to all others. There will be communicated to him who surrenders to it, an eagerness, a zest which will make life genuinely significant. This is well illustrated in a certain fable which touches very near the quick of life. It is the fable of a monk who passed into the woods, heard a bird break into song, hearkened for a trill or

two, and returned to his convent gates—a stranger, for he had been absent fifty years, and of all his comrades there remained but one to recognize him.

Further, it will conserve as well as develop, originality and individuality. That which each one can best do, none but Truth can teach him. It will not be by any known or accustomed way. It will not be by seeking to discern the footprints of any other. The way shall be wholly individual, and shall, therefore, exclude, as authoritative, example or experience. "I must be myself." I must therefore believe in myself however inconsistent my conduct may appear. Emerson has expressed this in a motto which we might well adopt:—"Speak what you think to-day and let to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks, though it contradict everything you said to-day." Such an attitude will thus add to the power of personality and to the dignity of human life.

There must necessarily result a deeper, richer, truer life, for whenever a man cease to be an artisan, with skilful but imitative fingers, and seeks to express the best and truest that is in him, that which is original and characteristic, he has become an artist. The moment life is free to find full development, that which is true becomes its ideal, and this is not logical, or moral, or aesthetic truth, as opposed one to the other; it is at once all three.

Much more might be said to outline the value of the ideal in this latter sense of the word. It may, however, be best summed up in the following: If a man will exactly obey truth, it will adopt him so that he shall no longer separate it from himself. He shall seem to be the Truth. Indeed he shall be. Was it not because His life was the complete and perfect expression of this principle that Jesus Christ proclaimed Himself as the Truth, and is not His life, therefore, the way which reveals to us the Ideal?

"Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

[Grateful acknowledgment is made of many valuable suggestions given by Prof. A. H. Abbott, Ph.D., in preparing the essay.—M. C. J.]

In Memoriam

E. B.

W O E! Woe is me, that it should be,
As 'tis with many others.
My ancient faith is done to death,
My heart is full of troubles.
Poor Jonah! They have thrown him up,
And Job is sorely smitten,
While Daniel in the lions' den
Has been severely bitten.
The Devil they have banished quite—
There isn't no "sich person,"
And we are told when we are bold,
Inclined to be uncivil,
We needn't throw the blame below,
Each one is his own Divil.
Farewell! The poor old Patriarchs,
Old Abraham and Isaac,
These fairies of my childish ways
Have no place in my later days.
They're all with Noah in the Ark,
Drifting out into the dark.
And Jacob, with his twelve Semitics,
Are buried by the Higher Critics.
Past is their time of eulogy
In modern theology.
Tho' well I ween, with some there's been
More sophistry than logic.
Isaiah has been cut in two,
King David's Psalms are very few.
Solomon, too, has met the robbers
Who pillaged more than half his Proverbs.
But let us not begin to rave,
We're told, "There's Hope beyond the Grave."
But say—In all this mighty modern learning,
Is there any room for spiritual discerning?

The Return

C. E. LOCKE, '11.

JOHN WALTERS leaned back in his office chair. Evening was drawing on rather cold and windy, and clouds, portending snow flurries, drifted across the November sky. But inside it was comfortable indeed. A coal fire glowed in the grate, and the warmth penetrated to every part of the luxurious office. He had always been regarded as a sharp man, from his youth up. Few were they, experience had taught, who could beat him in a financial transaction, and now, portly, and well-to-do, when fifty-two summers had passed, he leaned back complacently.

Yes, thought he, I have done well. A few more deals, and I shall be able to retire. But, ah's me, I didn't get all I strove for, and Emma is gone now for good. I wonder if she ever cared for me at all. People used to say that I was a smart man, while Johnson—ah, that Johnson—he was but a jolly good fellow. I never liked him at all, and it seemed to me, that he always scorned me, and my chances, and I was easy enough to think that if he was out of the road she would grow to love me. No, my boy, you've failed with the women. Let me see, Johnson got fifteen years, didn't he? I remember how he looked when he heard the sentence, but that's nothing to me. That was in '92. Ninety-two and fifteen. That makes, by jove, it is 1907. Why, his time is up, I'll have to——.

"Sit still!" a calm voice said. Walters had partly risen, on hearing a footstep in the darkened room, but subsided weakly. "Fool that I am," cursed he, under his breath, as he thought of the revolver, locked in the right hand drawer of his desk. Only yesterday, had Bob Andrews said, that he ought always to have his "barker" handy. As for him, he patted his hip-pocket knowingly. He was no fool. The visitor seemed in no hurry. Well, thought Walters after a silence, what is he going to do? Money, he's after I suppose. He looked up. One glance he cast at the figure, standing half in shadow, and with ashy face and staring eyes, "Johnson!" he ejaculated. "Yes Walters, its me. Johnson, Jim Johnson," said this strange indi-

vidual, as his glittering eyes roved back and forth about the cosy office. "Say," he said as he drew up a chair, and sat down nervously fingering something which flashed in the light, "you seem to know me. Never forget old friends, eh? I didn't look like this fifteen years ago, did I Walters?" He leaned forward, and the firelight flickered on the lean, sallow, hardened features and closely cropped iron grey hair. "Do you remember," as he leaned back into the shade again, "a bright spring day in '92, when the bees were humming in the sunny fields, and birdsongs floated in at the open windows of the crowded court room? The court was crowded that day, and a young man stood in the dock, charged with assault, with intent to kill. Do you remember, Walters, how his lawyer pleaded the heat of youth, the first misstep, the blighting of the young man's prospects, and so on? I remember it right well. I remember the hard, cold faces of the jury and that word 'Guilty.' It's a nasty word, Walters," lowering his voice, "and for fifteen years it has been boring into my brain. I shuddered when the Judge said 'fifteen years.' I simply couldn't help it. To look far into the future, me, a young, happy, carefree fellow, with great ambitions, and never in trouble before. It was a long, long time for me. I'm forty-nine now, and all broken down, for my old malady attacked me again; but little I cared, I, ——" A violent burst of coughing interrupted him, and when he withdrew his handkerchief it was stained with blood. "I had nothing to live for, because when my time was up all would be changed. Sometimes I raved and cursed the bars and the man who had led me on and put me there. Some days I sat and watched the patch of sky. There was a spider in my cell, Walters, that daily strove to climb to the ceiling; but daily he failed and fell. Finally he succeeded, and sped into the sunlight, the free open air; but I—— lay there." The convict leaned forward. "I often thought of what I would do when I could reach the man who had caused all this, I would have ——" With wildly beating heart the banker glanced at him. His eyes were glowing and his fingers clutched spasmodically at the glittering object. Walters lay back and closed his eyes, waiting. But the voice rambled on. "I wanted to see Emma, but somehow I couldn't bear it. I felt sure that she didn't think me guilty." "No,"

said Walters, who was regaining his composure, while his eyes squinted with cunning as he thought he saw a loophole of escape. "I felt quite sure of that," resumed Johnson, "and somehow hopes would rise. But one day the gaoler came and said, 'I have bad news for you, Jim.' 'Don't,' I screamed in my terror and suspicion. 'Don't tell me she's ——' 'Dead,' he said solemnly, and went out. Man, in the fury of my grief, I raged up and down that cell. With herculean strength I rattled and shook the bars. I cursed everything, great and small; but most of all, I cursed you. You, who had tempted me to slay you, with a view to my downfall; you, who tried to take the dearest thing on earth from me, by the foulest method; you, who had done all within your power to cast one poor sinner further down on the way to perdition and to blight his hopes forever. Could I have reached you, I had strangled you, till your treacherous face grew black. Now ——, now ——." Walters was breathing in short, puffy jerks, like a hunted animal, and the mortal fear of death was in his eyes. He saw the gleaming eyes, the savage countenance, distorted by passion, and long balked revenge. The convict raised his hand as the banker strove to rise. There was a flash, a loud report, and smoke filled the room.

The moon, between breaks of the drifting cloud, shot a ray into the private office of A. B. Walters, Banker. The grate fire was waning, but still cast flickering shadows across the massive, inert body of the dead financier sprawling in his chair. Half in shadow lay the figure of a stranger. A gush of blood on the carpet lay dark in the firelight.

Europe has 125 universities, with a total attendance of 228,721. Next to the universities of Paris and Berlin come in point of attendance: Budapest, with 6,551; Vienna, 6,205; Munich, 5,943; Moscow, 5,860; Madrid, 5,196; Naples, 4,918; St. Petersburg, 4,652; Leipsic, 4,341, and Bonn, 3,209.

In Elocution Class.—"Now, Mr. B——, be more spirited. Just open your mouth and throw yourself into it."—*Ex.*

William Wordsworth

OLIVE M. DELAHAYE, '09.

THERE are some people to whom the life of a great man is interesting only when it shows rebellion against human or divine authority, when it is the story of folly and repentance, of deep joy and deeper grief. For such as these the life of William Wordsworth has no interest, but it fascinates and charms those who understand its real meaning—the story of the growth of a poet's soul.

Our interest in Wordsworth begins with his boyhood and his schooldays, of which he has given a beautiful description in the "Prelude." Into all the pleasures of school-life Wordsworth entered with enthusiastic interest, so that, to those who knew him then, he must have seemed a boy of boys, whose heart was only in his play. But in the "Prelude" Wordsworth tells of the strange emotions which come to him, often in the very pauses of his sport. Once when he had yielded to temptation, and taken two birds caught in a trap which did not belong to him, he heard:

" Among the silent hills
Low breathings coming after me and sounds
Of undistinguishable motion, steps
Almost as silent as the turf they touch."

Feelings and emotions such as these show Wordsworth to have been no ordinary boy. Love of nature was an element of his character; for him, even when a boy, Nature had a deeper meaning than for most; he felt, "and after reflection had made that feeling a conviction, that the thing we call Nature is not a dead machine, but a something all-pervaded by a life." Later years added something to this conception, and he realized the relation which exists between Nature and mankind, but it is to his boyhood days that we owe the close and intimate acquaintance with Nature, and the deep love for natural objects which so charms us in his poetry.

At seventeen Wordsworth entered Cambridge, but university life did not prove fascinating to him. The conviction forced itself upon him, that he was "Neither for that hour, nor for

that place." The long vacations were for him a solace from the thralldom of college, and during the first one, which he spent at Hawkshead, there came to him a sympathy with human nature which he had never felt before. He tells us that on one exquisite morning when he was returning from a night of pleasure, there swept over him the feeling of his mission; then, although he made no vows, "vows were made for him," that he should be, "Else sinning greatly, a dedicated spirit." In his second vacation Wordsworth enjoyed the companionship of his sister Dorothy, who had been so sedulously guarded from intercourse with him that they seemed to meet for the first time. The third vacation Wordsworth passed wandering on the Continent. Although this was done much against the will of his friends, who foresaw the undistinguished degree which followed, these ten weeks brought more to Wordsworth than he could have gained from books. He passed through France, and felt within him faint stirrings of the spirit which agitated him so strangely a year later. He saw the Alps, and their majesty moved his soul to its depths. Wherever he turned the universe was "opening out its glories, and every day he realized more fully the value of nature's heritage."

France was then at the height of her revolutionary enthusiasm, and Wordsworth was carried along with the flood of opinion. Always a democrat at heart, the theories of the revolutionists seemed to Wordsworth both reasonable and just, and he became so enthusiastic in the cause of "Liberty," that only a sudden recall to England prevented him from throwing in his lot with the Girondins. On the outbreak of war between France and England shortly after his return, his mind became a turmoil of hopes, doubts and fears. The old charm which Nature had for him seemed to lose its strength. He viewed everything from the standpoint of reason, and cast aside all beliefs which could not be justified on the basis of logic. The result was a despair and a weariness which, if it had endured, would have ruined his career, but which, as it did not endure, made him more sympathetic with the errors of others, more tolerant of faults, more loving in sorrow.

Dorothy Wordsworth was the good angel who rescued her brother from the doubt and melancholy which had taken

possession of his soul. She had read the poems which Wordsworth wrote in 1793, and she realized that happiness for him lay in a life devoted to poetry and to communion with Nature. With an appreciation for Nature's beauties almost equal to his own, with a sincerity and a simplicity of character which could not fail to charm him from himself, Dorothy gradually won back her brother's faith; gradually his old joyousness returned and he stood again in Nature's presence, "a sensitive being, a creative soul."

When this redemption was almost complete, there came into Wordsworth's life one of the most important moulding influences of his career, the friendship of Coleridge. The two poets and Dorothy Wordsworth spent two years of fruitful intercourse in the Lake Country. During this time the "Lyrical Ballads" appeared, which contained poems by Wordsworth, varying from the beautiful "Lines on Tintern Abbey" to the strange effusion, "The Idiot Boy"; it also contained Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner." Wordsworth's preface to the book, containing a statement of his conception of true poetry, and his theories of the laws which governed it, probably aroused more criticism than the poems themselves, and certainly exerted an incalculable influence over English thought.

Wordsworth's married life was a happy one. Great griefs came to him as they must come to all, but he bore them with the fortitude which comes from a noble character, and they left their impress on his work in a deepening of its spirituality.

And now appeared some of Wordsworth's best poetry, such as the "Ode to Duty" and "Intimations of Immortality." Later came the publication of the "Excursion," which prompted Jeffrey's famous remark, "This will never do." Then, "Laodamia," in which Wordsworth reveals the deep love of which his soul was capable; in it also he gives expression to the belief which, more than any other, influenced his life, the belief that man's duty was to moderate and control his passions for

"The gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul."

After the writing of the "Laodamia," Wordsworth's poetry lost much of its charm. Now and then there came touches of

his old power. "To a Skylark" and "Yarrow Revisited" recall the Wordsworth of the earlier years, but one cannot help feeling that he wrote more truly than he thought when he said, "I see by glimpses now, when age comes on may scarcely see at all," and to those who love him most there is a deep pathos in these closing lines of his last great poem:

"'Tis past; the visionary splendor fades,
And night approaches with her shades."

This period of decline, however, was also the time when the world began to acknowledge his genius and accept his teaching. In 1839 he received the degree of D.C.L. from Oxford; in 1842 an annuity from the Civil List; finally, in 1843, the Laureateship.

So patient and brave in his sufferings, one could wish that Wordsworth might have been spared the great grief that came to him in 1847 when his daughter Dora died. Her bright, cheery character and her loving disposition had been able to comfort Wordsworth in these years of old age, as his sister had comforted him in the crucial period of his manhood, and he was not able to endure her loss. Under the grief which was ever present with him, his health failed, and three years after Dora's death, he followed her "Into his Rest."

The question of Wordsworth's greatness as a poet was answered during his lifetime. In the half century which has passed since his death, men have learned to understand the greatness of his character. Loving and tender, he desired more than we can guess the praise of his fellow-men, but the great lessons he had learned, he felt it his duty to teach to others, and neither ridicule nor contempt, neither poverty nor privation, could move him from his purpose. Doubts he knew, and fighting them he "made a stronger faith his own." Great griefs came to him, and the passing of his friends made his communion with the unseen closer, his love and his sympathy deeper and more tender. A generous soul, seeing in others their virtues rather than their faults, Wordsworth won from those who knew him a deep and abiding love. From us, who know only his poetry and the story of his life, he wins a sincere admiration and a tender respect that will never fail.

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Editorial

"The Old Order Changeth, Yielding Place to New"

WE are living in the midst of a great change. The wheel of time has turned another round and now has swung intellectualism into the span of our life. Entering at the beginning—the younger generation,—it will only cover the whole as this younger generation advances and the older generation gradually shifts off the stage. The new force attracting the young mind draws it away from the sentimental religion of our fathers, the usefulness of which lies now in the past. Yet the old is very tenacious, it would fain stand still and stop the revolution. That is where the danger threatens. Thus the transition is a period of strain. It has been said that we are on the eve of a revulsion against Christianity, but this statement may be qualified. This is the gulf that will gape open if the strain yields in a break of the old with the new—and dark will be the water before the further shore is reached. The stronger the resistance of the old, the more violent will be the shock and the greater the gulf. If it be insisted that the "old-time religion" is the only true and unchangeable form, then the young mind of to-day, to whom it is quite uninviting, will inevitably prefer no religion. Centuries ago, none but the improvident would put new wine in old bottles. If the religion of our ancestors will no longer thrive of itself, it has become a failure and something else must displace it. Anything worthy

of success cannot attain unto true success by reason of compulsion, but only by reason of its own virtue.

It may seem unfortunate that an extreme is soonest and best corrected by an extreme, yet the oscillations of the pendulum of events propel the hands of time. The ancient eye grows alarmed to see the religion of the age swing from the bright color of old sentimentalism to the greyness of modern materialism, but does not recognize that the second depends upon the first displacement from the normal, and is the response evoked by it. After all, the extremes are but the outward flourishes, and we must seek the mean to find the true significance. That we are living in a dry atmosphere of materialism which is fatal to the humors of sentimentalism is only the shadow of the truth. None but the loftiest of souls—perhaps not one in a century—can subsist in a religion not in the least tinged with sentiment, and as we descend the scale of humanity, a growing proportion of sentiment is required. Thus the change of to-day in its inner and eternal meaning is a great stride upward in our development.

There never was a way but it was beset by pitfalls. A blade may be too sharp for its office, or notches may destroy its usefulness. A few there are of our latter-day apostles who are like the blade which is too sharp—but years always mollify. The second, however, being negative and not positive, is the grosser fault. As half a century or a century ago every man had to feel for himself, so now that we to a large extent have substituted in our religion thought for feeling, each must do his own thinking. The noise of the world's workshop may distract our thinking process, but the value of responsibilities lies in the bearing. Unless we firmly anchor ourselves to the solid rock of intellectualism, the first wave of sentiment will carry us out into the open sea beyond. The religion of sentiment would not be so unenviable if we always rode on the crest of the wave, but the trough was ever wider than the crest.

A. L. B., '10.



“Bob” Committee Elected

The attendance at the Union Literary Society meetings on the Saturday nights when elections are scheduled is never as large as it should be. This was convincingly exemplified at a recent meeting when the “Bob” Committee was elected. There

were about seven or eight Seniors, four Juniors, half a dozen Sophomores, and the balance—about thirty—Freshmen present. Thus, for all practical purposes, the Freshmen elected the “Bob” Committee. This may not have been a bad thing in itself, but for the “Bob” Committee and every other election around the college, every member of the society should be given an opportunity to vote and, if necessary, be persuaded to come out and vote. A full and representative vote cannot be obtained on a Saturday night, and therefore the vote should be taken in the daytime. Printed ballots should be made out, and the elections should be conducted on the same plan as those for the Athletic Union Executive. By this means almost twice as many—perhaps more—will cast their ballot, and the result will be so much the more representative of the college feeling. An amendment to the “Lit.” constitution recommending printed ballots for the Literary Society and Acta Board elections will be introduced on Saturday night, March 20th, and it ought to have the hearty support of the members.

There is no reason why this shouldn't apply also to the election of the “Bob” Committee. A majority vote is not often of much more value than a plurality vote, as was seen Saturday night. Out of the fourteen leading on the first ballot, thirteen were finally elected by the majority method, and there was a particular reason why the fourteenth was dropped. By all means, let us have printed ballots and election in the day time—at least for the Athletic Union Executive, the Literary Society Executive, the Acta Board, and the “Bob” Committee.



Disposition of “Varsity”

We hate to write about anything that some other people may know a lot more about than we, but we would like to make passing mention of what should be the governing body of the *Varsity*. It is now controlled by the Undergraduate Union, but in order to be fully representative of all the faculties and colleges in the University, it should be controlled by the University's most representative institution—the Undergraduates' Parliament. Only then will the colleges take sufficient interest in the publication and give it the support that is necessary if it is ever to become a daily. And only then will the news of each college be treated in a manner which will give due prominence to each

of the federated institutions. At present all the members of the editorial staff, with perhaps one exception, are registered at University College, and it is only natural that undue prominence should be given to news of the University College Literary Society, of their class receptions, of their various dinners. This is to be deplored from the standpoint of the other faculties, but it is but natural. The representation of Victoria on the board of *Varsity* was undertaken very late in the year, and has been as satisfactory as we could expect. We are not complaining of any ill-treatment, but we think that the governing board of the paper must be more representative before the paper itself will be truly representative.



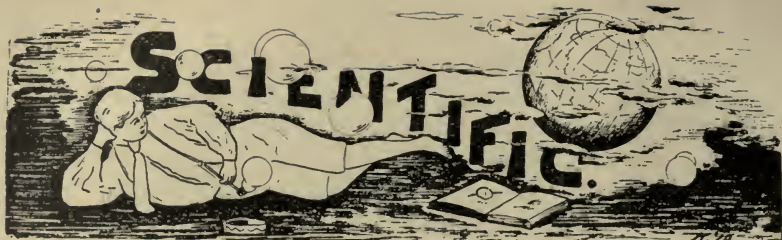
The Rink

The rink this year will show a probable surplus of nearly fifteen hundred dollars. Since the inception of this valuable co-educational institution, there has not been so poor a year from the standpoint of weather, and it is a matter of congratulation for Secretary Pearson and his efficient rink committee that they have measured up so well in their financial results. Complaints against the management and condition of the rink have been fairly prevalent this winter, but none of them is justified. There might have been improvements, of course, but "Little Vic." was open oftener and had better ice than any other open air rink in the city, with the exception of Aura Lee, which is situated in a sheltered valley and thus has exceptional natural advantages. Next year conditions will be improved by the employment of a professional ice-maker, and, also, the rules prohibiting children from the rink during afternoons and band nights will be strictly enforced.



Vic. Represented on Varsity

A couple of weeks ago those of the Victoria students who read *Varsity* were pleased to notice that Victoria College is now getting its share of representation in that University newspaper. That we have not been represented hitherto has been the fault both of the people on the other side of the Park and of ourselves. Hereafter, events of importance will be chronicled in *Varsity*, and we hope that this will lead to an increased number of readers, as well as subscribers, for this publication.



Goethe's *Faust*

PROF. L. E. HORNING.

THE student of literature can scarcely desire more complete material for the study of the evolution of an author than he will find at hand when he begins the study of Goethe's *Faust*. The problem or theme of the work is one of universal and lasting importance: What is the proper evolution of the individual, what is the relation of good and evil, what is the aim and end of life? The answer that the poem gives to these questions is of absorbing interest. But taking up the drama as published in 1808 one finds textual difficulties which must be dealt with and seeming contradictions which must be explained, if possible. Therefore the study of the genesis and of the composition of the text of *Faust* must really precede the literary study of the work, or at least go hand in hand with it.

For this textual study we have Goethe's letters to his numerous friends, his Conversations with Eckermann, the *Urfaust*, discovered in 1887 by Prof. Erich Schmidt, the *Fragment* (1790), *Faust*, Part I. (1808), and the numerous Parlipomona or first drafts of all kinds which make a great mine of information. The references to Faust have been collected by Pniower (1899) and Gräf (1904). The latter editor also published a tabular comparison of the three forms of Part I.

For the convenience of my students and as an aid to all interested in the subject, I herewith republish my own tabular comparison made in 1895 and published in the *Transactions of the Canadian Institute* in 1901. Two slight additions have been made, viz., 7a and 8a under Part I.

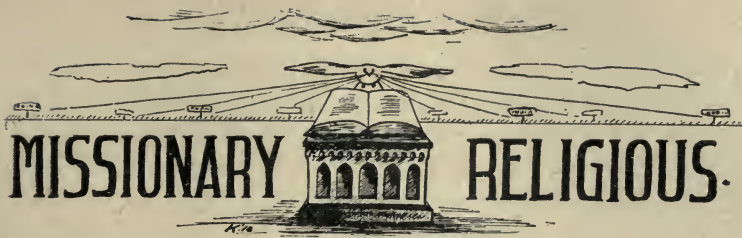
The numbering of the lines is according to Schmidt's Edition of the *Urfaust*, Seuffert's reprint of the *Fragment* and the Weimar Edition of Part I.; where advisable totals of lines in the corresponding scenes are indicated.

URFAUST, 1773-1775?	FRAGMENT, 1790.	PART I., 1808.
		1. Zueignung, 1-32.
		2. Vorspiel auf dem Theater, 33-242.
		3. Prolog im Himmel, 243-353.
1. Nacht, 1-248.	1. Nacht, 1-248. Urf. 122, 123=122. " 194, 195 replaced by 195. 155, 194 are added.	4. Nacht. a 354-605 (252 lines). Urf. 122, 123=475. " 194, 195 replaced by 548. 507, 547, 598-601 are added. b 606-807.
		5. Vor dem Thor, 808-1177.
		6. Studierzimmer I., 1178-1529.
2. Schülerscene, 249-444 (196 lines). 249-262=1868-81 Pt. I. 263-266=1882-95 " 267-332 333-340=1896-1903Pt. I. 1904-1909 " 341-394=1910-1963 " 1964-2000 " 395-444=2001-2050 "	2. a 249-346 (98 lines). b 347-529 (183 lines). Schülerscene.347-360.361-374.375-382.383-388.389-442.443-479.480-529. c Faust tritt auf, 530-551.	7. Studierzimmer II. a 1530-1769. b 1770-1867 (98 lines). c 1868-2050-Schüler-scene (183 lines). Result=70 lines omitted. 57 lines added 22 lines added as d. Changes? d Faust tritt auf, 2051-2072.
		7 a. Auditorium — Disputation. cf. Paralipomenon 11. 13 verses known. cf. Paral p. 12.
3. Auerbach's Keller. a 445-452. b 25 lines of prose. c Rattenlied. d 48 lines of prose. e Flohlied. f 83 lines of prose. (In all 210 lines).	3. Auerbach's Keller. 552-815 (264 lines). Changes?	8. Auerbach's Keller. 2073-2336 (264 lines) Changes?

URFAUST, 1773-1775?	FRAGMENT, 1790.	PART I., 1808.
4. Landstrasse, 453-456.		
		8 a. Transition scene. cf. Paralipomenon 22.
	4. Hexenküche, 816-1067. (252 lines).	9. Hexenküche, 2337-2604 (268 lines). 2366-77 } =additions. 2390-93 }
5. Strasse, 457-529. 526-29 differs	5. Strasse, 1068-1136.1137-1140.	10. Strasse, 2605-2673.2674-77.
6. Abend, 530-656.	6. Abend, 1141-1267. Ballad revised.	11. Abend, 2678-2804. Ballad revised.
7. Allee, 657-718 (62 lines).	7. Spaziergang, 1267-1327. (60 lines). <i>Note.</i> —Between 1277 and 1278 two lines omitted=667-668 of Urfaust.	12. Spaziergang, 2805-2864 (60 lines). <i>Note.</i> —Between 2814 and 2815 two lines omitted=667-668 of Urfaust.
8. Nachbarinn Haus, 719-878. <i>Note.</i> —726 and 727 blank.	8. Der Nachbarinn Haus, 1328-1487. <i>Note.</i> —Two lines inserted=1356-7 = between 748 and 749 of Urfaust.	13. Der Nachbarin Haus, 2866-3024. <i>Note.</i> —Two lines inserted = 2893-94 = between 748 and 749 of Urfaust.
9. Faust and Mephistopheles, 879-924 (46). Wie ist's?	9. Faust and Meph., 1488-1535 (48). <i>Note.</i> —Lines 1509-10 added=between 899 and 900 of Urfaust. Changes?	14. Faust and Meph., 3025-3072. (48). <i>Note.</i> —Lines 3046 and 3047 added= between 899 and 900 of the Urfaust. Changes?
10. Garten, 925-1053. (129).	10. Garten, 1536-1664. (129).	15. Garten, 3073-3204. (132). <i>Note</i> 1.—“Er liebt mich” of line 3184 is counted as one line in Fragment=1643. Is this a printer's error? <i>Note</i> 2.—Lines 3149-52 added=between 1611 and 1612 of Fragment.

URFAUST, 1773-1775?	FRAGMENT, 1790.	PART I., 1808.
11. Ein Gartenhäuschen, 1054-1065.	11. Ein Gartenhäuschen, 1665-1676.	16. Ein Gartenhäuschen. 3205-3216.
See 18 <i>b</i> .	See 15.	17. Wald und Höhle. <i>a</i> 3217-3341 (125 lines). <i>b</i> 3342-3369 (28 lines). <i>c</i> 3370-3373 (4 lines). <i>Note</i> 1.— <i>b</i> =Urfaust 18 <i>b</i> <i>Note</i> 2.—This scene =Fragment 15. Changes? Espec. 11 3346-48. 3363. 3366.
12. Gretchens Stube, 1066-1105.	12. Gretchens Stube, 1677-1716.	18. Gretchens Stube, 3374-3413.
13. Marthens Garten, 1106-1235.	13. Marthens Garten, 1717-1846.	19. Marthens Garten, 3414-3543.
14. Am Brunnen, 1236-1277 (42 lines)	14. Am Brunnen, 1847- 1889. (43 lines). <i>Note</i> .—Ach, 1853, counted as one line.	20. Am Brunnen, 3544- 3586. <i>Note</i> . — Ach, 3550, counted as one line.
See 18 <i>b</i> .	15. Wald and Höhle, <i>a</i> 1890-2014 (125 lines). <i>b</i> 2015-2042 (28 lines). <i>c</i> 2043-2046 (4 lines). <i>Note</i> . — <i>b</i> =Urfaust 18 <i>b</i> . <i>Note</i> position of scene in Part I.	See 17.
15. Zwinger, 1278-1310.	16. Zwinger, 2047-79.	21. Zwinger, 3587-3619.
See 17 for Part I. <i>a</i> . See 18 <i>a</i> for Part I. <i>c</i> .	<i>Dropped.</i>	22. Nacht—Strasse vor Gretchens Thür. <i>a</i> 3620-45. (26 lines) <i>cf.</i> Ur- faust 17. <i>b</i> 3646-49 (4 lines) <i>c</i> 3650-59 (10 lines) <i>cf.</i> Ur- faust 18 <i>a</i> . <i>d</i> 3660-3775 (116 lines).

URFAUST, 1773-1775?	FRAGMENT, 1790.	PART I., 1808.
16. Dom, 1311-71 (61 lines).	17. Dom, 2080-2137 (58 lines). <i>Note 1.</i> —After 2094 line omitted=Urfaust 1326. <i>Note 2.</i> —2124-27=5 lines in Urfaust=1356-60. <i>Note 3.</i> —2131-35=6 lines in Urfaust=1364-69.	23. Dom, 3776-3834 (59 lines). <i>Note 1.</i> —Line 3789 added after 1323 of Urfaust. <i>Note 2.</i> —After 3791 a line omitted=Urfaust 1326. <i>Note 3.</i> —Lines 3821-24=5 lines in Urfaust, 1356-60. <i>Note 4.</i> —Lines 3828-32=6 lines in Urfaust, 1364-69.
17. Nacht — Vor Gretchens Haus, 1372-97 (26 lines) <i>cf.</i> Part I. 22 <i>a.</i>	<i>Dropped</i>	See 22 <i>a.</i>
18. Faust and Mephistopheles (vor Gretchens Haus). <i>a</i> 1398-1407 (10 lines) <i>cf.</i> Part I. 22 <i>c.</i> <i>b</i> 1408-1435 (28 lines) <i>cf.</i> Part I. 17 <i>b.</i>	<i>Dropped</i> See 15 <i>b.</i>	See 22 <i>c.</i> See 17 <i>b.</i>
		24. Walpurgisnacht, 3835-4222.
		25. Walpurgisnachtstraum, 4223-4398.
19. Faust and Mephistopheles. <i>Prose</i>	<i>Dropped.</i>	26. Trüber Tag. <i>Prose</i>
20. Nacht, 1436-1441.	<i>Dropped.</i>	27. Nacht, 4399-4404.
21. Kerker. <i>Prose.</i>	<i>Dropped.</i>	88. Kerker, 4405-4612. <i>Verse.</i> Other Changes?



*The Probationer's Course of Study**

REV. DEAN F. H. WALLACE, M.A., D.D.

THE objects to be kept in view in planning or amending the probationer's course of study are, in the main, two—general culture and special equipment.

In respect to general culture, there is among us now almost absolute unanimity. The men who are being prepared to lead the Church must first of all be taught to think; and, when once awakened intellectually, they have still to learn such adequate facility in organizing and expressing thought, and such finish and attractiveness of style, as shall merit and command attention, making a way in the minds of their hearers for the transcendently important message of the pulpit. We must have no mere sentimental exhorters, playing on transient emotions; no lazy dogmatists, snoring in their orthodox slumbers,

“The Sabbath drawlers of old saws
Distilled from some worm-cankered homily;”

no crude, superficial innovators, flippantly flouting the faith of our fathers, but *men*, trained to grapple manfully with the perplexing problems of our time, and able by their own hard wrestling to sympathize with their fellows, and to help them to the firmer faith.

For such awakening, stimulus and development, a full Arts course is, if not imperative, at least invaluable. The matriculant enters college a callow youth, who has hardly begun to think for himself, and whose hope often is that his instructors will give him full and ready-made answers to all his vexing

*Abstract of a paper read before the Victoria College Theological Conference, September, 1908.

questions. He leaves at the end of the four years, intellectually, as well as physically, a man, alert, sympathetic, modest—for he has gained an ideal—with many problems still unsolved, but with right methods for their solution,—a man now to take his place among men.

Such a man, however, is not yet prepared for pulpit or pastorate. There must be special training besides this general culture, in the ministry no less than in other vocations, as medicine or law.

Assuming a certain rudimentary culture, such as junior matriculation represents, I should say it is more vitally important, if the hard choice must be made, that a man be well trained in his own subjects for his particular work, than that he have an Arts course, and be forced to forego his special equipment. An Arts course alone, even with a little theology interjected at college or added on circuit, is totally inadequate. A cultured mind is not enough. The preacher must have religious convictions. For such convictions he may have to agonize, but without them he is helpless; unless a mighty message is the burden of his heart, he has little right to his place in the pulpit, and will be of little service there. The candidate for the ministry should know his Bible thoroughly in the light of all modern scholarship, that he may make it real and influential to his people; and he should also know thoroughly those departments of theology which come close to its Gospel. The preacher need not be technical, but he must be positive, for it is not his to unsettle men, but to establish them in the faith; it is his to so understand and preach Christ and Christianity as to commend them both to an age of doubt and to a world of sin.

In the case of no men does all this so need to be insisted upon as in the case of graduates. A young man, fresh from the plough or the factory, with the glow of a recent conversion on him, may more effectively preach the Gospel than a freshly laureated youth, with the bloom upon him of a conceit of learning, and of an amazing confidence in his view of the universe, or even with an all-pervading sense of the uncertainty of all knowledge. And a considerable proportion of our graduates do fall into one or other of these classes. An

ignorant preacher who at least knows, and knows that he knows, Christ and Him crucified, may do more good than a well-read man whose sermons consist of scraps of religious sentimentalism, sandwiched in between thick slices of current news and views. The effective preacher grapples with the great themes, teaches positive truth, and so interests, stimulates and saves his hearers.

How far do our present methods accomplish these results? I am no pessimist. Our ministry in the Methodist Church in Canada will bear comparison very favorably with that of any other church. All our candidates must now take at least three years in college in a mixed course in Arts and Theology. A very large proportion take the fuller Arts course of four years and then one year in Theology. In addition, all candidates spend two years on circuit, combining preaching and pastoral work with study and examinations. The nominal literary standard for entrance upon probation is Arts matriculation.

This last statement leads me to the first salient abuse of our present system. Special provisions* were made by the General Conference of 1902, and continued by that of 1906, to meet the special exigencies of our work in New Ontario and the West. Yet men have been taken out under these as evangelistic workers, not by "the Local Superintendent for New Ontario," nor by "the General Secretary of Missions, who is in charge of the Home Department," but by the Chairmen of Districts, and even by Chairmen of older Districts.

This is a breach of the letter and the spirit of the Discipline, and, moreover, has the practical effect of loading the Conference with a number of ill-prepared men, for whom later on it will be a difficulty to find places. I look with some disquietude on the future of any Conference that has an appreciable proportion of such ministers.

Another provision† of the Discipline, made at the very last moment of the General Conference of 1906, places a premium on rash matrimony with a vengeance. Why should the fact that a man is married exempt him from college? The only

*Discipline, pp. 382-3 ; cf., p. 103.

†Discipline, p. 94.

excuse is that married probationers find it harder to pay their way through college. But it has been done elsewhere, and in at least a few cases with us. It would better pay the Church to have some special fund, or some elasticity in the use of the Educational Fund, to meet such special cases, than to trifle with the best interests of the Church by thus lowering the standard of education.

Another defect in our present methods is this, that a graduate who has spent four years in the study of the comparatively secular subjects of his Arts course, is then allowed to proceed to ordination on only one year's attendance at college in the supremely important subjects which are to be the life of his thinking for all the years to come. True, he passes examination in much more than that one year's course, but this he may do by hasty and superficial study in the midst of the absorbing practical duties of a modern pastorate. The result is hasty cramming, stunted development, and a consequent failure to impress and help the best minds of the community. Need we wonder at the prevalent complaint that our methods are not producing leaders?

What do I advocate? A radical change. I would imitate our Mother Church in England, and send our candidates first to college to complete their studies there; then to circuit work to complete their probation, without the embarrassment of obligatory studies and written examinations.

Many great advantages would follow. We should not be sending out untrained boys to grapple with the problems of the modern world and the modern church.

Moreover, we should secure much more satisfactory results in the matter of study. Young men who preach before attending college have too often crude methods of preparation for examination, methods which permanently cripple their powers. In another way many men are grievously, sometimes permanently, injured by premature circuit work. If at all successful as public speakers, they are flattered, courted and spoiled by the very kindness of the people. Many such men have been hurt, but helped, by the Victoria "Bob." But in some cases the "Bob" was not applied, or applied too late! "The big head" is a dangerous disease. And our method fosters it.

Moreover, we make almost a fetish of written examinations. We seem to think that if we lay down a good course of study (as we have), and insist on an examination on every subject of that course (as we do), all is well, and our candidates well educated, forgetting that good methods of study and time for assimilation of the truth and the inspiration of college life are of the very essence of good modern education. Men must take their Arts work comparatively slowly. But the Church encourages them, almost forces them by her methods, to make undue haste in their theology. Four years in literature, science and philosophy, and one short year in direct college work on the subjects of our lifelong teaching! What is that but the worst kind of cram? The two years' study on circuit are of necessity hurried and unsatisfactory. "Cram" is writ large upon our methods, destroying depth of thought and solidity of character. Hence our comparative failure to impress the world intellectually. The more thoroughly a man has been awakened to the profound philosophical and theological problems, the more thorough should be his training in the Christian verities. "Time is of the essence of the contract."

If such a radical change as above outlined be at present impossible, then let us at least abolish abuses, rigidly maintain present standards, insist upon at least two years in Theology at college for graduates, and in order to do this demand of graduates only one year's probation on circuit. This would be at least a step in the right direction.

Convocation

THE arrangements for the Baccalaureate Sunday, April 25, are announced. The preacher will be President Little, of Garnett Biblical Institute, Northwestern University Evanston, Chicago, who will also address the Convocation in the chapel on the Monday evening following. Rev. Dean Wallace has, moreover, drawn the attention of all theological students to the paragraph in the Calendar which reads: "Diplomas and certificates in Theology are given out at the Convocation in Divinity, and all theological students, unless excused by the Dean of the Theological Faculty, are expected to be present."

All too often, as students, we have treated Convocation, and Charter Day exercises, too, as negligible appointments; if they chanced to suit our convenience—very well; and if not—very well. After the College has done all that was possible with us and for us, we hurry off, without so much as a decent farewell, and our unseemly haste to get away must bring keen disappointment to those peculiarly interested in the closing exercises of the academic year.

It remains for us to invest these occasions with a meaning they have not now. Our absence heretofore has made Convocation in Divinity at Victoria a very sober affair. Solemn it must always be; but surely the proceedings may be enlivened by some college song or jest, to let our guests know that this is a college function, and that we are students still, wearing our new-found dignity lightly, and to keep the young doctors from taking their honors too seriously. If attendance at Convocation became general this year, we would do much to start the tradition that would make these now dull proceedings an integral part of our College life.

And we owe this much at least to the Mother that has fostered us all these years. *Noblesse oblige.* C. J.

Notes

On Easter Sunday, April 11, Dr. Grenfell, of Labrador, will preach the College Sermon.



Mr. R. E. S. Taylor is under appointment for China, to sail in the fall. The party now numbers eleven.



From March 31 to April 4 a Congress of Missions will convene in Massey Hall, Toronto, under the Laymen's Missionary Movement in Canada, to formulate a national missionary policy. His Excellency Earl Grey will be present as honorary president of the Conference, and such men as Mr. Robt. E. Speer, Bishop Thoburn, Dr. Zwemer, Mr. N. W. Rowell, Canon Cody and Mr. J. A. Macdonald, are among the speakers.

On February 23rd Professor Hume, of the University of Toronto, delivered a lecture to the Theological Club on "Doubt and Faith," in the course of which he took occasion to state his firm belief in the essential truths of Christianity. In philosophy an idealist, in religion he is a Christian,—to which one cannot forbear to add—gentleman. Prof. Hume does good service to the religious life of the University in stating his faith so frankly. Many of us have felt the wrench which comes when first we meet scientific, historical and philosophic thought, only to discover that our traditional interpretations are called in question. The homely truths of "God" and the "world" which we learned in our boyhood days at Sunday School seem to be treated with much the same deference unchivalrous youth pays to old age; and it must be added further that grave doubts do disturb the student's former faith. For one of eminence to step in at this gap and assure us that the faith of our fathers suffices in our new conditions even better than before, is most steadying. We begin to see difficulties rising ahead; here one, intellectually honest, who has seen all our problems and has worked his way through, comes with his simple confession. And we welcome one who says, in words that cannot be misunderstood: "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth; And in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord."

C. S.

THE VICTORY.

To try—to fail—and then begin again
The fight of life;
To fail—but aye, through tears of blood, perceive
The flag—dazed, heed the bugle call;
To scorn each fresh defeat and, staggering, leave
The field, resolved not yet to fall;
To stanch the flow of blood, forget the strife
Has been in vain, ignore the dust and pain;
To lose thus nobly is to gain
Life's crowning victory.

F. C. A., '11.



Graduate Sketches

I.

MR. C. I. CURRELLY, B.A.

HAVING spent two years in post-graduate work, partly at Victoria and partly under Professor Mavor, Mr. Currelly went to England along with several other Victoria men, on the way to France to work on a social problem. Being in the British Museum one day, he happened to get into conversation with an old gentleman, a stranger, and the conversation drifted to Egypt and excavation there. It chanced that this old gentleman was one of the representatives of the British Government on the Egyptian Exploration Commission, of which he was treasurer. The outcome was that Mr. Currelly was not only introduced to Flinders Petrie, the chief officer of the Commission, but also joined the Commission.

After a few months' trial he was placed on the permanent staff. Owing to the cholera scare and terrific death-rate in Egypt, he was recommended to do some work in Crete, and started for Greece, where he spent some months travelling. Late in the autumn came orders from London to proceed to Egypt at once and commence operations. After sundry experiences with storms and with fickle Greek temperament, they succeeded in reaching Cairo in time. His duty as chief of the junior staff was to have the huts ready when the whole staff should arrive, which they did ten days later. Men came from their villages, and excavation was begun. After a month's training with Prof. Petrie he was given 100 men and sent south, where things seemed to tumble out of the ground of themselves. The last big lucky accident was the finding of the tomb of Aahmes I., who must be the Pharaoh who knew not Joseph of the Bible. During the winter a considerable number of antiquities were brought up by the peasants for sale, and more than one-third of his pay was thus invested. They were shipped home to Toronto, to Victoria.



Photo by Vernon Royle.

From picture owned by Cambridge Press, Cambridge, Mass.

HOGBACK FALLS, GREENWOOD LAKE, N.J.

As soon as work was completed there he sailed to join the other members of the British school at the excavations in Eastern Crete. Soon he was summoned to England, where he worked a few months in London. In the winter he again returned to Egypt, but serious trouble with the Egyptian government had deprived Prof. Petrie of a concession in which to dig. Consequently Mr. Currelly had to give up his concession to Prof. Petrie and apply for another. Just as the first year's work was all good luck, the second year's was all failure, their tireless search bringing no results. A little later he took his men away north, near the Mediterranean, to dig over the ancient city of Buto. Even here ill success pursued him and pressed him to leave. A serious feud with the natives impeded the work, and everything was under water, which came up to the fourth century level.

He soon joined his friend McAllister, in Palestine, who had just found a long series of Philistine tombs. Later in the summer the two accepted a challenge to see if any Phœnician traces were to be found, but though they remained a considerable time in Sidon and then in Tyre, they failed to discover any objects that may truly be called Phœnician.

Receiving instructions to prepare for an expedition to Sinai, he repaired to upper Egypt to collect men. Crossing the Arabian Desert and the Red Sea, they entered Sinai from the south, joining the rest of the expedition at the Valley of the Mines. There they copied manuscripts and worked over mine-heaps where the Egyptians had sent turquoise-mining expeditions about 5000 B.C. From there they proceeded to Serabit el Khadem, where there were more mines and the remains of a very curious temple. It had been erected by the miners to Hathor, the goddess of love, who was said to love the turquoise. Turning south, they went to the Monastery of St. Catharine to dig over some rubbish heaps outside the walls in search of manuscripts. The large library of the Monastery is quite wonderful. It was complete before the Norman Conquest and has not been added to since. The monks were still grumbling vigorously over the theft of the Codex Sinaiticus. The rubbish heaps revealed nothing, everything was decayed by the dampness. Having finished there, they went up to the land of Goshen where they had a concession to dig the city of Pithon, built by

the Hebrews for Pharaoh. Rameses II. built this very strong fortress, no doubt, as a base for his Syrian campaign. He ordered out the Hebrews, the nearest of his subjects, to do corvée labor. This the Hebrews, being a nomadic tribe, and never having done any work from the beginning of time, found a great hardship—though they had little more to do than the Egyptians of the neighboring districts.

By this time the sculpture which had been cut from the Valley of the Mines with great difficulty by reason of its enormous height on the cliff, arrived in Cairo safely. It so pleased the government that the English ministry recommended Mr. Currelly to the Khedive for a knighthood. The latter recommended him to the Sultan of Turkey, with the result that he was made an officer in the Knights of the Medjiedieh.

The next two years Mr. Currelly was mostly in charge of the work at Deir el Bahiri. This was a big excavation, there being several hundred men and a double line of tracks employed. The first year they discovered the famous statue of Hathor, one of the greatest in the world, and the next year the tomb of King Meatuhotep which was 600 feet underground.

During all this time he had been sending home all the antiquities he could secure, and two years ago the University of Toronto took up the matter, sending him sums of money. He then resigned from the excavations to devote himself entirely to the building up of the Archaeological section of the Museum. This last year the Ontario Government became interested, making it possible to do things on a grander scale. There was also an old agreement that he should write one of the series of books on the archaeology of Egypt (the book is now being published by the Egyptian government very much regardless of cost). So returning to Egypt he ran a small expedition out into the Sahara, where he secured a large amount of material for the Museum as well as for the book in hand. Then he went to Spain in search of antiquities, and met with considerable success. But the strain had been too much, and on his arrival in Paris he was threatened with a serious nervous breakdown. Thence he returned to England, where there was much work to be done and where an enormous amount of material was obtained for the museum before he should return home.

Personals

A Haggart, B.A., '72 LL.B., K.C., will represent Winnipeg in the Dominion House of Commons.

Hon. Clifford Sifton, B.A., '80, has been elected to represent Brandon in the Dominion House of Commons.

Rev. M. W. Leigh, B.A., '93, has removed from Tamworth to Eldorado.

Dr. W. F. Adams recently returned to China to take charge of the hospital at Yo Chow, Honan, China. Dr. Adams was formerly connected with the Canadian Methodist Mission at Kiating.

The sun smiled sweetly on January 21, on Toronto, where W. P. Near, B.A., '03, B.A. Sc. of Toronto, was married to Miss L. B. Manning, of Toronto.

November 4, 1908, opened the doors to happiness for A. B. Rankin, B.A., '04, M.B., when he entered in with Miss A. M. Bennett, of Toronto.

Onety Naught is peculiar in one respect at least, it has relinquished its third member to the bonds of matrimony. On Wednesday, February 17, 1909, at the residence of the bride's parents, Elmbank, Ont., Miss Florence Edna Middlebrook, late of '10, was married to Joseph W. Marshall, of Yellowgrass, Sask.

E. J. Moore, B.A., '07, who was editing the *Canadian Grocer*, has now taken up work in connection with the Ontario Branch of the Dominion Alliance, and his experience and ability will doubtless make *The Pioneer*, the well known temperance weekly, still more successful.

"*Perpetuum mobile*" must be the motto of the class of '03, a report of which we endeavored to publish in Christmas ACTA. Miss Eby is teaching in Rockland, Ont., and not at Georgetown. D. B. Kennedy is not preaching in Rouleau Quin, Melford, Sask.

Deaths

We sincerely mourn the death of Donald Gillespie, M.D., '60, (V) at Cannington, December 22, 1908.

We all mourn the loss of Rev Wm. Galbraith, M.A.,

LL.D., (V) Ph.D., who passed away December 11, 1908. From his ordination in 1865, until his superannuation in 1898, he was one of the first preachers. He was six times a delegate to the General Conference, many times chairman of his district and twice president of his Conference.

We join in heart-felt sympathy with the friends and relatives of Mrs. E. M. Flagg, B.A., '00, the wife of Rev. E. L. Flagg, B.D., who passed away January 19, 1909, at the Methodist parsonage at Southampton, Ont.

ACTA extends its heart-felt sympathy to the family of Mr. Elwood Bowerman, late of '10, who died of cancer of the head, February 23, in the Bloomfield hospital.

Exchanges

The February *University Monthly* contains a trite article on "The Place of the Study of Law in a University," from the pen of Sir William Anson, member of the Imperial Parliament for the University of Oxford, and author of "The Law and the Custom of the Constitution."

The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition is to be held on the campus of the University of Washington. It will take place during the summer vacation. The buildings which are to be erected, costing six hundred thousand dollars, will be turned over to the University after the Exposition is ended, and will be used for the enlarging of the school.

Lady accosting J. A. K—ls—:—"You are the mysterious Mr. Raffles," etc.

J. A. K—ls—, taken by surprise:—"How would you like to be Mrs. Raffles?"

Exit lady immediately.—*Ex.*

We gratefully acknowledge the following exchanges:—*Varsity*, *McMaster University Monthly*, *O. A. C. Review*, *Hya Yaka*, *Vox Wesleyana*, *Queen's University Journal*, *Allisonia*, *Stanstead College Magazine*, *Lux Columbia*, *Acadia Athenaeum*, *The Martlet*, *Manitoba College Journal*, *University of Ottawa Review*, *Harvard Monthly*, *Western University Gazette*, *University Monthly*, *Notre Dame Scholastic*, *The Student* and *The Oxford Magazine*.

BEYOND.

Beyond the sand, where wild sea birds are homing,
 A curving reach of sand that lines the bay;
 Beyond the sand, where wild sea birds are homing
 The breakers' thundering roar—the reef-tossed spray.
 Beyond the breakers, where no eye can measure,
 A smiling rainbow and its pot of gold;
 Beyond the rainbow and its faëry treasure,
 The Happy Isles are gleaming as of old.
 Beyond the islands, as the darkness closes,
 One tiny twinkling star shines bravely down—
 A gem that in the night's black hair reposes
 Above the filmy sable of her gown.
 Beyond the star, beyond the night—ah me!
 What would the longing heart not give to see!
 —*Harvard University Monthly.*

DREAM SHIPS.

“As ships at night they come and go,
 As bubbles in the eddy's flow,
 The dreams we meet in field or street,
 Filled with the sunset glow.
 “A few from El Dorado come,
 With freight of gold they pass, but some,
 With rigging torn and all forlorn,
 Lag through the waters dumb:
 “Let's hail a craft whose freight is song,
 Whose decks the golden fancies throng,
 Of dreamy mirth there is no dearth,
 As fast she booms along.
 “Aboard that craft I'd rather be
 Where thought is always fancy free,
 The gale behind, care out of mind,
 Over a sunlit sea.”

—*Notre Dame Scholastic.*



Athletic Union Executive, 1909-10

Hon. Pres., Rev. J. W. Graham; *Pres.* O. V. Jewett, '10;
1st Vice-Pres., R. Gundy, '11; *2nd Vice-Pres.*, K. McLaren,
'12; *Secretary*, J. Birnie, '11; *Treasurer*, G. Adams, '10.



Hockey

VICTORIA, 2—JUNIOR ARTS, 2.

ONE of the most strenuous games of the Jennings' Cup series was played on Victoria rink, February 11th, when Junior Arts met Victoria in the third game of Group B. The Victoria supporters had many misgivings on account of the crippled condition of the team. Jack Rumball was unable to play, and the team, as a whole, was in poor condition. Morrison replaced Rumball at right wing.

The game commenced with a rush by the Vic. forwards on the Arts' goal. For ten minutes the play was very even, the puck being carried back and forth from one end of the rink to the other; but finally Arts scored a very lucky goal. Vic. now got busy, and shot after shot was stopped by the Arts' goal tender, but there was no more scoring in this half. In the second half Vic. showed their ability to finish strong. After a few minutes' play, Arts scored again from a scrimmage in front of the goal. Morrison secured the first goal for Vic. after fifteen minutes' play. Oldham and MacLaren combined for Vic's second goal. Although both teams worked hard to break the tie, neither was able to score. The game was marked by hard checking, and many penalties were given for minor offences. It is hard to pick any particular star on the Victoria team. Oldham and MacLaren's combined rushes, and the back checking of McCamus, were conspicuous. Birnie at cover point played a steady and strong game, breaking up rush after rush of the opposing forwards; while Campbell in goal stopped many shots that appeared to be billeted for goals. The Vic. team: Goal, Campbell; point, Jewitt; cover point, Birnie

(capt.); rover, MacLaren; centre, Oldham; right wing, Morrison; left wing, McCamus.

VICTORIA, 9—ALBERT COLLEGE, 1.

On Saturday, February 13th, Vic. played Albert College a friendly game of hockey on the Vic. rink. The ice was rather rough, and this prevented anything like accuracy in passing or shooting. Albert put up a plucky game, but were clearly outclassed in all departments of the game. The score at half-time was 4—0 in favor of Vic., and at full time 9—1, Alberts' only goal being scored on a nice shot by Copp, their left wing, who has plenty of speed and with coaching and experience will develop into an excellent player.

The Vic. line-up was as follows:—Goal, Campbell; point, Jewett; cover point, Birnie (capt); centre, Oldham; rover, MacLaren; right wing, Rumball; left wing, McCamus.

Reg. Gundy made a capital referee.

VIC., 4—ARTS, 2.

This was the game which decided the group championship for Victoria, and our men proved their undoubted supremacy over the University College bunch. Both teams worked liked Trojans from the start, Campbell in goal and Rumball playing particularly well. The regular men played their usual strong game, although "Oldy" and McLaren were closely watched. The half time score was 3—1, and in the last period each team scored another, making the final score 4—2, in our favor. The line-up for Victoria was:—Goal, Campbell; point, Jewett; cover, Bernie; centre, Oldham; right, McLaren; left, McCamus; rover, Rumball.

VICTORIA, 8—ALBERT COLLEGE, 2.

On Saturday, February 20th, the Victoria hockey team journeyed to Belleville to play the return game with Albert College. Although on the previous Saturday the Albert team had been beaten by Vic. on the Vic. rink, they confidently expected to demonstrate their superiority on their own ice. However, the score fairly indicates the play. The referee lost control of the game from the start, and had it not been for the greater experience of the Victoria team the match would have developed into an old-time "shinny" game. The ice was very heavy, making combination work almost impossible.

It must be said for the Albert team that they worked hard and were always in the game, but the superior knowledge of the game and the advantage in the weight of the Victoria team made the odds against them too great, and had it not been for the brilliant work of their goal-tender the score would have been much larger. Each man on the Vic. team played hockey, and their gentlemanly playing was commended by all. The Vic. line-up—Goal, Campbell; point, Jewitt; cover point, Birnie; rover, MacLaren; centre, Morrison; right wing, Rumball; left wing, McCamus.

VICTORIA, 4—UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, 0.

On Saturday, February 13th, the return game between Varsity and Victoria ladies' hockey teams was played on Victoria rink. The Victoria ladies more than repaid their opponents for their former defeat by defeating them to the tune of 4—0. The Victoria ladies set the pace from the start, and the result was never in doubt. The first half was all Victoria, and by half time they had secured a safe lead of three goals. In the second half the play was much closer and the game more strenuously contested. But the defence of the Victoria team was too strong for the Varsity ladies, while the forwards added another goal to the score. The ladies on the Victoria team all played an excellent game, the playing of Miss MacLaren and Miss Crane on the forward line, and of Miss Grange on the defence, being especially noteworthy. The line-up of the Victoria team—Goal, Miss Denne; point, Miss Grange; cover point, Miss Denton; forwards, Misses MacLaren, Crane, McConnell and Armstrong.

VIC. LADIES, 2—ST. HILDA'S, 5.

The final game in the Ladies' Hockey League was played on Saturday, February 27th, between Victoria and St. Hilda's, on the latter's ice.

St. Hilda's showed a complete reversal of form and defeated Victoria by 5 to 2. Miss Harston starred for the winners, while Miss McConnell played well for the losers. By this win for St. Hilda's, University College has won the cup, given by Miss Addison, with three victories; Victoria second with two, and St. Hilda's third with one.

VICTORIA, 12—FORESTRY, 0.

Victoria defeated the Faculty of Forestry at the T. A. A. C. Rink on Wednesday, March 3rd, and thereby went into the finals for the Jennings's Cup. An enthusiastic crowd of nine was on hand to cheer the team on to victory.

Dwight played in goal for Forestry as the regular goal tender did not show up. As he is a point player, he frequently rambled up the ice leaving the nets ungarded, with the result that some of Vic's goals were secured in a ridiculously easy manner. This in some measure accounts for the large score; but Alexander and Andrews worked hard for Forestry, and it was only the phenomenal work of Campbell in goal for Victoria which kept Forestry from scoring. This player put up the game of his life, stopping time after time when a score seemed inevitable. McCamus was the shining light of the Vic. line. His back checking was easily the feature of the game. Captain Birnie was always in the limelight, seeming to be right at home in the heavy going. It took just two minutes for Oldham to batt in Victoria's first goal from a scrimmage. McLaren took the next on an individual rush in four minutes. McCamus followed with two and Oldham and McLaren each took one more, making the half time score 6—0.

In the second half six more were added, Birnie and Jewitt each scoring on rushes. McCamus's three and Oldham's one account for the remaining goals. A little rough work was in evidence near the end of this half resulting in McLaren, of Vic., and Chamberlain, of Forestry, being benched. Birnie was also ruled off for continuing to play with his feet after breaking his stick. The game was played six men to a side, Forestry being shy their goal tender. Jack Rumball was dropped by Vic. to even up.

Vic. Line-up:—Goal, Campbell; point, Jewitt; cover, Birnie (Captain); centre, Oldham; right, McLaren; left, McCamus. Spares:—Rumball, Morrison. Rooters:—McKenzie, Saunders, Lovering, Jones, Ecclestone, Geary, Manning, Rackham, and Zimmerman.

DENTS., 11—VICTORIA, 3.

As we go to press, our hopes for the possession of the Jennings's Cup are cruelly crushed by the above score. We could easily give excuses to show why, but what's the use? We put up a good scrap anyway.



The 65th Senior Dinner

THE present graduating year's gay round of college functions was brought to a fitting climax by the sixty-fifth Annual Senior Dinner given to the graduating class of '09 on the evening of February 26th. That the dinner was a great success is proved by the fact that many of the Seniors have been heard to say that they had a better time at this year's dinner than at any of the preceding ones.

The number at this year's dinner surpassed any previous records, and it required careful planning to provide room for all present, yet in spite of the limited size of the hall everyone was comfortably seated. The gay display of pennants and bunting only served to enhance the splendor of the tastily decorated tables. The Seniors, of course, were all present. The Juniors, as the hosts of the evening, acquitted themselves in an able manner. The Sophs turned out well, though the Freshmen's numbers were scarcely as large as in former years. As is usual on such occasions, the time elapsing between the courses was deprived of its monotony by the brilliant snatches of songs which came from the tables of the lower years, while even at times the dignified theologs deigned to let their voices be heard in sonorous tones.

The dinner this year was upon a somewhat different basis from that of former years, the honors being extended to the graduates in Theology as well as to those in Arts. The undergraduates in Theology turned out well and added much to the general enjoyment by their choruses and hymns.

Chancellor Burwash was chairman as well as guest of honor, it being the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation. In his own inimitable way he gave a brief *résumé* of the past fifty years, which was very entertaining and much enjoyed by all present. President Falconer was also able to be with us, and by his presence added much to the general interest of the dinner.

The Senior Dinner Song, composed by a committee, was divided in three parts. The verses for the ladies were sung by Miss Stenton, '11, and those for the gentlemen of the Arts class by Messrs. VanWyck, '11, and F. J. R. Staples, '10, while Mr. Totten very ably rendered those to the Theological graduates.

The speeches of the evening, though somewhat longer than usual, were much enjoyed, and we are sorry that space does not permit a detailed account of some of them. We can, however, express the feelings of the class of '09 according to Mr. Moyer.

Mr. Moyer, '09 (proposing a toast to Victoria College)—
 "'09 feels like a bursting bubble on a rolling sea."

Below we give a copy of the song composed by A. L. Burt, '10, in honor of our Chancellor and sung by all present at the dinner:

Long live our Chancellor,
 Loved friend, wise counsellor,
 All hail to thee!
 For all the coming years,
 Thy name the more endears
 Old Vic., as each now cheers
 Thy jubilee.

The strength of life was his,
 And now the peace that is
 The crown of age;
 Time's roughness grew more fair,
 Touched by a life so rare:
 May he outlive all care
 In ripe old age.

Repartee at the Senior Dinner (Tune, "Old Hundred"):

C. T.'s.—"We'd like to hear the faculty sing."

Sophs.—"They have no faculty to sing."

Freshies—"Professor Bowles is beating time."

Sophs.—"He could not help it when we sang."

Dr. Biggar—"The late speaker said he would like to see this turned into a love-feast; from what I see I think it is one."

Avison, '09 (proposing toast to the ladies)—"Woman is an accomplished fact. Woman is here; she has come and we must accept her."

Gems from the Senior Song (Tune, "The Blacksmith"):

To "Si" Hemingway.

A farmer brave our Si will make;
In the wide, wide West you'll find him,
With a spade and a hoe and a second-hand rake,
And a bunch of cows behind him.

To Gordon Manning, President of the Lit.

To mould bright youth's ambitious mind
At present is his suggestion;
And his practice at Lit., in the President's chair
Will help when he puts the question.

(Tune, "Just Someone.")

To George Gullen.

Under his convincing argument
You can only sit and squirm;
We wonder, when he "pops" the question,
Will he then define his term?

To "Pat" Miller.

When he pleads before his jury,
You may bet they'll sit and stare;
They'll ope their eyes when Patrick cries,
Things must go with a "rip and a tare."



The Senior Reception

The reception which the Seniors gave on the evening of February 19, '09, was one of the most successful in the history of the College, and '09 will long be remembered for this last annual function. In addition the occasion was noteworthy because of the fact that Chancellor Burwash celebrated the Golden Jubilee of his graduation. The college was tastily decorated, while cosy corners were very much in evidence,—a characteristic feature of '09 receptions. After the usual preliminaries in Alumni Hall, the guests descended to the chapel, which was not sufficiently commodious to accommodate all who were desirous to hear the programme.

The programme, while following precedent, was not a reproduction of former years. J. E. Todd, President of the year,

ably acted as chairman. He first called upon Chancellor Burwash, Hon. President of the year, for an address. The Chancellor gave one of his appropriate addresses, which met with hearty applause. The "History" of the class, written by Miss C. M. Birnie and M. A. Miller, was read by the latter. The virtues and brilliancies of the class '09, from freshmanhood to their present days of maturity, were extolled in a manner which could not fail to please those who heard it. Miss C. B. Dunnett and J. H. Arnup each read a poem which did credit to the celebrated class, while W. P. Clement pleased the audience with one of his instrumental solos. The Prophecies contained the usual amount of dreary forebodings and happy prognostication, interspersed with humor. These were written by Miss M. N. Stephens and H. L. Morrison, and were neither of an imitative nature, nor did they hold a secondary place to the prophecies of other years.

At the conclusion of the programme the guests returned to their rendezvous to prepare for the promenades which followed. When the last of the eight promenades was finished the singing of the college song was followed by the college and year yells. The Seniors then formed themselves into a circle and joined hands while they sang "Auld Lang Syne," and their last reception was over.



Dr. J. Burwash (to Oldham, '08, laboring through a Greek translation)—"That version, I fear, will hardly do."

Oldy—"I just turned it around to make it sound better."

Dr. B.—"What would you look like if you were turned upside down?"

Scene—Eaton's store; Miss Kelley, '12, standing before a counter.

Clerk—"Well, my little girl, what can I do for you?"

R. O—b—r—c, '08 (on ice)—"Say, I fell down so quickly I went right out from under my hat."

Junior—"What is that noise that I hear upstairs?"

William—"Oh, the women are having a prayer-meeting upstairs, and it's the noise of their prayers going through the shingles."

R—b—n—on, '11 (speaking of the recent greeting between King Edward and the German Emperor)—“Huh! Wouldn't I like to root my nose around in King Teddy's old whiskers!”

Dougan, '08 (at Prof. Mavor's post-graduate class)—

The Professor, bemoaning the tremendous dearth of mental activity in America, suddenly gave vent to his spleen on Dougan. “In reference to the French Revolution,” he said, “have you read Payson?”

“No.”

“Have you read Balzac?”

“No, sir.”

“My! my! Every schoolboy in Europe would have read those books. It's terrible! it's awful! it's tragic! it would almost make one weep!”

Overcome with an inward craving to partake of the good things that the Seniors had prepared for their own party in the college, four daring spirits of the Freshman year attempted to break through the line of defence which was vigilantly guarding the precious dainties. Failing in this first attack, the baffled Freshmen, like the Dog in the Manger, unable themselves to secure the edibles, attempted to keep the Seniors from enjoying their feast by injecting into the room a very strong spray of carbon Bi-sulphide. Though this attempt failed in its purpose it sufficed to arouse the ire of the Seniors, and at once a dreadful form of punishment was decided upon. Having seized upon the unsuspecting culprits the next morning, the Seniors, believing that to “spare the rod is to spoil the child,” vigorously applied the shingle to pleading victims, after which the tears of the Freshmen were washed away by a deluge of water from the tap. “The way of the transgressor is hard.”

Spike (after the scrap)—“McLaren had a good average on his legs. Fat was on one and I was on the other.”

“Come to the greatest concert Weston ever had,” was the moderate exhortation that caused window curtains to retreat rapidly, doors to open quickly, inquiring individuals to appear from numerous doorways, and the electric lights to shine with increased brilliancy in the streets of Weston on the evening of February 16th. Those who hearkened and “rushed” the Methodist church found the elect class of Onety Nought in the

chief seats, trained to the minute for the promised Sangerfest. Two hours earlier, to the goodly number of forty or more, they had left Queen's Park and the rest of Toronto behind them. However, "a feast of reason and a flow of soul" had shortened the road and robbed the persistent wind of its sting.

The chairman, C. P. Brown, asked for a chorus by the class, and the concert was on. An able speech by the Honorary President, Dr. Graham, followed, but this was brought to an abrupt and tumultuous conclusion by applause given the appearance of the sexton's assistant, carrying an armful of necessities for the supper yet to come. Vocal solos, instrumental duets, readings of the noble thoughts of noble minds, constituted a famous programme that was crowned by a superb rendering of the "Old Ontario Strand," the "College yell" for the audience, and the serving of an abundant and delicious supper for the visiting artists. Leaving Weston as soon as supper was over, Toronto was reached at an *early* hour.

Senior (at post graduate class in Prof. Mavor's study, while examining a Japanese clock, incidentally remarked)—"It's quite a novelty."

"No, indeed, it's not," replied the Professor; "it's very ancient."

Freshmen Tales—"All on a Sunday morning."

Whiting and Allan went walking one day

Across a toboggan slide.

Alas! oh, alas! what a Freshman's way!

They ne'er reached the other side.

The descent was so quick, so unkind,

It bereft them of something behind.

Of what it bereft them they're backward to say,

But perhaps you'll find out if you try it some day."

Bridgeman, '10 (at sleigh party)—"There is room for a couple more up here; Barlow is just after removing his feet."

Jewitt, '10—"Speak a little louder, we didn't hear that."

Moore, '10—"I haven't said it yet."

Miss Dr—w, '09, (wondering how she could put in the afternoon)—"Well, I think I shall write some letters; then it won't be long until it is time to go out on the rink, and in the meantime I can do a little studying."

Dr. Edgar (in a 4th year French class, observing Mr. H—n—g, '09, with his '09 cushion)—“Well, Mr. H—n—g, are you doing a little fancy work?”

Mr. H—n—g, '09—“Oh, no! just getting some ready for my sister to do.”

Miss C—w—n, '11—“I am so glad the Senior reception was such a success, because it is so nice to think of '09 going out leaving a good taste in our mouths.”

Freshette—“I do hope I can go through my college course starless!”

Miss B—r—e, '09—“Yes, and do try also to get through B.D.-less.”

Prof. DeWitt—“George Washington's motto was: Let us all hang together, or we will hang separately.”

Miss C—k, '09 (on her way to college one morning)—“If I only had a satchel and a piece of Vic. colors I would make a theolog too.”

Mr. VanW—k, '11 (after hearing the male quartette at Mendelssohn concert)—“Gee! they are almost as good as our Glee Club.”

Miss C—l—k, '09 (upon being told who the poet was for the 1910 class)—“Well, he won't have any trouble getting feet for his poetry, that's certain.”

The final inter-year debate took place Wednesday, February 10th, between '09 and '11. The subject of the debate was, “Resolved, That the present British administration in India is the best calculated to further India's own interests.” Miss Lulu Collver, '11, and Miss Elva Lochlin, '11, upheld the affirmative, while Miss Alice Chubb, '09, and Miss Margaret Phillips, '09, made a strong defence for the negative. The judge's decision, however, favored the affirmative. To 1911, who have won out for this year, we extend hearty congratulations.

Saturday, February 20th, the '08 girls decided to have a reunion and to all enjoy luncheon together at the St. Charles. As some of the party neared their destination, one young lady remarked: “Oh, girls, I am not sure where to go!” whereupon

Miss B—i—d, '08, cheerfully called out: "Follow me; I have been here before; I know the way." Strange to say, she landed her followers in the bar-room. The girls are still waiting for Jean's explanation.

Notes from the Prophecy:

H. Butcher (as Signor Volanski)—"I am going to publish this book on 'Why a Man should Use Tobacco.' I've had ninety-nine reasons for a long time, and I've been racking my brains to make it an even hundred. I've just hit on it now. Best one of them all: The W.C.T.U. doesn't want a man to smoke."

Judge Clement had a large tank built in the court and filled with water, and when any witness became confused and muddled by a lawyer's cross-examination, Bill had them thrown into the tank, because he said he knew from experience the best way for a man to locate himself when he did not know where he was is to fall into cold water.

Walter Howlett has charge of the largest church in Prince Rupert. Walter got so tired seeing services of special interest to young men only, and nothing about young ladies, that he decided he would preach a few sermons especially to young women, and now they have filled his church so that a man can't get a seat at 6.30.

Fritz—"Good-bye. Alley practice at 4.15. Got the world's championship here, and by Whimple, I'm a-tellin' of you, we can swat the ball some!"

Reba Fleming—"Much precious time is wasted in the way you travel about. Dear girls, if you expect the world to be evangelized in this generation you must have street-cars."

Note from History:

"Even at this first informal meeting, where nobody knew anybody, and everybody introduced everybody to everybody else, there was displayed a strategic ability which augured well for the future."

Prof. Misener (in Hebrew Lecture)—"'Her lips.' Mr. Stewart, this is where you went astray, and it's easy to understand why you did."

At Lit. (in discussion on the College Pin question):

Ar—p, '09—"Sir, I protest against this measure. Should this carry, the ladies could have no other resource than to rush at once to arms."

M—y—r, '09—"Then, Mr. Speaker, I am strongly in favor of rushing this motion through."

At Inter-Year Debate on the Suffragette Question, Miss Lukes, '10—"When we get the franchise men will no longer look up to women, they will just look at them."

"It's not the hand that juggles the ballot-box that rules the world."

J—n—s, B.D. (coming in from rink at 6.30)—"This being in love is hard on a man. I've been late for dinner every night for two weeks."

Overheard at the hockey match — "I admire Mr. Jewitt because he sometimes loses his temper."

Doesn't Mr. Birnie fall down the nicest you ever saw?"

Miss B—r—ic, '09, (To all senior with whom she is promenading)—"If you do that again, I'll get a stepladder and slap you."

The men of '09 were At-Home Tuesday night, February 23, to the ladies of the year, and an enjoyable evening was spent playing carpet balls, pit, crokinole, etc. A peanut race proved a very unique attraction. After the games were concluded a supper was held in the Common Rooms, ending on the stroke of midnight.

'09 has again proved their invincibility in debate by winning the final debate of the inter-year series. The subject was, "Resolved that the final court of appeal for Canada should be a Canadian court." The affirmative was taken by W. Green, '11, and G. C. Gifford, '11, while J. H. Arnup, '09, and his colleague, G. E. Gullen, '09, upheld the negative. The speeches on both sides were very interesting and it was only by a few points that the seniors succeeded in carrying off the laurels of victory.

"Women haven't time for new duties: they are so hurried now that they plaster their tables with baker's trash instead of good homemade food."

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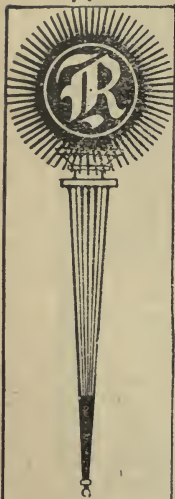
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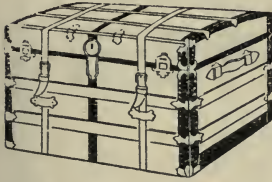
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**EDUCATION DEPARTMENT CALENDAR
FOR 1909 (in part)**

January:

1. NEW YEAR'S DAY (Friday).
By-laws for establishing and withdrawal of
union of municipalities for High School
purposes to take effect.
4. Provincial Normal Schools open (Second
Term).
Clerks of Municipalities to be notified by
Separate School supporters of their with-
drawal.
High, Public and Separate Schools open.
5. Truant Officers' reports to Department, due.
6. First meeting of rural School Trustees.
Polling day for trustees in Public and
Separate Schools.
7. Principals of High Schools and Collegiate
Institutes to forward list of teachers, etc.
11. Appointment of High School Trustees by
Municipal Councils.
14. Annual Reports of Boards in cities and
towns, to Department, due.
Names and addresses of Public School
Trustees and Teachers to be sent to Town-
ship Clerks and Inspectors.
15. Trustees' Annual Reports to Inspectors, due.
Annual Reports of Kindergarten attend-
ance to Department, due.
Annual Reports of Separate Schools, to
Department, due.
Application for Legislative apportionment
for inspection of Public Schools in cities
and towns separated from the county, to
Department, due.

20. First meeting of Public School Boards in
cities, towns and incorporated villages.
26. Appointment of High School Trustees by
County Councils.

February:

3. First meeting of High School Boards and
Boards of Education.

March:

1. Inspectors' Annual Reports, to Depart-
ment, due.
Annual Reports from High School Boards,
to Department, due.
(This includes the Financial Statement.)
Financial Statement of Teachers' Associa-
tions, to Department, due.
Separate School Supporters to notify Muni-
cipal Clerks.
31. Night Schools close (Session 1908-9).

April:

1. Returns by Clerks of counties, cities, etc.,
of population, to Department, due.
8. High Schools, second term, and Public
and Separate Schools close.
9. GOOD FRIDAY.
12. EASTER MONDAY.
13. Annual Meeting of the Ontario Educa-
tional Association at Toronto.
15. Reports on Night Schools, due (Session
1908-9).
19. High Schools (Third Term), and Public
and Separate Schools open after Easter
Holidays.

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Published monthly during the College year by the Union
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VOL. XXXII.

TORONTO, APRIL, 1909.

No. 7.

A Summons

W. A. DEACON, '11

***P**URPLE the mountains stand,
Untrod and free;
Long yellow strips of sand,
Beckon to me.*

*Trees that in winters past
Rugged and hoar,
Conquered the stormy blast,
Call me once more.*

*Lakes that my paddle know,
Quiet and still;
Waterfalls' foaming flow
Plead with my will.*

*Rocks that for ages long
Marvelled by men,
Join in the common song—
“Dwell here again.”*

*Dark forest paths there are
Silent and wild,
That in their depths afar
I am a child.*

*Islands rise from the blue,
Covered with green,
To such an one as you
What does that mean?*

*So fires my weary heart,
Loaded with care,
This cruel, burning dart,
"Oh to be there!"*

*Oh, South Wind, bear my word,
Back to the North—
Swift as migrating bird
Will I go forth.*

*There in some rocky glen
Shall be my home;
Ne'er in the haunts of men
More will I roam.*

*Farewell old friends and true,
Must I depart,
And my old life renew—
Now for the start!*

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HERBERT N. CASSON.*



SINCE the earliest days of human history, there has never been a time when there were so many great things to do, or when there was such need of heroism and intelligence, dedicated to the service of humanity, as now, in these basic years of the twentieth century.

These are the marvellous days, of which we may well say, in the language of Wordsworth, "'Tis bliss to be alive, and glorious to be young." And none of the young men who are soon to step from the life of the college into the life of the business world, can have any reason to regret that they were born too late, or that there remain no great, heroic tasks to be accomplished.

The nineteenth century, inventive and productive as it was, was only the first act in the drama of modern progress. It was preparatory. It was the clearing away of obstacles. It was the building of a foundation upon which the towering superstructure is to rest. It was not the accomplishment of the real vital work for which this little planet of ours exists, but merely the making ready to do that work. "Others have labored, and we have entered into their labors."

The nineteenth century gave us the railroad and steamboat, by means of which a man can now go from Toronto to Jerusalem, if he wishes, for forty dollars. It gave us the self-binder, which has cut down the cost of wheat from three hours of a man's labor to ten minutes; the Hoe press, that can whirl out a hundred thousand eight-page papers in an hour; the Bessemer converter, that gives us steel for less than a cent a pound; the telegraph and telephone and cable, and sewing-

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machine, and all the innumerable devices for the saving of time and labor.

But, when you come to think of it, the nineteenth century has given us very little but THINGS. Whether these THINGS are to be a help to the human race, or not, depends upon the use that is made of them. And the tragic struggle of to-day is the conflict between Man himself and the THINGS that he has made.

The main purpose of life to-day is just what it was in the days of the stage-coach, and tallow candle and tinder-box. It is the making of higher, nobler and kindlier men and women. It is the development of character. And all else, no matter how grand and glittering, is no more than scaffolding.

Consequently, the supreme Task of the twentieth century, to speak of it in a comprehensive way, is to conquer, in the name of humanity, all the THINGS—all the science and invention and discovery, and to make the new powers and agencies work together for the good of all mankind.

Perhaps the most urgent task that awaits the young men and women of our time, is, to be more specific, THE ESTABLISHING OF A TEMPLE OF PEACE, in which a World Parliament shall convene. There is now a building at The Hague which has been erected by Mr. Carnegie for this purpose, but as yet there has been formed no permanent Parliament, nor even an efficient Committee of Arbitration. What with the monstrous guns that can hurl a projectile twenty miles in advance of an army, what with the floating forts of steel and deadly submarines, war has now become an unthinkable horror. Also, now that commerce has rendered all nations dependent upon each other, there can be no war in any part of the world that does not bring disaster, more or less, to the saner and more self-restrained nations that have remained at peace. Whether we consider it from the point of view of mind or morals or money, it is evident that war, like duelling and slavery, must be abolished.

The second great task that must be done is to effect A CO-PARTNERSHIP BETWEEN LABOR AND CAPITAL. The enlightened common sense of civilized nations is demand-

ing that there shall come an end to industrial warfare. We have become too humane for the strike and the lockout and the boycott and the blacklist, and our social system has become too finely organized to permit these insurrections on the part of labor and these arbitrary edicts on the part of capital. However we arrange it, there must come some sort of tribunal that



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both labor and capital will trust. Or failing this, there must come some new method of organization, under which both the laborer and the capitalist shall work harmoniously as the hired servants of the whole nation. The welfare of us all is of far more importance than either the trade union or the trust, and both must be taught to keep their places and to agree.

The third task, and which apparently will be the first one to be accomplished, is the PREVENTION OF DRUNKENNESS. The liquors that intoxicate must be put high up on the poison shelf, where they have always belonged. Whether alcohol is a food or not, is no matter. The lack of alcohol will starve nobody, and the use of alcohol is now starving a great many people. To-day nobody believes, and nobody dare declare upon any public platform, that drunkenness exalteth a nation. And it is also true that the work which the coming generation is about to do is so difficult and so perplexing that none but sober men and women dare attempt it.

The fourth task is to ELIMINATE GAMBLING. This work, too, is well under way. We have abolished lotteries in both Canada and the United States. We have wiped out race-track gambling to a very large extent. We have even made it a crime to keep a bucket-shop or to be found in one. But as yet we stand baffled and helpless in the presence of the larger gambling of the wheat pit and the stock exchange. No one up to the present time has been able to frame a law that would permit the lawful speculation of the pioneering capitalist, but prohibit the demoralizing speculation of the Wall Street gambler. This is a work that calls for all the wisdom of both moral teachers and financiers—to draw a straight-edge for the business man, so that he may clearly see the point at which business ends and gambling begins.

The fifth task is to establish SEX EQUALITY. This does not mean that women are to become blacksmiths and motormen. It does not mean that they are to escape the responsibilities that wives and mothers ought to bear. But it does mean that when they do the same work as men, they shall receive the same payment; that they shall have a right to help make the laws that they are compelled to obey; and that the work of making a home shall be better appreciated and better rewarded. The human race is now, and always will be, half men and half women. Women have carried their half of the burdens. They have dared their half of the dangers. They have done their half of the thinking and the suffering. And there is no good reason why they should not have one-half of the influence.

The sixth task is to ABOLISH DISEASE. We must find a cure for cancer, for tuberculosis, and for pneumonia. How far we can go in this direction, no one knows. So much has already been done in the prevention of smallpox, cholera, fevers and malaria, that we have reason to hope for the abolition of other diseases which are now regarded as inevitable. We do believe to-day in the right to health. We believe that whatever endangers health is socially wrong, no matter how popular it may be, nor how profitable. And we need in the coming century to establish this as a basic principle—that the first duty of life is to live, to live the fullest life, in body and brain, in length of years and completeness of character.

The seventh task, which calls for a larger wisdom than that of Blackstone or Justinian, is the SIMPLIFICATION OF THE LAW. The master lawyer, whoever he may be, who will distill the essence of justice from the vast accumulation of law, who will separate the essential from the non-essential, will be one of the most useful men of the coming age. Now that the nations of the world have become so highly organized and so interdependent, there have come higher standards of right conduct and wider views of social obligation. From this loftier standpoint, therefore, we must survey the basic principles of the law, and prevent the justice of to-day from being thwarted by what was once the justice of past centuries.

These seven tasks are not the only ones that remain undone. But they will serve as instances to show the sort of social work which, in my opinion, will call for as much heroism and fortitude as any of the great tasks of the past. And the young man who is about to take up the responsibilities of a career, whether he be minister or layman, will do well to connect himself with one or more of these new world-movements, whose aim is to produce a nobler and wiser human race.

*Resignation**ALICE B. CHUBB, '09*

MAJESTIC night had laid the earth to rest,
From out the far blue mystic depths of heaven
The stars looked forth in dazzling beauty drest
Like heavenly beacons unto mortals given.

The pain of loneliness was in my heart,
And as I gazed a wild desire possessed
My soul, to rend that beauteous veil apart,
To see that far-off land of spirit blest,

A kind of frenzy seized my soul with might,
And to my raptured mortal sight it seemed
The starry curtain opened, and a light,
Shone forth more fair than ever sunshine gleamed

And in the glory of that radiance wide,
The form appeared of one long lost to me,
With out-stretched hands and passionate voice, I cried,
“Oh, take me, take me up in heaven with thee.”

I spoke, and lo! again I saw above
Only the sky of midnight, calm and clear,
But from the silence came in tones of love,
A voice that said, “My child, thy work is here.”

The Taming of the Shrew

W. S. HARRINGTON, B.A., K.C.

IN passing judgment upon Petruchio, his love-making and his ingenious and rather ludicrous treatment of his wife, we must not overlook the induction to the play. Some critics have gone so far as to characterize this play as an extravagant farce. While in some respects it may appear unworthy to be styled "a pleasant comedy," yet it is well calculated to "frame your mind to mirth and merriment." If we were to measure it by the standard of the auditor for whose especial benefit it is supposed, according to the induction, to have been represented, it is indeed "a very excellent piece of work." We do not, however, deem it necessary to reduce ourselves to the level of Christopher Sly in order to find some merit in "The Taming of the Shrew." Petruchio might not prove a successful wooer in the present age, but he was not quite so inconsistent as he appears at first sight, if we are to accept the other characters in the play as showing an indication of the prevailing method of seeking a wife in those days. Baptista seems to have but one standard for a husband for the fair Bianca. He auctions her off to the highest bidder.

"He of both
That can assure my daughter greatest dower
Shall have Bianca's love."

If we are disposed then to examine seriously the motives that prompted Petruchio to seek a wife in Padua, we must not be surprised to hear him declare that wealth is the burden of his wooing dance. We are not, however, to take these characters too seriously or seek to measure the methods of match-making in Northern Italy by what we witness in this play. The maids of that district have been immortalized by Juliet, Desdemona and Portia, and the swains will never suffer in reputation so long as Romeo and Bassanio are remembered.

Shakespeare never intended that we should moralize with much nicety upon the ethics of this play. If the touches of humor and the flashes of wit give us pleasure, his chief object is attained.

Petruchio frankly confesses that he came

“ to wive it wealthily in Padua,
And if wealthily, then happily in Padua.”

Before meeting Katherina, he was informed that she was shrewd and ill-favored, but rich, very rich. Although his friend told him he “ would not wed her for a mine of gold,” Petruchio is quite content to take his chances with her scolding tongue. That appears to be *his* forte, for Grumio, who ought to know him well, has no fears of her outdoing him in this respect, for he says: “ An she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him. She may, perhaps, call him a half score knaves or so, why, that’s nothing; and he begin once he’ll nail in his ropetricks.” This is not a very good character for a servant to give his master, yet we must discount Grumio’s account for his ear was still smarting from the wringing it received at the gate. Petruchio was not a surly clown, nor was he

“ a frantic fool
Hiding his bitter jest in blunt behaviour.”

Tranio better describes him :

“ Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise ;
Though he be merry, yet withal he’s honest.”

“ ’Tis some odd humor pricks him to this fashion.”

He set about to accomplish his end in his own peculiar way. He concluded to play a part, feeling quite certain that he could overcome the shrewish nature of Katherina. He was not so ill-tempered and impulsive as his acts would indicate. It is quite clear that his strange and apparent rash and rude behaviour was not the sudden impulse of the moment, but was studied out beforehand.

We learn this from the soliloquy in the first scene of Act IV., where he carefully maps out his programme and concludes with: “ And thus I’ll curb her mad and headstrong humor.” Was ever woman wooed as Katherina? Petruchio wastes no time in formal introductions, but at the first sight of her he begins in his brusque manner with: “ Good-morrow, Kate, for that’s your name I hear.” This is followed by a witty duel in

which each contestant scores the other rather roughly. Katherina is not content to use her tongue alone, but emphasizes her remarks by boxing his ears. This, however, does not disconcert him. By his witty retorts, scolding and extravagant flattery, he persists in his amorous attentions, and although when her father appears she rebukes him for wishing her wed to "a half lunatic, a madcap ruffian and a swearing Jack," Petruchio extends to him the filial greeting and announces the wedding for the following Sunday. She declares that she will see him hanged first, but he is not to be so easily turned aside. He very cleverly explains that this opposition of her's is assumed for the occasion, that she dearly loves him, and without giving her a further chance to reply he carries her away, reiterating as he goes the announcement formerly made.

On the wedding morn the expectant guests assemble, and Katherina, among the rest, shows her impatience at the tardiness of the groom. She declares that she is forced to give her hand opposed against her heart, yet does not seem pleased at her probable escape from this unwilling alliance. From all which we naturally deduce that she was not so much annoyed at the prospect of a marriage as she would have us believe. Katherina's disposition had become soured, and scold she must whether she had cause or not. Finally the groom appears, and such a groom, ridiculously arrayed in a grotesque costume, His friends endeavor to prevail upon him to change his habit, but he stoutly refuses. He is married, and if correctly reported by Grumio, the ceremony was interrupted in a rather unseemly manner. Then comes Katherina's first lesson. Petruchio, while affecting to study her pleasure and comfort, makes it plain that he is master. Not an unkind word does he utter to her, but fumes and blusters, defies and threatens all who dare to intervene when no one has intimated such an intention. He talks so rapidly and storms so furiously that poor Katherina has little chance to protest. She has no intention of being swept away so summarily, but before she knows it, he carries her away bodily, brandishing his sword and swearing that he will buckler her against a million. Their arrival at his home is marked by a similar scene. The servants are scattered right and left, and in fear and trembling they do their best to allay the fury of their master. Poor Kate, who has

won for herself the reputation of an inveterate shrew, finds herself confronted with a man so easily nettled, and so furious and unreasonable when aroused, that she realizes that any efforts upon her part to match him would be like opposing the zephyr to the whirlwind. If these imaginary offences of the servants raise such a storm, what sort of a tornado would be produced if he were actually opposed? She dare not make the experiment, but on the contrary seeks to quiet him. Little did Katherina suppose that so soon after her marriage she would be so humbled that she would be begging one of her husband's servants to clandestinely bring her some food to stay the pangs of hunger.

Petruchio all the while addresses her as "my sweet Kate," "my honey love," and leaves little opportunity for her to charge him with harshness or lack of attention if she had dared to do so.

"And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love."

She has the will to rebel, but fears to do so. She fancies the pretty cap and the gown ordered for her, and as she sees that they, too, are likely to be withheld from her as was the food, her old spirit is roused for the moment, but Petruchio quickly finds a remedy. The haberdasher and tailor are scolded roundly and ejected from the house, and Katherina has little chance to say a word. By this time she is pretty thoroughly convinced that he proposes to do as he pleases, and that he will not tolerate any interference. She now is ready to go one step further. She must not only allow him to have his own way, but must acquiesce in all he says, whether he be right or wrong. She quite innocently was betrayed into correcting him as to the hour of the day just as they were about to depart upon the visit to her father. This little slip was the occasion for postponing the trip. Petruchio did not read her any long lecture, nor did he pretend that this was done out of respect and consideration for her, as he had contrived in the former instance. He evidently considered his pupil sufficiently advanced to be now able to have the rebuke directed against herself.

"I will not go to-day, and e'er I do
It shall be what o'clock I say it is."

The taming process goes merrily on, and so far advanced is Katherina in the lessons she has received, that with very little more ado, she is prepared to grant that the moon is shining brightly at mid-day, and to admire the fresh bloom upon the rosy cheek of a wrinkled old gentleman and greet him as the fairest maiden of the land. So submissive is she to every whim of Petruchio that she voluntarily declares

“ What you will have it named, even that it is,
And so it shall be so for Katherine.”

She has completed her course, and needs no more of the harsh schooling that she had been subjected to. It may be asserted by some that this play is a libel upon the good name of the fair sex. I do not think that the sex will ever raise such a cry against the author. Even if the picture of Katherina be somewhat distorted, we must remember she is an exception. We cannot so soon forget the many sweet and loving female characters in Shakespeare's plays. Was Katherina such a shrew after all? Was she not the natural product of her surroundings? We have no mention of her mother. So far as the play informs us, old Baptista, the grasping old father, was in sole charge of the bringing up of his daughters. He lavished all his attention upon Bianca, and seems to regard Katherina as an incumbrance that he would gladly get rid of. He was willing to pay a fabulous sum to any man who would marry her, while he exacted as great a marriage settlement from the man who received Bianca at his hands. It is just such treatment that will sour the sweetest disposition. So if we find Katherina given to sudden displays of an evil temper, it is not to be wondered at, and instead of holding her up as an example of a shrewish woman, we should rather pity her as being the very natural result of the treatment she received at the hands of a selfish and unnatural father. She has just cause of complaint when she addresses her father.

“ I pray you, sir, is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates ?”

Would a mother have shown such preference for a younger daughter? On the contrary, does our observation not teach us

that under such circumstances a mother's love is as strong for her plain and homely daughter as it is for the fair and graceful one? A mother would never give one daughter occasion to remark as Katherina quite truthfully did, "She is your treasure." So instead of this play being a libel upon women, are we not quite justified in regarding it as a fair exposition of the unfitness of men to care for their own daughters. Well might we inscribe over the portals of Baptista's house the old motto, "What is home without a mother?" In the end Katherina proves that she was capable of realizing the duties of a wife, and to her are we indebted for the following:

"Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
 Thy head, thy sovereign ; one that cares for thee
 And for thy maintenance. Commits his body
 To painful labor both by sea and land,
 To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
 Whils't thou liest warm at home, secure and safe,
 And craves no other tribute at thy hands
 But love, fair looks and true obedience,
 Too little payment for so great a debt."

Life

NOW Fortune stacks the deck, deals out the hands,
 Then grins to see the novice player writhe,
 Throws chip on chip to swell the growing pot,
 Tempts him with hope to venture all his gold;
 For man is but a fool in Fortune's thrall,
 And takes the bait like some dull-witted carp.
 The game is done! The grand show down is called;
 While Fate smiles at the man's discomfiture.
 With sunken, wearied eye he views his loss,
 And, sick at heart, resumes his daily toil.

W. A. D.

"Be Still and Know That I Am God"

C. W. S.

"Et les étoiles d'or, légions infinies,
A voix haute, à voix basse, avec mille harmonies,
Disaient, en inclinant leurs couronnes de feu;
Et les flots bleus, que rien ne gouverne et n'arrête,
Disaient en recourbant l'écume de leur crête!
C'est le Seigneur, le Seigneur Dieu!"

"Be still and know that I am God." Be still?
Who can be still? Our flinty pavements mock
Each meditative thought with discord shrill;
Our human frame but ill sustains the shock
Of noise and buffets in this human whirl;
The boom of midnight, even, scarce can sound
Above the city's din,—we so confound
The night with day, shattering the pearl
Of sleep. But chief in our own hearts there swell
Doubt's feverous strife, contrary wars of Will;
Be still? Thus? Here?—But aye in caverned cell
Sea-worn, sea-resounding, on the lone hill
Wind-bitten; yea, far on the mute plain, there dwell
Whispers: "O know that I am God, be still."

The Flesh-Pots of Egypt

A STORY OF THE OLD MENNONITES.

B. MABEL DUNHAM, '08.

“COME, Melindy, daba! schwind! Can’t you make the dishes off and help your mom get ready for meetin’? Dan, he’s gone already. Somehow you don’t be like you was till you went to Sam’s. I won’t be for letting you go again onct.”

As Benj. Baumann hurled this reproof at his daughter, he was engaged in adding the finishing touches to his toilet on the back porch. The well-greased top-boots, which stood near the door, a monument to his wife Bevy’s diligence and devotion, were substituted for the less pretentious-looking chore-boots, the broad-rimmed hat was donned with some care, and Benj. betook himself to the barn to hitch up.

The Baumann homestead was situated in the heart of a Pennsylvania Dutch settlement, twelve miles distant from the world in any direction. Benj. had known no other home. As a boy, he had spent a fair proportion of his winters at the schoolhouse on the corner, but, since a superfluous amount of erudition seemed to the Mennonite mind to have an unhallowed connection with the world, the flesh, and the devil, whereas the practice of agriculture was favored by the family traditions, any scholastic ability he may have evinced in those tender years was ruthlessly nipped in the bud, and the thoughts of the young hopeful were directed to the farm. As a farmer, none outside the settlement could equal him. He had the latest improvements in farm machinery, kept a large stock of cattle, and was building his third bank barn. The bank clerks in the nearest town dubbed him familiarly “Old Cræsus,” yet, with all his wealth, the cardinal virtues of his religion, simplicity in dress and manner, a cordial hospitality, daily thrift, and a thorough-going honesty, would serve as a catalogue of his personal characteristics.

Melinda, the chastened daughter, had, in the meantime, obediently set to work, and by the time Benj. appeared at the

back door with the team, the family were bonneted and ready for "meetin'."

"You'd best shut the pantry door, so the cat don't come in," said Bevy, and, with this sole precaution taken in regard to the safety of the house and its belongings, the family departed. In a minute they had all climbed over the wheels into the democrat, each one working out his own salvation with fear and trembling, while Benj. sat in state and held the team.

The journey to the "meetin'-house," two miles distant, was uneventful. There was little conversation. Occasionally Benj. would jerk his thumb to the right or to the left, and ejaculate, "Look a-there mom. Isaiah Kolb'll make a-plenty on that there field," or, "Christ Bingeman, he ought to be getting a new fence soon." Bevy s'posed so. The children in the back seat chatted about the teacher, and traded gum at pleasure. Melinda sat and looked far, far away, and, judging from her face, the prospect away off yonder was none too pleasing.

Once a closed gate barred the way. Melinda sighed audibly as she clambered over the wheel to open it.

"What ails Melindy?" said Benj. to his wife. "She unusual quiet, not?"

"Ach, Melindy's hankering after the world. She ain't just like always since she's come back from Sam Baumann's. She wants to have dinner in three parts like Sam's does, and says you kin hire to carry the victuals every time. When Melindy was by Sam's she done that for them, and et in the kitchen yet."

Benj. shrugged his shoulders. "Ach, I'll get them dumm notions out of her head onet. Ain't we as good as Sam's folks? Ain't me and Sam played together so long we don't mind no more? But Sam's woman she was tony, and got Sam away from meetin', and says she's Mrs. S. MacPherson Bowman, and asks for Melindy when she can't get nobody else to hire. Melindy she can't hire out no more by Sam's yet."

Nor did the "meetin'" tend to improve Melinda's state of mind. The young fry of the neighborhood came forward and greeted her cordially even before she had alighted from the democrat.

"Well, Melindy Baumann, when did you come back? with your pop from market, not? You hain't been to meetin' for four Sundays already."

The girls helped her remove the dusty, black bonnet, and smooth down the rebellious locks under the white, gauzy head-dress beneath. Then, slowly and sedately, Melinda and the admiring throng entered the "meetin'-house" and took a seat well to the front.

Everything was quiet and orderly. The preachers, one by one, entered the long, box-like pulpit, and greeted each other with the Pauline salutation. How happy they all looked as they sat in the seat of honor, rejoicing in the belief that, as in the choice of the seven deacons for the early church, the lots had fallen upon men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom. Benj. and the boys were in evidence on the other side of the partition which separated the men from the women. A certain Josiah Shantz sat in one of the elevated seats at the back among the "unregenerate," and gazed wistfully at Melinda. This circumstance was noted by Selina Bingeman, and duly reported to Melinda in a stage whisper between giggles, whereupon the latter smiled weakly.

There was nothing unusual about the service. The singing was in German, under the musical direction of Isaiah Kolb, armed with a tuning-fork. Eli Weber—pious old soul—read the Scriptures by heart, with occasional promptings from the clerical body in the rear. The prayers were mostly in the hit-and-miss Pennsylvania Dutch dialect, informal and quiet, and yet brimful of religious fervor. Bishop Snyder preached his sermon, entitled, "The Flesh-pots of Egypt," and, if he had prefaced the remarks of the hour with the intimation that what he was about to say would have particular application to one, Melinda Baumann, who had recently returned from that land of mummies, the dramatic effect of the situation could not have been enhanced.

Melinda sat with a look of stoic indifference throughout the sermon and the discussion that followed. She was far from convinced. "What do them preachers know about the world' yet?" she asked herself. "They never spoke to a milliner already unless to sell her some eggs by the market, and they

don't know what for handy things Sam Baumann's has yet. No pump or windmills or tallow candles there onct."

When the service was over and the congregation was indulging in the weekly gossip on the porch, a tall, stalwart, awkward youth made his way up to Melinda. With a bashful grin that showed off his store teeth to perfection, he whispered so that only the girl could hear:

"Can I go mit?"

"No, Josiah, I don't feel for settin' up to-night."

"Ach you, Melindy."

Just then Benj. drove up with the team, and the Baumann family started for home, followed by a score of the "Freundschaft" who had accepted Benj.'s invitation to "come and eat along."

That night, when all the company had left, instead of sitting "side by each" with Josiah in the front room, Melinda retired to the back doorstep to have it all out with herself.

"Why wasn't I Sam Baumann's girl instead of Benj.'s? Sam, he's got such nice things to home and he's got such nice ways, and pop he's so plain and he don't care yet how he acts. Ach, I wish we could be tony onct."

With a heavy heart she went to bed.

Monday was a busy day at the Baumann's. Tuesday was threshing day, and, be it known unto you, Dutchmen have good appetites.

Late in the afternoon, as Melinda sat on the back porch making "schnitz" for pies, a young man drove up the lane and, courteously lifting his hat, inquired for Mr. Baumann.

"Mr. Baumann? You mean Benj. Baumann, not? We Mennonites ain't much for calling each other mister. You durst tie your horse up and I'll go call pop."

Melinda's heart thumped. Never before had a man lifted his hat to her, and this one had a collar and a tie, and "such a moustache yet." To add to her embarrassment, she entertained a lurking suspicion that her hair was somewhat "strubbly."

Bevy was already preparing for supper. "Mom, there's a man come. Can I put on them sugar pies?"

Melinda knew only too well what answer to expect.

"Well, if there's a man come, you can set another place alongside Dan, but the pies was made for the threshers, and the threshers is going to have them. He's welcome to all we've got, and we've got plenty, but we ain't going to make no fuss for nobody."

Poor satisfaction for Melinda.

Benj. had joined the stranger on the back porch. Melinda caught snatches of the conversation through the open window, and peeked out whenever she passed the door.

"You can throw that water away and pump some more," she heard her father say as he drew the family comb down the middle of his head with great dexterity. "Here's the towel." And the stranger did as he was bidden, nothing wavering.

Supper was served in the kitchen. Everything about the room was spotlessly clean, and the table was well loaded with the choicest of fare; nevertheless, Melinda maintained an injured silence throughout the meal. She did not know who the stranger might be, for Mennonite etiquette is not concerned with introductions, but she noticed that he smiled and bit his lip when the girls covered their heads with their handkerchiefs during grace. "What will he think of us and of our ways," thought Melinda, with her eyes fixed on her plate. She wanted to pass the "schmierkase," but she knew the family would disapprove. "What have we got two dishes of each on the table for if it's not so as we can all reach," her mother had said when Melinda had begged for change in the method of serving meals.

When supper was over, the men returned to the field, rejoicing in the unexpected acquisition of a man to help load, and they did not return till dark.

Melinda stole out of the house to meet the stranger.

"Please, sir, I brought you a candle. I thought you might be for settin' up a while yet. Town folks does that, I know."

The stranger thanked her, and took a box from his "satchell."

"This is for you, Melindy. It's only bon-bons—candies, you know."

"Oh! conversation lozenges, not? Josiah Shantz generally always brings some for sittin' up nights yet, but he ain't

brought none in a box already. What for a stylish box it is just for conversation lozenges!"

Next morning at daybreak, as Benj. was making his morning ablutions at the pump, Mose Shantz drove up.

"Wie geht's, Mose. You're out early this morning."

"Yes, kind of early-like," assented Mose. "Did you have what for a fine-dressed man by your place yet yesterday?"

"Yes, but he ain't stood up yet. I'll just holler up and wake him."

"Don't be so dumm, Benj. Christ. Bingeman told me as Eli Weber told him that he was such a schwindler. Don't you make your apples off for him. Let them rot first."

"Well, we hain't talked much about the apples yet. We're so busy getting all hauled in for the threshing. But I'll watch out to-day so he don't schwindle me."

Mose Shantz had scarcely gone before Dan, running in from the barn, announced that Benj.'s best driver was nowhere to be seen, and the dog had been found dead at the gate. Soon Bevy discovered that the stranger was not in his room, and, moreover, the bed gave no evidence of his ever having been there.

"Ach, his horse is here yet," said Benj., unable to understand the mystery.

"I guess he left that old blind shimmel of his'n for you a present," suggested Dan. "His fine top-buggy ain't here neither."

The truth was beginning to dawn upon the honest Dutchman. "Ach, I didn't think there was such bad folks in the world already."

Melinda was indignant when she heard the story. "What for a man is that—a thief and a schwindler? And he gave me such a box of conversation lozengers last night. I ain't opened them already, for Josiah's ain't all yet. Now they can go right away in the stove."

Benj. rescued them in time. "What for a wasteful girl you are, Melindy. If I was Josiah Shantz I'd have afraid to take you. I'll just keep these till Dan asks for his pay onet. He can use them for settin' up with Selina Bingeman."

Poor Melinda! She weighed her father and the stranger

in the balance, and, behold, they were both found wanting. "Pop, he's so plain and so saving and don't care what he says, but he don't steal horses yet. And that fellow had such nice eyes yet. Ach, we don't know who all we can trust." The flesh-pots of Egypt were beginning to lose their savor.

Months rolled by, and Benj. Baumann came home from market one Saturday with the news of his brother Sam's failure in business.

"Sam, he lived too high," began Benj., after his brother's situation had been explained to the family. "Them boys of his'n, they had to go to such a college way off somewheres to get their education, and then the girls had to learn to play the piano. And then they was always havin' folks to eat along and making things extray for them yet. If Sam would of married Nancy Brubacher where is a member, and not kept hankering after the world, he'd be leaving twenty thousand to each of his children." Then, with lowered voice and in a tone suited to the enormity of the disgrace, he continued, "Sam, he's had to go to court, and they wouldn't believe him his word yet till he swore—."

"Swore, pop!" said Melinda, aghast. Her uncle's financial embarrassment seemed bad enough, without this intimation of his moral deterioration.

"Ach, not bad words Melindy. Only they wouldn't believe him till he kissed the Bible onct. That's the way they have to do with people of the world."

The last straw for Melinda! That night as she sat on the back doorstep in the twilight she said to herself, "Ach, I'm glad I'm Benj. Baumann's girl and not Sam's yet for all."

Another month has rolled by. Mose Shantz and his wife have retired to the "Daddy-house," and left the farm to Josiah. Whether the increased responsibility which the care of the farm entails has brought Josiah to a realization of the seriousness of life, we do not know, but we are told that Josiah is now "a member of the meetin'." On Easter Sunday the banns for the marriage of Josiah Shantz to Melinda Baumann were called and, in a few weeks, there will be a half-holiday at the schoolhouse on the corner, and Melinda will enter into her Promised Land "over by Josiah Shantz's."

A Poem on the May Examinations

E. J. PRATT, '11.

THE year was just about to close, the Arts' Exams. were on,
 The faces of the students had become so pale and wan,
 The ordeal was upon them; how they wished that it was past!
 For strength was quickly sinking, and the nerves were breaking
 fast.

A year of mental strain had gone, its fruit was being gauged
 By quantitative tests; a great array of doctors aged
 In wisdom as in years, were chosen arbiters of Fate—
 Reverend, hoary sages, Heaven-born to Educate.

All preparations were completed, open wide were thrown
 The doors; the old gray tower in solitude from his high throne
 Looked down in wonder, mixed with pity, that again the rack
 And slaughter of the Innocents had to this land come back.

Into the halls the students poured, each clamoring for a seat,
 All wise directions lost amid the uproar of the feet,
 But that excitement had a cause, for they were well aware
 That failures oft resulted from a noisy, creaking chair.

But soon the boisterous clamor ceased, the papers were passed
 round,
 Deep silence fell. Within those walls, the ear heard not a
 sound,
 Except the sighing of a student here and there whose brain
 Not formed for such surprises, now was softening 'neath the
 strain.

Thus recommenced the Annual Test; for three short weeks it
ran,

But mighty revolutions lived and died within that span;
Indeed, the world in generations never brought about
Such eras as came in within those weeks, and then passed out.

Vast strides were made in Science—new discoveries every hour,
Ideas brilliant were advanced on Energy and Power,
Examined were the Laws of Motion, Newton's long-held claim
To greatness was disproved by minds as yet unknown to fame.

Amazing views were held on Electricity and Light,
Amongst the spectrum's rays was classed an element of White;
In Heat and Hydrostatics fundamental Laws were changed,
New compounds formed in Chemistry through atoms re-
arranged.

Geometry and Algebra as humble suppliants came,
To have their range of application broadened was their aim,
Full conscious of the charge that oft against them is preferred,
That they were only meant for children, but for men absurd.

Their humble claims were granted—a revision going deep
Into the subject carefully was made; such was the sweep
Of criticism that beat on the paper like a storm,
One could identify no more the science by its form.

Those things that are deductions termed,—not easily defined,
Because they proved disastrous to the students' peace of mind
And caused bad use of language, were considered Darkness-born,
Therefore in pious negligence, they were passed by in scorn.

Next Greek and Latin stood before the bar, and both received
Tremendous punishment: Their modern relatives bereaved,
And stricken by the blow, suffered in turn, heart-pained to see
Their parents gray insulted by a young examinee.

For centuries there had been instilled within the youthful brain
The fallacy of History; a solid, age-wrought chain
Of eras, crises, causes and results, and tempered well
In a millenium's furnace, now was shattered like a shell.

The Greek Chronology was altered; dates which long had been
Established, were proved false, and aeons were shown to
intervene

Between events once thought to be consecutive; such acts
Destructive of the Past were made, but one must face the facts.

At Cannæ Alexander fought—a fearful, bloody fight,
And forced the Spanish rebels back in wild, disordered flight,
He drove old Cæsar's veterans from the frontier to their home,
Then pushed right on, until he battered at the gates of Rome.

The fiery Plato, when a boy, was by his father sworn
That he would sober be, until the standards which were torn
From Carthage by proud Rome recovered were, which pledge
he kept,
Until Italia's power had died, unhonored, and unwept.

The noble poet Phidias for writing verse which stung
The Spartan tyrant into fury, was condemned and hung,
Together with his brave and fearless cousin, Xenophon,
Who won for Greece her freedom on the plains of Marathon.

The base of operations changed; the critic's hand was seen
Next in the realm of English, the analysis was keen
And justified the spirit of the age in its attempt
To treat the laws of Spelling with derision and contempt.

A radical departure from poetic thought was made
When on Macaulay, Goldsmith, Scott and Keats was gravely
laid
The charge, that they with Browning made their meaning so
obscure
That the decay of Time would overtake them, slow but sure.

But still the storm of Change increased and louder roared the
blast,

As if it would uproot the strong foundations of the past,
Another victim it required its wrath to satisfy,

One more and that the greatest one must now prepare to die.

Predestined was the fate to which this sinner was consigned
For all the patient, gentle temper he had undermined

With Jewish tricks; notorious Hebrew answered to his name
And to his doom, full-merited, with trembling footsteps came.

Dire was the punishment imposed for conduct mean and base,
Beghadkhephaths and Dagheshes were thrown right in his face,

Around his neck the Athnak yoke was tied secure and fast,
The paper with the crimes was read before he breathed his last.

No tear was shed, no sigh was raised, save only of relief;

No pitying theologue gazed on with tear-stained handkerchief,

No groans came forth, but from the prisoner crouching in full
dread

As Pe Nun verbs and gutturals were aimed straight at his head.

More threatening still became the anger of the mob, the cry

Was raised, "Destroy him, root and branch, change not, nor
modify

The system which reveals him, but let Justice take its course,

And hence of students' many sins blot out so vile a source."

Across the scene let fall the curtain, spare the cultured eye

The sight of such destruction, with this blast the storm will die,

Then glad Reform will reign, and to the mind give welcomed
rest,

Inspiring cheer, renewing hope within the student breast.

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ACTA VICTORIANA; business communications to F. C. MOYER, Business Manager
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Editorial

Interesting Elections

OPEN elections, active canvassing, and printed ballots, are just what we needed around this College, and these innovations will do more to create an interest in the societies than anything else tried during the last few years. One hundred and seventy-two votes were polled at the ACTA Board elections, and we cannot recall any election during the last few years when half that number of voters exercised their franchise.

Several grads. were around the College during the day of voting, and were unanimous in their approval of the new method. "I'm glad to see that there's some life around the old College," said one naughty-three man. From the success of the scheme we cannot see why it was not introduced a decade ago. From the standpoint of the Lit. it was most successful, as between thirty and forty dollars was gathered in in fees which would otherwise not have been paid. The merits of the candidates for each office were thoroughly threshed out, and hardly a man could say that he didn't know for whom he was voting. The influence of complete organization was seen, and any man who didn't exercise his franchise may be called a failure as a loyal College man. There is the danger in this system that some time or other a man popular with the students may be elected over a man less known, but better quali-

fied otherwise for the office. But the friends of a candidate in such a case have the opportunity to get out and work for their nominee, and see to it that he becomes generally known.

At date of writing the Lit. elections are still in the future. The fact that all the offices except seven will go by acclamation will undoubtedly detract somewhat from the interest taken, but the remaining contests promise to be exciting. In a society like the Literary Society there are nearly always two or more men qualified for each job, and it might not be a bad plan to follow the example of University College, and have two parties and two tickets run. This would make the government and opposition differ in policy and in fact, instead of merely in name as at present.

Defeats and Excuses

Whatever may be the verdict of posterity as to the relative importance of the present college term, it is certain that the writing of that chapter of its history which deals with our achievements in competitions with outside colleges will be a rather unenviable task. To call to mind the vaunting ambitions with which we were filled last fall, and then to face the results, defeat in everything, might well turn the most youthful enthusiast into a cynical dyspeptic. To make matters worse, we are tormented by the somewhat puerile but persistent, "Why?", or the more promising, "What's the matter?"

The making of excuses is a science, and in this respect we are great scientists. In many respects we do seem to have been "hoodooed." In football we received but two hours' notice before our game was called; in hockey we "cleaned up" on everything until the last game, when we were forced to play on bad ice, and with some of our best men off. But such fatalistic ideas of ill-luck are not supported by modern science. In place of the primitive notions of such maladies as "evil-eye," we have the modern theories of active and virulent bacteria. Fetishism and predestination vanish before the microscope and higher criticism.

From a sentimental standpoint it is pleasant to admire the beauty of the spirit that rises above defeats, and that takes setbacks with the philosophic stoicism of the be-novelled Indian. It is quite comforting for us to reflect that to sustain a defeat with

dignity is better than to win a victory, but we must remember that when it comes to the fine thing, outsiders have more respect for the man that takes a city, than they have for the chap that confines his conquests to his own spirit.

If we wish Victoria to take her proper place in the college world, we must not only go into such competitions, but *we must win*. This does not mean that we must play the game unfairly, but that we must play it scientifically. This means that we must specialize, each man according to his individual bent. It is only when we have a strong organization on such a basis that we can hope to cope with competitors who have adopted modern ideas. As a great general once remarked, "Providence favors the strongest battalions"—and efficiency is strength.

The Library

Victoria's new seventy-five thousand dollar library will soon be a thing of the present instead of the future. The ground is being cleared on the north-west corner of the property south of Charles Street West, and the building will not long be delayed. The daily papers have taken notice of the new building, and commented very favorably thereon. Contrary to the expectation of some under-graduates, and of one recent graduate to whom we were speaking, the new building will not be connected with the present library. It will be an entirely separate building, and of an entirely different style of architecture.

Acta Board, 1909-10

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A Clock of Many Accomplishments

FAR out on the prairie, in the southwestern part of Chicago, hidden by the rude boarding of a frame house, stands a clock so intricate that it ranks among the most remarkable achievements of the clock-maker's art in the world. It is one of the most accomplished clocks in existence, a lineal descendant of the famous old-world clocks of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. It is a bit of mediæval-romanticism, a survival of the days when the workmen created for the love of the creature, and not merely for the practical value of the article which he made.

Thousands of travellers have made a pilgrimage to see the famous clock of Strassburg, which, set in a commanding position and beautifully decorated, represents the passage of time in minutes, hours, seconds, months, days, weeks, and years, and has wonderful automata, which bow and open doors, and bells that ring, and a cock that crows.

Few know of the remarkable achievement of a simple peasant, Franz Bohacek, one time clock-maker of Patzau, in Bohemia, now for almost fifty years a citizen of Chicago.

The famous clocks of Europe are each one set in as fine surroundings as the pride of the citizens can devise, but the clock of Franz Bohacek, comparable to them in many respects for the number and variety of its accomplishments, rears its wonderful mechanism in the semi-twilight of a tiny shed-like room, and goes through its diurnal wonders before few worshippers.

Twenty years he was in building it—twenty years during which most of his possible income as an expert watchmaker and clock repairer must be sacrificed, twenty years during which the intricate calculations must be made, often at night after a hard day's work, and the hundreds of parts be fitted

by hands that had already earned the day's bread for the family.

Long ago, in Patzau, Bohacek had grown impatient of ordinary ways of measuring time. He was told how a real year consists of 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, and 46 seconds; that the year as measured by ordinary clocks is so much shorter than this; that the time they lose must be swallowed back in a big gulp once every four years as "leap year." The thought of that lost time became an obsession to him. He determined to build a clock which should be the most accurate clock that he could devise, and at the same time should rival the wonders of the clocks built in the old days, when the clock-makers were craftsmen, and something more than mere mechanics.

Accordingly, when he had established himself and his family in his Chicago cottage, he set to work. As the clock grew in size, Bohacek's own ideas grew, and dial after dial was added, with all the additional mechanism necessary to its operation.

It is two stories high, with weights that reach down another story, weights so heavy that they are wound up by two windlasses. There are more than a thousand parts in the great network of cogs and wheels and leading wires through which swing the two systems of pendulums with an unceasing crackling sound. Elaborate as its skeleton seems as one looks up into it, every cog in every wheel is justified by the various accomplishments which are shown when one studies its face.

Instead of the gentle moon face of the ordinary clock, one is confronted with a majestic visage, eighteen feet high, whose eyebrows are two dials, each three feet in diameter, and set so high that one has to crane one's neck to see them. One of these dials is a concession to the popular taste for a twelve-hour timepiece. From it one learns only the time of day. The other is a complete diurnal circuit of twenty-four hours, so that here one sees at a glance how many hours have passed since midnight last. A third dial has three series of numbers, and three hands. From it one may know the day of the week, the day of the month, and the month of the year. So that one has in these dials alone both calendar and timepiece.

But Bohacek was not satisfied with this. Earth's time, to his soaring imagination, is but a part of the great celestial

time in which each planet plays its part. Accordingly, he built in the centre of the clock face a larger dial, over six feet in diameter. This dial represents the solar system. Around



PART OF FACE OF CLOCK.

The Presidents appear in the niche where Uncle Sam is now standing.

its face run the signs of the Zodiac. In the centre is the sun, a ball of flame-colored crystal. About it swing the planets, each upon an axis of brass, each represented apporportionately to its

size, each accompanied by its satellites. The figured globe which represents the earth revolves about the sun in exact proportion to the actual year, and the moon turns about the earth exactly in accordance with its actual various phases.

This planetarium is a touch of mediævalism in the clock built upon the western prairie of to-day. A still more interesting middle-age reminiscence is found when the bells toll for noon, and a little door at the top opens. Then, where in the old clocks of Europe the Emperor Charlemagne nods, here there passes in review the pageant of American history. First an Indian appears; he gives way to Columbus, Columbus to the Liberty Bell, which strikes three times, and is followed by Benjamin Franklin, holding in his hand the Declaration of Independence. Franklin ushers in the procession of the Presidents, from Washington to Roosevelt. And hidden in its place, waiting to appear at the door, salute and pass stiffly on, Bohacek cherishes a little figure of William Jennings Bryan, hopes which have been cruelly disappointed at the recent election. For the present, at least, Admiral Dewey salutes, and closes the door.

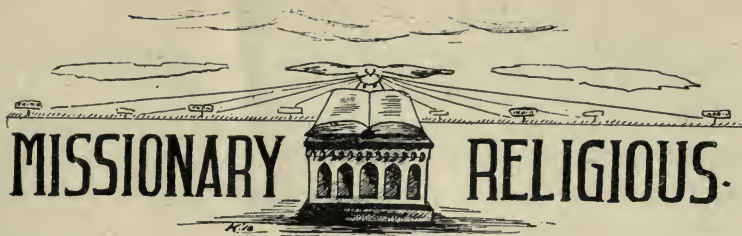
But while you are watching the solemn march, Bohacek, pipe in hand, is watching you from his shrewd old eyes. He will not let you overlook that fifth dial, which in his mind is the true brains of the clock. This represents his days of toil, and his nights of concentration. He is proud of his hour dials, proud of his planetarium, and proud of his Presidents. But he is proudest of the fact that here he has devised—he, the simple clock-maker, without any help from learned men, or much from books—he who has lived so many years upon the lonely prairie, has here taken one step at least a little nearer toward that ideal he made for himself so long ago in Patzau in Bohemia.

Here is a dial which recognizes thirteen months instead of twelve in each year. Each month has twenty-eight days, and each day consists of twenty-four hours, four minutes, and fifty-four seconds. "It is not perfect," the clock-maker says, "but it is much better than that one," and he points to the twelve-hour dial above his head. "It is not perfect, but it is forward! It still loses eighty-five one-hundredths of a second of

real time every day. A second, as measured by my clock, is .00341275 of a second longer than the seconds of other clocks. Yet it is not perfectly with the solar second. It is still eighty-five one-hundredths of a second wrong in each solar day. Ah, no, it is not perfect—but it is better.” Not quite perfect still—the sigh of an artist!

Simple enough to calculate, and simple enough to arrange once you have thought it out? There are great solar clocks which are marvels of accuracy, devised by marvellous men out of marvellous books. And they are kept in special rooms, specially built to ensure freedom from every interfering motion. There are clocks with many dials—a few in Europe, a few in America—and they are the objects of great care. They have their audiences to hear their roosters crow, and to see their Apostles walk their rounds each day at noon. But this clock is just the lifework of a quiet man, built at great sacrifice, perhaps to stand forever unknown until its timbers fall away and its brass is rusted, and the gaily-painted Presidents are dim, in that little weather-beaten house upon the prairie.

And so you leave it there, ticking with a sound like many pebbles falling; you leave the planets circling slowly, and the martial parade of the Presidents swinging stiffly out at noon, and as you go you feel that this clock is wonderful not alone because it answers so many questions at a glance, nor because of its great size and numerous accomplishments, but because it is, somehow, one more embodiment of the desire for perfection, one more expression of the romance of the technical.—Adapted by J. E. H., from an article by ANNE HARD, in *The Technical World*.



Peace With Progress

THE tension is relieved and once more we breathe easy. Nothing now stands in the way to prevent Rev. George Jackson, when College re-opens, from taking the professorial chair to which he was appointed last September. As students, we have looked forward to the event with anticipation, and when the recent controversy arose, our anxious thought was not so much for the welfare of the church from sea to sea as it was of the deprivation it might mean for us. Now the air is cleared again, and real progress has been made.

The heated discussion which has ended so amicably seems to have been inevitable. Most men have profound convictions upon two things, politics and religion. Many have laid down their lives for the Church and for the State. So blind does the passion become that men have sacrificed the innocent to the cause so dear. To the leaders of the Jews Jesus was a menace to the religion of the day and must be got out of the way; the only appeal to reach Pilate was that He was threatening Caesar's State. Upon matters touching the Church or State most men feel deeply.

And this is rightly so. For in these so much is at stake. Our commonest coins which daily pass through our hands teach us what we are indebted to for the peace and order of our civil life; and the same coins tacitly imply that we too bear an image, and have engraved upon us a superscription which are not to be disregarded though they are divine. When so much is at stake it is not to be wondered that men think passionately.

The point in dispute was not evaded. The Board of Regents could not go on its way as if nothing had happened; the members faced the difficulty unflinchingly. The time had come to speak, and an authoritative pronouncement upon the issue was

given so that Church might know what the attitude of the College in the matter was:

"We believe and teach that in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth, *that all their order and perfection are the work of His wisdom, goodness and power.*"

This alone would not have been satisfactory to anyone, and fearlessly the crucial question was raised, namely, the inspiration of the Bible. The two views are clearly stated:

"We believe that in the past sufficient allowance has not been made for the fact that in our own Church, as in nearly all the Evangelical Churches of our day, there is no little difference of opinion as to what is implied in the inspiration of Holy Scripture.

"But the question remains, how has this Divine, Spirit-given truth expressed itself in the language and thought of man?

"Has it created for itself a new and perfect form of thought and expression, so that everything incorporated in Scripture, its science and history, as well as its religion and morality, is stamped with the perfection of the Divine omniscience?

"Or did the inspiring Spirit come to men at sundry times, and in divers manners, as they were, with their limitations and imperfections of thought, knowledge and language, and sanctifying these imperfect human instruments for His use so inform them with the spirit of moral and religious truth that they were able to declare that truth as it was revealed from God to their fellow-men and to place it on record as a treasure for all ages?

Each of these views will satisfy the requirements of the doctrinal standards of the Methodist Church."

In the preamble the Board was careful to rule out incidently any lingering suspicion that may have been entertained that Unitarian teaching was being permitted:

"*We believe that no one, however he may excel in scholarship or whatever may be his intellectual endowments, is qualified to interpret the Word unless in his own heart there dwells the spirit of God testifying of the things of Christ.* As all Scriptures from first to last is written that men may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and believing may have life through His name, we hold that no one can teach the Holy

Scripture who does not in his heart and life acknowledge Jesus Christ as Son of God and Lord and Saviour of man."

Substantial progress has been made. We are not where we would have been if nothing had happened. Dean Wallace has expressed gratification at the notes of appreciation and congratulation which have been received, not only from members of our own denomination, but from other churches who feel that a vital question has been met, and some advance has been made in its solution.

Rising above the controversy stands a figure whose name was seldom mentioned in it, but to whom more than to any one else is due this eirenicon. The Chancellor. A misstep early in the strife might easily have plunged the Church into a bitter quarrel from which little good could come. But out of the conflict has come a peace which has the added note of progress.

CLYO JACKSON.

Notes

CALENDAR.

Friday, April 23—8 p.m.—The Chapel: Michael Fawcett Prize Competition.

Sunday, April 25—11 a.m.—Baccalaureate Sermon, Trinity Methodist Church, by President Little; 3 p.m.—The Chapel: Farewell Fellowship Meeting and Lord's Supper.

Monday, April 26—2 p.m.—The Chapel: College District Meeting; 8 p.m.—The Chapel: Convocation in Divinity, Address by Pres. Little.



Immediately after Convocation in Divinity, Chancellor Burwash leaves for the West. He will visit Columbian College, New Westminster, B.C.; Seattle, Washington, and the Yukon.



The contest for the Michael Fawcett Prize will be held on Friday evening, April the 23rd, at eight o'clock, in the Chapel. The subject of this year's orations is "The Forward Movement in English Methodism." A good training for all who enter, and for some one, forty dollars besides.

Knox College was favored this year by the presence of no less distinguished a Theologian than Prof. James Orr, of Scotland, at her Convocation exercises on April the 8th. Prof. Orr has been secured by the Bible League of this city. He is the author of "The Resurrection of Our Lord," and will very appropriately be the preacher on Easter Sunday in the Metropolitan Church in the morning, and in Westminster Church in the evening.



Prof. James Denney and George Adam Smith, two of the foremost living Theological writers, will pass through Toronto on the way to Vancouver, early in May, when, in company with two Montreal Professors, they will deliver the lectures of the first session of the Presbyterian Theological College which is being established there. Prof. Smith can lecture only for a fortnight, but Dr. Denney will remain throughout the session.

To My Friend

A. L. B.

THE Sun is peering o'er the hills of morning,
His bright eye smiling on the Night's decease,
His ruddy glance the gleaming hills adorning,
And on the mountain-tops his kiss of peace;
The paling clouds are gilded by his smile
That growing reaches right across the sky
The shadows from their lurking to beguile
Where steeped in gloomy sadness deep they lie:
Thy sun, upon my morning, rises clear,
To crown my highest thoughts with purest joy,
Thy smile of friendship, warm, fills out each year,
Dispelling all the doubts that would annoy,
And shadowy clouds, thy love beyond all measure,
Sweet alchemist, transmutes to golden pleasure.



Graduate Sketches

II.

EVERY student finds wonderful inspiration for his life work in the career of the illustrious graduates of his *alma mater* who have pursued the path he intends to tread. The political science students of Victoria College may well be deemed fortunate in having such an example as that of Justice Maclaren to lead them on; and as we read with profit about the work of many great men in whose course we may never expect to follow, so, too, the other students may derive helpful assistance from the life of one of the greatest of Victoria's graduates.

After receiving his preliminary education at Huntington Academy, P.Q., Justice Maclaren proceeded to Victoria University, Cobourg, where he drank deeply of the lore of Classics and Mathematics. He graduated in 1862, along with Dr. Reynar, and carried off the Prince of Wales Gold Medal. Subsequently he took his M.A. in 1866, his LL.B. in 1868, and his LL.D. in 1888. He also graduated in 1868 from McGill University with B.C.L., and in 1888 with D.C.L.

In 1868 he was called to the Quebec bar, and entered upon the practice of his profession in Montreal, where he was partner for a time with N. W. Trenholme, Q.C. Afterwards he practised at the head of the firm of Maclaren, Leet and Smith. Among some of the principal cases in which he was engaged in Montreal were the Oka Indian trials, which he brought to a successful issue; the winding up of the Mechanics' Bank; the defence of the Canadian Temperance Act which he finally won on an appeal to the Privy Council in England, the Commercial Travellers' case; the Exhibit Tax case; the Allan—*Witness* libel case; and many controverted election cases. The Indians, for winning their claim, honored him by making him chief of their tribe. In 1874 he was returned as the Liberal candidate to

the Quebec Legislature for Huntington, and was subsequently elected President of the Young Men's Liberal Association. In 1878 he was created a Q.C. by the Quebec Government, which dignity he also received from the Ontario and Dominion Governments in 1890. In 1867-69 he was secretary of the British and American Joint Commission on the Hudson Bay claims, and in 1887 was appointed a member of the Commission on the Code of Civil Procedure of Quebec. In 1884 he was called to the Ontario Bar, and he removed to Toronto to succeed the present Mr. Justice Rose in the long-established firm of Rose, Macdonald, Merritt and Shepley. On leaving Montreal he was entertained at a public banquet by leading citizens, and presented with a parting address.

In 1895 he represented Ontario before the Privy Council in the appeal from the decision of the Supreme Court of Canada in reference to the provincial power to grant prohibition. In 1902 he was raised to Justice of the Court of Appeal of Ontario.

As an educationalist his interests are broad—he is Senator of Wesley Theological College, Senator of Toronto University and Vice-Chancellor of our own College. He is, moreover, the author of "Roman Law in English Jurisprudence" (1887); "Bills, Notes and Cheques" (1892; 2nd ed., 1894); and "Banks and Banking" (1894). Nor is he less actively interested in religious and temperance work. Among a few of the offices he has filled are: Chairman of the Executive of the Dominion Prohibitory Alliance, President of the Toronto Y. M. C. A., and President of the International Sunday School Convention which he held in 1908.

Personals

George Arthur Winters, B.A. '99, M.B. '03, entered into matrimonial bliss with Miss Ruth McFarlane at Montreal on December 16, 1908. ACTA extends hearty congratulations and best wishes.

Another Victoria boy is found climbing to the top in the newspaper world. Gordon Rutledge, formerly of '09, has joined the staff of the *Toronto News*, and at present is covering the Legislature and the Parliament Buildings.

G. G. Harris, '06, is not at Wolseley as was stated in the '06 class list recently published, but is attending Wesley College, Winnipeg, taking Theology.

A. E. Owen, '08, is preaching at Englehart, Ont., W. F. Roach, '08, at Vallentyne, Ont., and F. N. Bowes, '08, at White River.

Victoria has three representatives in the Press Gallery at the Ottawa House of Commons—A. R. Ford, '03, of the *Winnipeg Telegram*; Frank Carman, '98, of the *Montreal Star*; and Ed. Grange, '99, of the *Toronto Globe*. They are among the cleverest and most popular of the "boys" at Ottawa, and it is needless to say that they reflect great credit on Victoria.

A. R. Ford, '03, dropped in town a couple of weeks ago and renewed acquaintances with the two or three men around Vic. that he still knows.

W. E. Zinkan, ex-'09, has returned to Winnipeg after a brief stay in the east.

Another of our students has passed beyond. Not long ago, F. E. B. Owens, C.T., was taken ill with typhoid-pneumonia, and on Mar. 20, he passed away at the General Hospital. The remains were interred at Tottenham.

Charlie Down, '08, while in the city recently attending the congress, was rejoicing over the arrival of a baby girl at his house, Thursday, March 25. Congrats!

ACTA also congratulates H. A. Williams on the arrival at his Aylmer home of a lusty youngster.

Exchanges

Theories, strange to say, have the wonderful faculty of crystallizing in man's mind as facts—supposed facts. The molecular theory so hardened into supposed fact that it caused considerable disturbance to once more relegate it to its position as a theory, and at that a faulty one. The nebular theory is more unfortunate, and is not only being reduced to its old position of mere theory, but is being supplanted by a more workable theory. Now they are attacking the supposed spherical nature of the globe, and humbling it to its former position

as theory. "The Shape of the Earth," by Arthur V. White, in the March *University Monthly*, very lucidly explains how we have unquestioningly accepted the spherical supposition on very superficial proofs. The writer most forcibly points out that the two most *conclusive* proofs—the circumnavigation of the earth, and the circular shadow on the moon during an eclipse—do not at all substantiate the supposition. We have not circumnavigated the earth, but only sailed round it in one direction, sailed round in a circle. Until we have sailed round the world in all directions, and have found the distances covered practically the same, this proof of circumnavigation is not sound. The other proof—the circular shadow on the moon—is unsound in three places. The outline of the shadow is not as circular as is commonly supposed. We have no proof that the shadow is that cast by the earth, and if we had such, a shadow is not necessarily cast by a sphere; it may be a disc, a cylinder or many other rounded shapes.

She smiled on him, yet called him Mr,
Because in fun he merely Kr,
And so for spite
The following night
That naughty Mr Kr Sr.

—*The Student.*

"Read the sketch in ACTA VICTORIANA entitled 'Robert W. Service.'"—*Manitoba College Journal.*

Time was when the printers, on behalf of the people, struggled against the censorship of the press. The pendulum now has swung to the opposite extreme, and the tyranny of the press enslaves the minds of the people. This tyranny of the press is the subject of an article in *The Harvard University Monthly*, which will start many a serious train of thought. Too few there are who realize that when a statement is cast in print it becomes set as in an iron mould. Print is the infallible authority which stands behind every statement which the masses read in its pages. This servitude of the mind is unconscious; it is inherent in our natures to a certain extent.

Witness the schoolboy's implicit trust in the statements of his text-books. When they are questioned, his faithful finger is laid on the cold print, "There it is." The result is, that the numerous monstrosities forged daily in the public press are accepted all over the country, not only as the truth, but as the whole truth. "In the toils of this heresy they overlook the fact that papers aim to record extraordinary things, rare events, thrilling exceptions. They forget that what is sane and wholesome and normal is not *news*. Among these lost sheep we find the people who read of dishonesty, and then proclaim the time an age of graft and our government a 'nest of corruption'; who read of divorce and drink, and straightway forget our sound homes and healthy citizens—uncounted millions. Yet others of these sheep, grown faded and doddering, hear of the tricks and hard knocks of individual football, and fall to cursing the game with toothless anathemas." It is time we roused ourselves from our sleep, and, shaking off these ignorant shackles, earn our freedom by learning what to read and forget; then the undigestible masses of untruths will disappear, and at the same time the indigestion of the public mind.

"One of the best exchanges received in the course of the month was ACTA VICTORIANA."—*Vox Collegii*.

I will not say her fairer than the stars,
 Her checks as roses and her breath perfume,
 Nor her step mincing music; none presume
 To check their fancy by such earthly bars,
 Their visionary angels to illumine
 In speech of man, men's intellects to move.
 Nor care we always whether men approve
 Our choice in Love—that neither makes nor mars.
 But when for her I feel myself unfit,
 I flee this mortal coil, and ever strive
 Upwards to higher heights, to lands unlit,
 Leaving base things for honor to contrive.
 Hoping, evermore heeding Duty's call;
 For one sweet face I flourish, or I fall.

—*Vox Wesleyana*.

We gratefully acknowledge the following exchanges: *Oxford University Magazine*, *The Student*, *Varsity*, *University Monthly*, *Trinity College Review*, *McMaster University Monthly*, *The Martlet*, *O. A. C. Review*, *Notre Dame Scholastic*, *Queen's University Journal*, *Lux Columbia*, *Columbia Monthly*, *Vox Wesleyana*, *Amalfian*, *Manitoba College Journal*, *Acadia Athenaeum*, *The Mitre*, *Argosy*, *Vox Collegii*, and *The Collegiate Outlook*.

THE SONGS OF THE WAVES.

O, the waves have wondrous secrets,
Which their voices speak to me,
Gazing o'er the swelling bosom
Of the tireless, pulsing sea.

Oft they rise in fearful grandeur,
And their foam-flecked crests leap high
Singing songs of hard sea-battles,
Boasting of the ships that lie
Deep within the ocean's bosom
Masked with sea-weed grown awry.

Then they tell in gladsome rhythm
Of the boats that plow the main;
How they help them on their journey,
Else the boats would sail in vain.

But more oft the strain is sadder,
And the billows seem to weep
As they tell me of dear lost loved ones
Resting in the caverned deep;
Then the sobbing waves just whisper
Dirges of their endless sleep.

O, the waves have wondrous secrets,
Would you know them? Come with me,
And we'll listen to their voices
Echoing from the restless sea.

—*Notre Dame Scholastic*



Athletic Union Annual Meeting

“LET all the boys get out” was the topic for a short address which Dr. Horning delivered to the men of the College at the annual meeting of the Athletic Union. The trouble, he claimed, with the students was that, despite the fact that it went without saying that clean sport reigns at Victoria, they did things by proxy. Too much of the lone hand was in evidence from his standpoint, and he urged that everyone get out and “dig in,” in order to bring out what was in them. The principle of sport should be the point of one’s own health; and because of the lack of public spirit in this respect in the American colleges, he quoted their method of alleviating the difficulty by making term work and term marks in athletics a necessary feature of the curriculum.

The following is the Annual Report of the Secretary of the Athletic Union, given by G. W. Adams at the recent annual meeting on March 5th:

Mr. President, Officers, and Members of the Athletic Union:—

In reviewing the record of the Athletics of this College for the year 1908-1909, there are two main factors which stand out conspicuously. The one I shall call, “the advantages afforded by facilities”; the other, “our accomplishments.” It is obvious, I think, to every member of this Union, what is meant by such a division, but to explain the matter a little more fully, I will add that the former includes facilities such as grounds, athletic building, equipment for the various sports, and the material, the members of the Athletic Union, which is indispensable to make and encourage sport at this College, the latter includes an enumeration of what has been attempted, and in some cases achieved, with the facilities above mentioned.

Undoubtedly, the members of this Union are to be congratulated upon the state of our “advantages afforded by facilities.”

Not only are words of commendation demanded by the facilities which were offered last fall when we entered the college year, but you are to be congratulated upon the improvement which your executive have been the means of introducing, and which are at your disposal. It is recognized that the facilities and increasing advantages of the student at Victoria along the line of athletics, excel those afforded by any other individual college affiliated with the University of Toronto. At your disposal (and for a very small fee) is an excellent campus, which may be used in season for the various sports demanding a more or less large area. And just here I might add a word of congratulation upon the advantages which the rink offers you. It is second to none in University circles, and this year its superiority was demonstrated by the number of games played here in the Jennings Cup series; in some cases a team preferring to become a visiting team in order to play to the best advantage.

You have also at your disposal five (5) cinder tennis courts. Three (3) of these are in excellent condition, and have been improved this year by three new nets. The other two courts are new, but with careful attention will soon be up to standard. New wire netting to be stretched behind the courts in place of the old and worn-out netting, has also been supplied. This work, which was interrupted by necessary repairs to the fence (this being incompleated at the close of the season) will be attended to as soon as the weather permits. These are expenditures your Executive have met, and for which improvements, I say, you are to be congratulated.

The Athletic Building, although taxed to a limit far in excess of its capacity, has also fallen under the attention of your Executive. Its efficiency has been greatly increased by the installation of a much-needed hot-water ventilating system, which expenditure was also met by your Executive. Many minor improvements, such as a limited increase of the number of lockers, phone blanks for recording calls, signs, both inside and out, for the purpose of safeguarding where possible against petty thefts, and the framing of team and Executive photos, etc., have also been carried out.

Moreover, you have at your disposal a magnificent new alley board. Not only has the old four-man board been torn down, refloored and refaced, but a new two-man board has also been added. This is another expenditure which your Executive has met on your behalf, and for which improvements, I again say, you are to be congratulated.

Turning now to the other phase of the year's record, What has been done? In this respect, I hesitate in saying whether or not you are to be congratulated, but shall leave it to you to decide after I shall have briefly enumerated the results.

Probably the first occasion on which Victoria played a part in Athletics, was Field Day. It is to be regretted that the University of Toronto Athletic Association Executive were so hasty in bringing on this meet. The men were scarcely back at college, were not yet settled down, and were much less in training, when we were given very short notice of the day appointed. Three men represented Victoria on that occasion, and made three points,—a small margin, no doubt, but under the circumstances all that could be expected. Year after year the same tale has been told, and still no steps have been taken toward united action or organization in regard to track athletics. Gentlemen, if this be the cause of our failure, it rests with us as to what the future will reveal, for it was evident last fall from the numbers of men who daily practised this art upon our own campus, that we are not wanting in material. We are face to face with facts, and if a somewhat dim revelation of them will do anything to awaken the spirit of indifference which has apparently settled upon the members of this union, I shall feel that my effort in this direction will not have been in vain.

Let me also call your attention to the fact that the incidents which occurred in the students' parade on that occasion, whether they were justifiable or not, were subjected to a very full discussion,—Where?—on the floor of the Literary Society, not at a meeting of the Athletic body, and When?—after the damage had been done, and the students in trouble were all too ready to turn to Victoria to help them, not in words, shouts, canes, nor parades, but money. Gentlemen, let us profit by our experience, and have a different set of facts to put before the Union next year.

We next turn to Handball. The results of the better class of playing afforded by the new board, and the institution of team practice greatly increased Victoria's efficiency. St. Michael's College were defeated for the first time in many years, on their own board, but dispute the very creditable showing and keenly contested games, Victoria lost the series to the Dental Students. We have made the right move in regard to team practice,—now watch our team next year.

The popularity of Tennis is still increasing. The fall tournament was certainly a success, the whole series being keenly con-

tested. Two new features were added this year, a Ladies' Handicap Series, and a Ladies' Doubles. The interest in this game was almost overdone, for the noticeable interference of the Varsity Tournament, both ladies' and gentlemen's series, with our own tournament, is a feature to be regulated in the future, especially if we hope to complete in one fall an inter-year series as well.

In Rugby we can justly say, "Tis better to have tried and failed, than never to have tried at all." Nevertheless, it is to be regretted that with the splendid material and time for preparation, that Victoria did not win the Mulock Cup Series. For several years past the silverware has been within the reach of our team, but each year we have heard the tale, "Hard Luck!" Certainly, this year we were very unfortunate in the accident which befell our popular and energetic Captain, Reg. Gundy, but even in face of this there were elements, which, had they been eliminated, would undoubtedly have greatly increased the efficiency of the team. Gentlemen, do not do me the injustice of thinking that I wish to censure any individual or body of individuals, but rather let us look squarely at the facts, find a remedy for them, and bring the trophy to Victoria next fall. The Rugby Club is to be commended for the institution of a second team, but no one can expect the captain of the first team to look after both. It involves too many duties for him when his place is essentially on the field. If this be the work of the manager, then the difficulty arises that he is not in touch with the Executive. This was quite in evidence last fall to all those interested in this popular game. Moreover, the team was hampered by the changes in signals, and despite faithful training, were really disunited when the test came. The practice games revealed the splendid material, for which we did not get full credit in the Mulock Cup game. In that game we were battling against the champions, who afterwards admitted the strength and ability of the Victoria team, claiming that it was their hardest game of the series. Gentlemen, this should surely be the kind of encouragement we need, and the sooner Rugby is placed on a more practical basis, the sooner I believe will we have a winning team. In trying to review carefully the situation as it appeared last fall, the great extent to which the "Bob" hampered progress cannot be passed over in silence. The fact remains that when this institution demands so much of the time and attention of the men of the first and second years, it has a marked effect upon athletics.

The Freshman is a part of this College as well as the Senior, but as long as the Bob hangs over his head, he is little disposed to play his part on the campus, where he is in great demand, not only to take his place on the team, but to do his duty in making one more man for strong, energetic, daily practices, which are so necessary if we would hope for the championship. The year's record of inter-year games is quite encouraging, and should by all means be continued, in so far as they do not interfere with regular practice. They are an important means, not only of bringing to the front good material, but of revealing to captain, coach, and manager, the possibilities to be developed.

In Association Football, it was with reluctance that we handed over the trophy, but it was with indignation that we retired from the series. Certainly it did not seem fair for the University Athletic Association to throw out our protest, when such short notice had been given for the game. But, gentlemen, when you consider that Victoria mustered the strongest team that was possible at the time, and could not back up their protest by the names of the players that she would have chosen had more time been granted, it does not seem such hard treatment. Victoria had splendid material, as was evidenced during this game and the subsequent contests, but the team lacked practice, and no matter what injustice you may feel at the mistake of the Executive at Varsity, the greater fault lies nearer home, and it rests with you whether or not this state of affairs is to continue or be entirely changed.

In Basket Ball a very creditable showing was made against Pharmacy, but the lack of organization in this sport is largely the cause of the defeat of the Victoria team. If the series is to be continued next winter, something should be done along this line, for the results of this one game, played with entire lack of practice, clearly showed that Victoria, with coaching, organization, and practice, can, and should, produce a winning team.

A bright prospect and a successful issue are in view for our hockey team at this time. In this branch of sport we may rightly lay the blame at the feet of the weatherman if the trophy does not find this year a new resting-place at Victoria. It is fortunate that the new Jennings Cup series affords more encouragement for the team and the opportunity of testing its mettle in more games. You are to be congratulated at the excellent showing of the Victoria team this winter, and may.

I believe, give the credit of the victories to the introduction of efficient and continuous team practices.

Before concluding this somewhat lengthy report, I would call your attention to the fact that Victoria was represented on the champion University of Toronto Rugby team by Gordon Jones. Though he figured but only seldom in scheduled games, he was nevertheless a very valuable man in practices. Allow me to remind you also, that one of your number, Ed. Saunders, B.A., is Captain elect of the University Lacrosse team, a fact of which I am sure you are all proud.

In behalf of your present Executive, allow me to extend our hearty congratulations to the members elect of next year's Executive. As a word of encouragement we say to them, "Your facilities are more than the ordinary; your material is of the first rank; a more practical basis for Athletics is recommended to ensure increased efficiency through practice; and it is our wish that success will be the just reward of your efforts, and that you will have, as usual, the loyal support and encouragement of the members of this important and influential body."

GEOFFREY W. ADAMS, *Sec'y.*

Notes—Mainly Elections

The complete Athletic Union Executive for the ensuing year is: *Hon. President*, Rev. J. W. Graham; *President*, O. V. Jewitt; *First Vice-President*, J. R. Gundy; *Second Vice-President*, R. H. Ecclestone; *Secretary*, J. Birnie; *Treasurer*, G. W. Adams; *Fourth Year Representative*, J. J. Pearson; *Third Year Representative*, J. R. Rumble; *Second Year Representative*, J. A. McCamus; *First Year Representative*, to be elected; *Rugby Representative*, J. E. Lovering; *Association Representative*, W. E. Wilder; *Hockey Representative*, K. MacLaren; *Alley Representative*, A. L. Burt; *Tennis Representative*, to be elected.

At an enthusiastic and well-attended meeting of the Association football supporters the following officers were elected: *Hon. President*, Prof. Langford; *President*, W. Vance; *Captain*, O. V. Jewitt; *Manager*, W. E. Wilder; *Secretary*, K. MacLaren.

The Rugby affairs next year will be under the direction of the following officers: *Hon. President*, Prof. Bell; *President*,

J. R. Gundy; *Captain*, J. Birnie; *Manager* (first team), J. E. Lovering; *Manager* (second team), H. L. Morrison; *Secretary*, W. A. F. Campbell. It was decided that inter-year games should be played as early as possible in the fall, and a committee was appointed to inquire as to the possibility of obtaining a cup or shield for inter-year competition. Another urgent need which is to be met is the formation of a strong second team to give the first team some hard practices.

After a very successful season, the hockey club held its annual meeting, at which the officers for the year 1909-10 were elected: *President*, J. Birnie; *Captain*, K. MacLaren; *Manager*, J. A. McCamus; *Secretary-Treasurer*, J. R. Gundy.

In Varsity's first boxing and wrestling tournament, which was held this last month, Victoria was very ably represented by Jim. Pearson. Jim entered the heavyweight boxing, winning the championship in rather easy style. He is to be heartily congratulated on his excellent performance, which has advertised Vic. amongst the other Faculties. He was also honored at the annual election to the Athletic Directorate, when he was re-elected at the head of the poll.

In the boxing tournament, Vic. should next year have a large number of entries. There are some clever boxers at Vic., who would bring honor to the College and to themselves if they would only overcome their modesty.

V. C. A. C. Elections

The destinies of the Ladies' Club for the year 1909-10 will be guided by the following efficient Executive: *Hon. President*, Miss Grace McLaren, '09; *President*, Miss Mabel Crews, '10; *Sec.-Treas.*, Miss J. McConnell, '11; *Fourth Year Representative*, Miss Pearl Jackson, '10; *Third Year Representative*, Miss Elsa Horning, '11; *Second Year Representative*, Miss Winnifred Armstrong, '12; *First Year Representative*, to be elected; *Team captains*—Ice hockey, Miss Laura Denton; Field hockey, Miss Hamer; *Basketball*, Miss Pearl Davidson.



WRITTEN on a Saturday morning in the throes of Old English, with all due apologies to Tennyson.

Skeats, Skeats, Skeats,
 O how I revel in thee:
 But I would that my tongue dared utter
 The thoughts that arise in me.

Ah, well for the Science girl
 That she peacefully washes her clothes,
 O well for the general lass
 That she sits on the bed and sews.

But the Moderns folk plug on
 And long for the day to be
 When from Anglo-Saxon they'll say farewell
 And from Skeats will ever be free.

Skeats, Skeats, Skeats,
 Soon May exams. I'll see,
 Then I'll will that my tongue could utter
 The thoughts that arise in me.

Miss F—d—y, '12—"Girls, are you coming to the class-meeting now?"

Freshette—"Is there anybody there yet?"

Miss F—d—y, '12—"Well, there won't be until we get there."

Miss G—r—e '09 (noticing a dog with a green bow on its collar)—"Is that what you call an Irish terrier?"

Dr. Edgar (referring to a character in one of Dickens' novels)—"He was a perfect nonentity—in fact, a very respectable man."

Post-office Official to Miss G—n, '09 (when she told him her address was Annesley Hall, after having a discussion regarding the value of a shilling)—“ Here, is that where you come from? No wonder you get mixed in your figures; that's what higher education does for women.”

Miss D—f—e, '11—“ Oh, I am always doing crazy things! I did that twice, once.”

The Executive of the Women's Literary Society for the years 1909-10 will be as follows: Hon. President, Mrs. Auger; President, Miss M. Jamieson; Vice-President, Miss N. L. Clarke; Critic, Miss K. Grayson; Recording Secretary, Miss M. Dawson; Corresponding Secretary, Miss E. Austin; Pianist, Miss Adams. Members on ACTA Board, Literary Editor, Miss M. Bowers; Local Editor, Miss M. Shorey.

The elections of the Young Women's Christian Association were held on Monday, March 22nd, and resulted as follows: Hon. President, Mrs. Wallace; President, Miss A. M. Stanley; Secretary, Miss M. Crawford; Vice-President, Miss K. Cowan.

Miss B—w—s, '10 (referring to the crowd of Vic. students on their way to the final hockey match)—“ When I got in that street car I felt just as if I were going into Vic. chapel.”

Miss C—l—k, '09 (upon being told that coal oil was good for a cold)—“ Goodness, if I took coal oil I would feel like a sewing machine.”

Miss M——“ I was at a bride's shower to-day, and do you know it gave me courage to take up the struggle once more.”

That our hockey team had an enjoyable time on their trip to Belleville and were royally entertained while there is vouched for by one of the members of the team, who, in an enthusiastic outburst of feeling, gave his description of the Quinte House in the following glowing terms: “ Say, it is a great hotel; the best between Montreal and Toronto. The meals were fine and the waitresses were simply superb.”

Professor Horning (at conclusion of his lectures in second year English)—“ Doubtless you will be glad to welcome back

Professor Auger. He will begin his work next Saturday with 'Much Ado About Nothing.' "

The Y. M. C. A. elections were held on March 17th, when the following officers were elected: Hon. President, Professor Bowles; Representative on the Federal Executive, Rev. Dr. Graham; President, G. S. Cassmore, '10; 1st Vice-President, J. M. Shaver, C.T.; Treasurer, R. B. Liddy, '11; Secretary, R. Ecclestone, '12.

The Missionary Committee is composed of the following members: President, F. L. Tilson, '10; 1st Vice-President, W. H. Irwin, C.T.; Treasurer, J. B. Hunter, '11; Secretary, H. Conn, '12; Mission Study, W. Vance, '09; City Missions, T. P. Shaver, C.T.; Summer Campaign, J. M. Shaver, C.T.

To those who may have scruples regarding the attendance at theatres, we might possibly aid them in their perplexity by referring to the ingenious method adopted by A—n—p, '09, on the 19th inst. at the Royal Alexandra. In order to protect his plastic innocence from the sophisticating contamination of the lurid footlights, he took the precaution to guard himself on the right hand by the paternal presence of the chairman of his district and on the left by the sisterly solicitude of a charming member of the deaconess order. Apparently he was quite well satisfied with his scheme, for he was seen afterwards eloquently attempting to persuade ACTA's Business Manager to at least give his novel idea a fair trial.

Miss J—m—s—n, '10 (at Senior dinner)—"Aren't you some relation to me, Mr. Robertson?"

R—b—t—on, '10—"No, but I'd awfully like to be."

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN!

A very valuable picture has disappeared from the Ladies' Study. A suitable reward is hereby offered for information or return of the same. "If any young gentleman, as Robert says, wishes a picture like it let him take more direct means."

On Wednesday, March 25th, the Women's Literary Society held its last meeting for this year. The programme was provided by the graduating class, a large number of whom gave a

few final words of advice to the girls of the lower years. The Sophomores enlivened the proceedings by interspersing limericks between the speeches.

The Senior song, which was very bright and witty, was sung by Miss M. Crews, '10. As a token of the appreciation of her faithful work on the Lit. Executive, Miss Knox, '09, was presented with a University pin by the Society.

The class of Naughty-nine presented the Society with a very handsome debating trophy. This gift is very much appreciated, as it is something the Society has long felt the need of, and we hope it will act as an incentive to the girls in future years.

JOTTINGS FROM SENIOR SONG.

“ Muriel Birnie is as modest as a violet,
 She's dainty, too, and rosy and petite;
 We hate to see her go from out the college,
 We'll miss the pitter-patter of her feet;
 But we know that fame is waiting on the platform,
 When Muriel in a voice so silver clear
 Declaims on women's rights and woman suffrage,
 For she's shown that public speaking's her career.”

“ When Naughty-nine goes forth from old Victoria
 They'll take with them a girl we all admire,
 Who'll never be content with washing dishes,
 To literary heights she will aspire.
 When Carrie wields the pen in the near future
 Then Mrs. Humphrey Ward will be *passée*,
 For genius has placed its stamp upon her.
 Oh, Carrie, we'll be proud of you some day.

“ Oh, who is this that burneth midnight oil so,
 Who poureth o'er her books with wearied brow,
 Who never takes a minute from her studies?
 Methinks it is Grace Grange we have here now.
 The rink has never seen her on its surface,
 The tennis court ne'er felt her airy tread,
 She never goes to any social function,
 She's either plugging hard or else in bed.”

R—b—r—s—n, '10 (at the final hockey game between the Dents and Vic.)—" I wonder if that referee gets a set of false teeth for his *punk* decisions!"

MacNiven, '10 (speaking of his trip to London, England)—" As soon as we arrived in London we were met by Lester Green, who took us across to the museum, not as curiosities, but to stay."

"All kings were crowned in Westminster Abbey except Henry V., who died before he was crowned."

Robert (passing theological exam. tables around to C. T.'s, on accosting Van Wyck, '11, engrossed in a newspaper)—" Will you have one, sir? "

Van (shortly)—" No."

Robert (with dignity)—" I hope the time will come, young man, when you will be considered worthy to receive one of these."

Senior Theolog (excitedly)—" Say, I was just up to the lecture and I sat right across from Miss —."

Second Student—" Did you get good notes? "

First Student—" I got nothing down but the *date*."

As the conclusion of a successful year's work, the Glee Club held their final meeting on March 15th to elect next year's officers. The election results were as follows: Hon. President, H. W. Avison, '09; President, J. A. Waddell, C.T.; 1st Vice-President, W. Howie, '10; Business Manager, J. E. Totten, C.T.; Treasurer, R. C. Scott, '11; Secretary, W. H. Pike, C.T.

Miss G—n—e, '09—" Girls, there is simply no use my putting a ' busy ' sign on my door; it just means a little less interrupted sleep."

Miss W—t—m, '09—" I would suggest, from personal experience, that the best way to get the Freshies interested in Lit. is for the Society to provide them with something to eat."

T—r, B.D.—" I have three crackerjack sermons. I've made \$1,000 out of them since I started out, and I don't know how much the people have made out of them."

M—n, '10—" They probably made for the door."

Miss M. H—l, '09—" I would like to urge the girls to take more out of the Union Literary Society than I have."

C—o—k—r, '10—" I don't mind getting my feet wet; I have often sat in them all day."

W—sh—n—g—on, '10—" What large feet you must have!"

Scene—Gundy, '11, on entering the library, clears his throat by emitting a low growl.

Pike, C.T.—" Here, get under the table with that bone!"

R. R. Miller, '12 (to Prof. DeWitt in Tutorial History class)—" The history says Sulla brought his soldiers into contact with Grecian civilization more than any other previous general, and states that they 'came to appreciate art and music, to drink, and learnt to make love.' My desire, professor, is to learn the significance of 'learning to make love.' "

A. Wallace, C.T. (on meeting a man on the street with whom he had crossed from England—" Hello, old man, don't you remember me? "

Stranger—" No, can't say that I do."

Wallace—" Look again; don't you remember where you met me?"

Stranger (enthusiastically)—" Oh, sure, at the 'pub.' down Queen Street."

Professor to Pass Hebrew class—" I think there is really little hope for your success this year."

Pearson, '10—" Well, we know how to take defeat."

Edmanson, '12 (on viewing interior of ladies' study)—" Say, I'd like to study here all the time."

W—d—l, C. T. (questioning one of our '09 philosophy men re his previous night's experience)—" Were they all philosophy girls? "

M—r—n, '09—" Oh, no; there were some nice girls among them."

C—s—e, '10—" Dr. Bell was awfully funny to-day."

H—y, '10—" The sooner they cut off the licensés in the residential districts the better."

M—g, '09—" I hear you've turned into a plug, Ockley."

H—y, '09—" How can a Sliver become a plug? "

Senior night at the Lit. brought out very few seniors—not many more than a dozen, and this is to be deeply deplored, particularly when '09 is the biggest class in point of members that ever graduated from Victoria. The Lit. enjoyed the usual final "bun-feed," and then adjourned that the speeches might be given with all possible freedom. The "spiels" ran mainly to reminiscences, and many were the stories, long hushed-up, that reached the light of day—how Sliver was chased, bootless, down Yonge street; how Pat attended his first show; how Fritz found two girls inconveniently on his hands and a "blow-out"; how Ernie Honey carried a flask; how Si got stuck for the lunches; and other stories on Si, *ad infinitum*; how "Pete never comes out to Lit. and Si can't now"; how Sliver and Mac got arrested, and so on. A lot of old stories and some new ones were related, and the evening ended with a '09 reunion and the "quick-lunch."

A freshette, tired of writing a Latin exercise, and knowing that she owed something at the required hour, handed in the following:

ODE TO LATIN.

All the people dead who wrote it,
All the people dead who spoke it,
All the people die who learn it,
Blessed death—they surely earn it.

I. W., '12.

The reply follows:

PALINODE.

So are they who never wrote it,
So are they who never spoke it,
So do they who do not learn it,
Cheaper death—they do not earn it.

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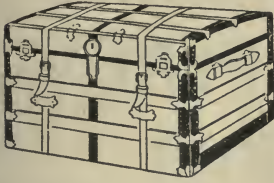
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**EDUCATION DEPARTMENT CALENDAR
FOR 1909 (in part)**

January:

1. NEW YEAR'S DAY (Friday).
By-laws for establishing and withdrawal of union of municipalities for High School purposes to take effect.
4. Provincial Normal Schools open (Second Term).
Clerks of Municipalities to be notified by Separate School supporters of their withdrawal.
- High, Public and Separate Schools open.
5. Truant Officers' reports to Department, due.
6. First meeting of rural School Trustees.
Polling day for trustees in Public and Separate Schools.
7. Principals of High Schools and Collegiate Institutes to forward list of teachers, etc.
11. Appointment of High School Trustees by Municipal Councils.
14. Annual Reports of Boards in cities and towns, to Department, due.
Names and addresses of Public School Trustees and Teachers to be sent to Township Clerks and Inspectors.
15. Trustees' Annual Reports to Inspectors, due.
Annual Reports of Kindergarten attendance, to Department, due.
Annual Reports of Separate Schools, to Department, due.
Application for Legislative apportionment for inspection of Public Schools in cities and towns separated from the county, to Department, due.

20. First meeting of Public School Boards in cities, towns and incorporated villages.
26. Appointment of High School Trustees by County Councils.

February:

3. First meeting of High School Boards and Boards of Education.

March:

1. Inspectors' Annual Reports, to Department, due.
Annual Reports from High School Boards, to Department, due.
(This includes the Financial Statement.)
Financial Statement of Teachers' Associations, to Department, due.
Separate School Supporters to notify Municipal Clerks.
31. Night Schools close (Session 1908-9).

April:

1. Returns by Clerks of counties, cities, etc., of population, to Department, due.
8. High Schools, second term, and Public and Separate Schools close.
9. GOOD FRIDAY.
12. EASTER MONDAY.
13. Annual Meeting of the Ontario Educational Association at Toronto.
15. Reports on Night Schools, due (Session 1908-9).
19. High Schools (Third Term), and Public and Separate Schools open after Easter Holidays.

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Valedictory

CARRIE B. DUNNETT, '09.

THE influence of the silent stars and cooling night-winds
mild,

Of music softly lingering in the calm of twilight hours,
The gladness of the birds, the joy of sunshine and of love—
All these lend beauty and serenity to life.

Unwearied gleanings in the world's vast harvest-field of thought;
Adding one sheaf unto the garnered store; perceiving clear
In earth and air the workings of the eternal laws of heaven—
What can be worthier the earnest toil of man!

To let the finer, hidden life grow upward through the common,
Diffusing fragrance in the air and bearing lasting fruits
To cheer the fainting traveller; to trim the lamp of life
Until its heaven-born ray burns bright and clear upon the
rugged path

Where men oft stumble and despair; to snap the silver cord at
last

In service to one's fellows: this is life's crowning deed.

Dickens as a Novelist

GRACE I. GRANGE, '09.

THERE are four outstanding directions given to the novel of the last century. There is the culmination of romantic fiction in Scott, the rise of domestic fiction in Jane Austen, the appearance of a new kind of realism in Thackeray, and the creation of the democratic novel in Dickens.

Although, in all truth, Scott, Miss Austen or Thackeray may be truer artists and greater masters of styles, it is safe to say that no one of them is closer or dearer to the heart of the English-speaking race than Dickens.

First and fundamentally, no doubt, Dickens also wrote as an artist "for art's sake," but his soul was far too philanthropic in its greatness to stop there. He saw abuses around him, injustice, oppression and cruelty. He saw poor, neglected children living out their unappreciated little lives in English mines and factories; and he saw hypocrites aiming at an outer show of respectability while their inner lives were full of deceit and malice. These things were maddening to him, and, knowing the influence he wielded, he made his art and purpose blend, showing in his works sincere and intense popular sympathy, of which we find but occasional evidence in Scott or Thackeray.

Throughout all his novels, ludicrous or grave, merry or tragic, we can ever lay our finger on this deep strain and exclaim, "Here is the moral; this is the teaching." Whether it be in the direct, didactic tirade of Nicholas Nickleby against the evils of the Yorkshire schools, the pathetic plea for better parental relations of Dombey and Son, the sunny optimism of the shorter sketches, or even in the joyous Pickwick Papers, the powerful arraignment of prison and law abuses, his great spirit pervades all, going abroad, doing good, adding comfort and mirth to the toilsome and perplexed life of men, of rich and poor, of learned and unlearned alike. He has written so powerfully and so picturesquely that he has caused all classes to laugh and weep over his pages, and thus, touching two of the deepest springs in human nature, he has directed serious attention to the ugly wrongs of his day, and has, from the pulpit of his writings, wrought greater reforms and inspired higher ideals of civiliza-

tion than can be shown for the labors of any statesman of our country.

The early life and associations of Dickens are responsible for the democratic strain in his work. He was of lowly birth, and, save for a very short period at a public school, received no early culture or training. In looking backward over his youth, he says, "It is wonderful to me that no one had compassion enough on me, a child of singular abilities, quick, eager, delicate, and soon hurt bodily or mentally, to suggest that something might have been spared me, as certainly it might have been, to place me at any common school."

It is difficult to imagine a childhood more sad and more full of drudgery. He has told us that for all the care exercised over him by those whose duty was clearest to him, he might have been a vagabond or little thief. He was forced to work in the most sordid and even vicious surroundings, with no home life, with a shiftless father, whom Dickens described as having come to regard "insolvency as the normal state of mankind, and the payment of debts as a disease that occasionally broke out." His father was imprisoned for debt, and the only holiday Charles knew at one time was to spend Sunday in the prison with his father. There was misery all about him in his early years, and glimpses of this are given in *Oliver Twist*, as for instance in the description of the child's walk to London, that, in some villages, large painted boards were fixed up, warning all persons who begged within the district that they should be sent to jail.

It was the period before the Reform Bill, a period of extreme poverty and ugliness in public and private life. But although his surroundings were most sordid and his youth was friendless, poor and monotonous, he was saved from being forever embittered by his cheerful optimism, which kept alive in him his light-heartedness and his humor, the saving quality for all the world.

Another potent factor which has preserved for us our Dickens, unspoiled by the sheer ugliness of his youth, was his early reading. When his father was asked where his son had been educated, he replied, "Ha! Ha! He may be said to have educated himself" When eight or nine years old, in the old lumber-room library at Rochester, he read and re-read whatever books he could lay hands on, and knew them so well that they became a part of his life, and formed a little romance world of his own.

where he could find refuge from the outer miseries of his daily life. The following is the list given in *David Copperfield*: "Roderick Random," "Peregrine Pickle," "Humphrey Clinker," "Tom Jones," "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Don Quixote," "Gil Blas," "Robinson Crusoe," "Arabian Nights," "The Tattler," "The Spectator," "The Idler," "The Citizen of the World," and a collection of the farces edited by Mr Inchikald. These books, with the Bible, especially the New Testament, and the works of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Sterne, Scott and Carlyle, formed his library for the whole of his life.

Dickens knew all these books thoroughly, but he knew nothing whatever of the classics, having the middle-class scorn for them. He considered that he was of the people, and wrote for their approval, and he did not want to be considered an educated man. But nature taught him far better, and kept his genius more original, more natural and more buoyant. During his whole life he was seeing and studying his countrymen. Probably no man knew London so well. Like Sam Weller, his knowledge of London was extensive and peculiar. He loved to seek out queer byplaces and queer people in the crowded centres of London, to study them and to vividly register them in his mind, so that he could later, with his marvellous power of delineation, revive the original impression for us. Although it seems to have been within his power to endow by his magic pen almost any figure in the human category with real vitality, it was in the portrayal of this rough and seamy world of the streets, where he received his own hard schooling, that he stands supreme in English literature. He could write most deeply of men's squalid poverty, of the half-humorous, half-pathetic adventures of men down on their luck, of Micawbers always waiting for something to turn up, of debtors who managed to keep a stiff upper lip even in Fleet Prison, of loungers at inn doors, and of lawyers' clerks in shabby coats. Some of them are not pleasant associates, but in all his characters, save his deliberate hypocrites, he finds some characteristic in their lives to make us love or pity them. He exalts the commonplace and sordid in men's lives, obeying Goethe's precept, and taking "hold upon the life nearest to him, making use of it for literature, and proving that it was of interest."

His works display a wealth of detail which is almost bewildering, and leaves us with the impression that if so much can be seen and glorified in the commonplace, in what a pitiful state of blinded self-engrossment must most of us pass our lives. Nothing is too trivial for his keen eye, nothing in the great human drama is too unworthy to depict, and in this fact lies the secret of his ever-fresh popularity. The following are two often-quoted samples of his beautifully trivial detail in description: In Peggotty's purse, given to little David on his departure from Yarmouth, the hero found "three bright shillings, which Peggotty had evidently polished up with whiting for my greater delight." And again, little Pip, after being washed by his sister, remarks: "I suppose myself to be better acquainted than any living authority with the ridgy effect of a wedding ring passed unsympathetically over the human countenance."

Over and above this wonderful power of observation, we see Dickens' great imagination, without which his work would have tended to monotony. It is sometimes humorous, sometimes terrible, and often simply grotesque, but of a range which can only be approached by his great French contemporary, Balzac. He has created for us a wholly new circle of friends in his comfortable, 1,000-page type of books—friends who live out their lives before us, and ever show the unchanging foibles and shortcomings, the virtues and the villainies of human life.

As we have said, those of his characters are best which portray the lower modes of life in a great city, and they are especially good, in whom there is some amiable weakness. It is difficult to choose from the great number of characters of this type. One most universally appreciated is Mr. Micawber, who goes beamingly and hopefully through life, always waiting for something to turn up, in the meantime dependent on the good-will of his friends for support. Another immortalized character is that of Mrs. Gamp, who is often compared to Falstaff. She is in reality a drunken, greedy, dishonest woman, but her character is so cleverly conceived that we are filled with amusement at her sayings rather than with scorn and disgust. It is often urged, and perhaps not altogether without foundation, that a great deal of Dickens is merely a cleverly handled burlesque of real existence, and that many of

his characters are too unreal, too greatly caricatured and exaggerated, but when we think of the abounding gaiety and vivacity of his character, and of the strong appeal the eccentric and the ludicrous made to him, we can perhaps understand his glee in touching up in the brightest colors the ridiculous and the grotesque, and if we could only look through his eyes, and have his magical observation, we might find our own world peopled with the Wellers, Pickwicks, Maltinis, Uriah Heeps, or Old Serooges.

Dickens, to be sure, does give his vivid imagination full scope in the delineation of these merry characters of his pen, but his imagination had also a deeper and more terrible side, such as has been possessed by few writers. In his pages we meet sordid, tragic characters, as for instance Fagin, the Artful Dodger, Nancy and Bill Sikes. Nothing in English fiction can surpass the murder of Nancy or the death of Bill Sikes in dramatic intensity.

Thus, with his great imagination he has created figures which have called forth our amusement and again those which have called forth our terror, but never departing from his duty of teaching a moral lesson, he has chosen characters which are intended primarily to set forth the abuses of the day.

At the beginning of his career, Dickens turned naturally to the abuses which touched most the interests of all—those of the parish, the school and the church. Consequently, he created Mr. Bumble, Mr. Squeers and Rev. Mr. Stiggins, and took great delight in touching on the ridiculous and despicable features of their lives in their respective official positions. He despised the religious hypocrite, Rev. Mr. Stiggins, most of all, for his was the one form of humbuggery he most loathed, and which received his severest satire. Akin to Rev. Bro. Stiggins is Mr. Pecksniff, a type of middle-class respectability, which desires only to keep up outer appearances of morality to ensure success in business. Mr. Pecksniff, for instance, wanted everyone to know that he prayed, and to advertise his piety, he remarked before his friends, “Charity, my dear, when I take my chamber candlestick to-night, remind me to be more than usually particular in praying for Mr. Anthony Chuzzlewit, who has done me an injustice.” When this hypocrite is unmasked, we are glad to see him humiliated before all, nor do we think it unjust

that he is forced to beggary in the streets. And so in all Dickens' works are his scoundrels brought to justice, and we rejoice in the complete triumph of virtue over vice.

Still, when all praise has been given to his strong portrayals of character, we cannot overlook the weaknesses on the other side of the balance.

In regard to the great majority of the young women depicted in Dickens' novels, there is much unreality and sentimentality, which can only be explained by his lack of knowledge of women. In dealing with children, with picturesque characters, with old men and women, Dickens is inimitable, but in the average everyday young man or woman, with no especially outstanding absurdities, his portrayal is often lifeless and insipid. As Robert Louis Stevenson remarked of the portraits of a celebrated painter, "You miss character, you miss fire, and, worst of all, you miss sex." This fact mars many of Dickens' finest novels, his love scenes seem unreal and insipid. And much of what is meant as pathos and sentiment becomes merely pathetic. There are besides numberless pictures of widows, wives and spinsters, but they, with few exceptions, are presented as most unintelligent and fatuous, or snappy and disagreeable.

Dora, in "David Copperfield," "the Little Blossom of that unsubstantial, happy, foolish time," cannot but impress us but as a doll character, utterly without intellect, responsibility, or purpose, and Agnes, whom he later loved, seems also unreal. She is calm, self-denying and sweet-tempered, but her portrayal is timid and shadowy, unlike the real Dickens.

Ruth Pinch is the type of all that Dickens most admired in women—a thoroughly kind-hearted, home-loving little creature, whose greatest joy was in looking after household good—a quiet, homely woman, making the happiest domestic life possible for her family.

As we have said before, Dickens' truest and deepest sympathy was with children, especially those neglected ones, who suffered from cruelty or carelessness. Little Nell, Oliver Twist, Tiny Tim, Paul Dombey and David Copperfield have softened many a heart, and caused a greater love and sympathy for the misunderstood and unappreciated children of the world.

Dickens is unsurpassed in telling of theirs and others' lives in their simple, everyday course, but a strong objection is urged

against him, namely, that he was unable to write a continued story. He could not manipulate the incidents and denouements of a plot complicated to any degree. His use of coincidences is very naïve. For instance, when *Oliver Twist* casually makes acquaintance with an old gentleman in the streets of London, this old gentleman, of course, turns out to be the relative who desired of all things to discover the boy. And again, in *David Copperfield*, when Steerforth returns to England from his travels with Emily, his ship is of course wrecked at Yarmouth, and his body washed up at the feet of David Copperfield, who happened to have made a little journey to his Yarmouth friends on that very day.

We can perhaps understand Dickens' weakness in regard to poor structure, when we know that his novels appeared in monthly parts, and that he began publishing with only three or four parts complete. Hence he could never get any idea of the *ensemble* of the work on which he was engaged, and he could never make changes in the early part of his story.

But, after all, it is not for his plots, but for his exquisite power of humor that Dickens lives and is beloved by all, and as a humorist he claims our unstinted praise. He could turn everything which came to his hand into tears and laughter with an almost Midas-like touch. He could idealize the commonplace things of life, and reproduce them as teeming with the ridiculous and farcical.

The very names of his characters are beautifully appropriate and suggestive. Seldom, indeed, are even the scenes of deepest pathos unrelieved by some ray of his sunny humor. The secret of this perennial humor lies in his joy in living, his almost unparalleled ability to see the quaint or comic side of everything, and most of all, in his deep, sincere love for his fellow-man. His heart was ever with the people, and he warmly loved them, not in spite of, but often for, their absurdities.

Nor, after all, is it much of a paradox that this great humorist, who has caused such endless amusement, should also draw the unbidden tear in the turn of a paragraph, for tears and laughter are in close relationship in all he wrote, and to find the extremes in both we have only to look into his phrases.

In style and in command of language, Dickens is easy, graceful and clear. Although in his writings there are often noticeable

certain marks of carelessness, and a tedious tendency to long, parenthetical sentences, he is generally distinguished by vividness and dramatic power. Description in his work has the force and interest of narrative, and by a few bold strokes he can present to us a scene or an action which, in a lesser genius, would be drawn out for several tediously minute pages.

But whatever may have been his possible failures, if we may be permitted to call them such, they are small matters, and are immeasurably counterbalanced by his greatness. He who has held the laughter and tears of a nation in his thrall, and has appealed for all time to the better thoughts of ordinary men, has done an unappreciable good to men of all classes, and will ever stand high in the annals of literature as Dickens, the inimitable, the mighty painter of unchanging human nature, and the well-beloved novelist of his people.

The Flight of the Years

A. L. BURT, '10.

YEAR after year has flown away
And treasures left in yesterday.
Joys of the past are always ours,
While brighter they bloom like fadeless flowers,
And, gathering sweetness every year,
These pleasures tho' vanished are evermore dear.

Years may have fled on restless feet,
But still they have changed the sour to sweet;
Sorrows long past grow mellow now,
And wrinkles give place to beauty's brow.
A heritage thus the years all leave
That over their shadow we never might grieve.

Year upon year brings more to bear,
And teaches us all just how to share
Sorrow with joys and smiles with tears,
To lighten the grief of growing years.
They, blending to make one perfect whole,
Give loveliness, sweetness and strength to the soul.

In A Canoe

W. A. DEACON, '11.

THE winding stream uncoils before,
And slowly fades behind,
While I drift on at eventide
In my frail craft reclined.
The even calm is on the land,
There is no breath of wind.

The alder wall on either bank
Stands forth in tender green;
The tawny hide of frightened fawn
I spy amid the screen;
Along the sky there float long clouds
In fairy forms serene.

In mud upon the bank long since
The moose has left his mark,
The owls to lofty outlooks go
To spend the hours of dark;
And all the while the gentle stream
Bears on my silent barque.

Now dimmer grows the gliding form
Of hill, and rock, and tree;
I do not mourn the coming night,
When I no longer see,
For I can feel the deep content
Of Nature's peace on me.

Nocturnal murmurs by the score
The sleeping time denote,
The darkened vault holds in its gloom
Ten thousand stars afloat;
And laying hand on dew-clad sedge,
I halt my little boat.

An Incident

PANSY MASON FEAR, '08.

IT WAS a sunny, sultry afternoon. The wide river sparkled and rippled in the yellow light, softly lapping the shore as it flowed out to the great lake. Big barges laden with coal and grain passed slowly up and down. In the channel the dredges were at work, swinging out their huge dippers and plunging them like human hands deep into the river. Noisy little tugs coughed themselves nervously about, answering with shrill toots the calls from the dredges.

A picturesque, old-fashioned town lay scattered along the shore. Square stone houses of a by-gone age faced the river, and crooked, narrow streets led up from the docks through the town, back into a sloping low-roofed settlement. Along the bank, houses straggled at intervals until the town was left behind, and only willows drooped their branches in the flowing water.

Farther up the shore, a pier provided a landing-place for the tugs as they came panting in for orders and supplies. Beside the landing stood the contractor's office. Empty packing-cases and discarded portions of machinery lay scattered about; big rusty anchors and worn-out dippers. On the platform of the office, overlooking the river, a dog lay, stretched out in the sun. He was a yellow, flea-bitten dog, with a long, mournful muzzle and stringy tail. One eye blinked sleepily in the light, the other—well, the tragedy of its loss was wrapped in silence and in mystery. Years of struggle and bitterness had left few traces of his noble lineage, but the baleful, reddish gleam of that one eye and the long melancholy face, marked him as one of a proud high-spirited Irish race.

Suddenly the dog's ears straightened up and his tail mildly thumped the floor. A man had come out, and stood in the doorway, looking out over the river where the dredges were at work. His was not a pleasant face to look upon. The eyes were a trifle bleared, and the tobacco-stained mouth sagged slightly at the corners. The hand which shaded his eyes was

rough and soiled, the other—well, an empty coat-sleeve tucked into the pocket told as much of the tragedy as anyone ever heard. It is hard to tell what strange fate had drawn these two unfortunates together. For the man, it was enough that the dog was faithful and his friendship true; for the dog, it was his all in all, that he might serve a master.

The watchman clumsily rubbed his big boot up and down the dog's back. Slowly the one eye closed, and a soft growl sounded as the animal yielded himself to the exquisite joy of the sensation. It was a habit of his to growl when happy. When angered he was terribly silent, but also deadly sure. Among men his friends were few, among dogs—none. Only his master dare venture within the sacred precincts of the company's office.

The afternoon dragged slowly away, with the monotonous pounding of the engines and recurrent clank of chains as the dredge dippers swung heavily up and down. Somewhere from behind the office came a metallic rattle. The dog suddenly roused up, shook himself, raced down the steps and around the building. There he eagerly waited while the watchman hung shining lanterns in a row on the long pole, then hoisting it to his shoulder started off to place range lights for the night gang.

Just as it was beginning to grow dusk, the watchman and dog came down the pier and boarded the little *John R.* The man who had once been the company's best captain could still handle the balky little launch in a way enviable to many. Cranking her up, he threw her out from the dock, and across the water she started, with an intermittent punk-punk—punk-punk. The dog sat close up beside the wheel, looking on with a critical eye. "We're late to-night, but we'll make it afore dark," muttered the man. They were heading far out into the stream, where the dynamite boat was anchored, and it was his duty to place her anchor light.

* * *

The shadows of night slowly fell over the river. One by one the lights came out and twinkled in the town along the shore. Many a big barge passed silently onward, with only a churn-

ing swish at her stern. The long, shadowy shape was but dimly outlined between the lights at the stern and the bow, where the starboard green fell on the water in a wavy streak.

Over on one of the dredges the grinding and rattling of machinery had stopped. The big dipper, with yawning mouth, hung motionless in the air. A whistle had blown for the tug to come and tow away the scow, which sagged heavily with its weight of mud and stone. Two men stood, cooling off, at the door of the engine-room. Suddenly one said,

"Say! did ye hear that, Bill?"

Bill listened. "Well, I'll be durned, if it don't sound like that there one-eyed dog. What's he a-howlin' about this hour o' night."

"He ain't on shore. That dog's on the river."

"Durn if he ain't," assented Bill.

Across the water came a long, dismal, drawn-out howl. The men looked at each other and silently agreed that something was wrong. When the tug came puffing up, they told the captain. He, too, listened, heard the howl, and decided to go and investigate.

As the tug drew near the dynamite boat, the captain sighted the shadowy outline of a launch, tied to the boat, and rocking with the swells. Up beside the wheel sat the yellow dog, his mournful face upturned in another howl. A figure lay stretched out on the little deck.

The couple were soon safe on board the tug, with the little *John R.* towing along behind. It was some time before the watchman recovered enough to tell, in a few disjointed sentences, what had happened—just a misstep between the two boats, a lucky grasp at the "painter," and an awful struggle in the swift current. Then he told of the dog, that hauled on the empty coat-sleeve, and helped him struggle back into the launch, too weak to move.

Men on the river are used to tragedies. Familiarity with danger makes them careless even of death, so the incident was soon forgotten by all save the watchman. No one knows the thoughts of the yellow dog as he lies on the office steps, and sleepily blinks his one eye in the sun.

Valdictory

C. W. STANLEY.

I GAZED to westward at the close of day,
 To westward, from the craggy cliff, far o'er
 The sea, all violet, save the sunny track
 Of shifting orange and scarlet; endlessly
 It gleamed, and endlessly it drew my spirit;
 Day waned and waned; the scene still fairer showed,
 And still the waves and slender cloud above
 The sun donned fairer hues; and all my heart
 Was out there, far over the liquid sea,
 In airy, sun-bathed palaces, aye fresh
 As ocean's self, high-pillared of the clouds,
 Joyful and free.

And oft at night, beneath
 The pale, cold stars, have I had like musings;
 Those far, blue spaces, depths no ray of star
 Could e'er illumine—how far? how deep? what worlds
 Do they enfold? what secrets do they know
 Of all the world's creation? So I ask,
 Vainly,—they are mute, mystic are their signs,
 And I no sage; only, over all things
 Is writ, INFINITY, INFINITY.
 TO-DAY, TO-MORROW, YESTERDAY, such words
 Have moved me as a man is moved who walks
 Carelessly across a field new ploughed, and sees
 By chance a stone and picks it up to throw
 It wantonly away, and then he notes
 Strange marks upon its face, and finds, indeed,
 The image of some earlier life, and much
 He muses on the first and last of time.
 All the earth's a riddle, so we say,
 And chide that it may never answered be.
 Say 'tis true, that, after all, our search for truth
 Is fruitless, need that be a bitterness?
 The rainbow never makes the perfect round,

The bloom of clustered grapes is ne'er complete,
Nor can the winter frost work out in full
Its phantasies upon the pane, nor know
We anything by full attainment crowned.
But, ah, how fair are all these imperfections,
And in man's case the striving is itself
A virtue, since whate'er we strive for, though
'Tis ne'er attained, yet makes us what we are.
No dim-delicious dream was my first glimpse
Of knowledge; face to face I saw her, heard
Her speak; authority was in her tone,
She bade me follow: For, abiding still
Among life's earlier objects, I admired,
Thought them portentous, nor wot of aught beyond,
Even as a child strays to a flowery mead,
And sits where first he spies a daisy clump,
And plays amid those flowers the livelong day,
Nor ever thinks of fairer blooms beside.
And thus I played; but she, that goddess bright,
Called me to fresh fields—a weary way;
(Nor have I ever seen her face again,
Still, when I've despaired, she turned but half
Around, and held her countenance away,
And beckoned to me only with her hand)
And many a gleam that showed like truth's true light
Has faded as I nearer drew, and oft
What seemed as it might be my final home
Has lightly vanished from my closer vision.
But yet my soul's young wonderment remains,
And all the happy fancies of a child.
My journey's end I cannot guess, nor say,
With my small strength, if I shall reach the end;
Perchance I shall be as the mariner,
Who, after sailing many stormy seas,
Comes nigh to his own haven, and scents the warm
Land breeze, fragrant of orchards and long grass,
But finds no tide to float him o'er the bar;
And then he lays him down upon the deck,
And sleeps, till morning, ere he reaches home.

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Editorial

An Apology

WE are grouchy! We didn't expect to have to get down on our knees in our last issue. We are naturally proud, and we hate to do it, especially when we feel that it is not our fault—but we feel that it is due our readers and that it is up to us.

Needless to say we had planned to make our last number our best, and had it not been for the accidents which will happen, it would have been a fairly creditable production.

Nor did our misfortunes come singly. We had arranged with two university professors for articles, and were contentedly patting our editorial backs when we received the shocking intelligence that in the stress of examinations our distinguished contributors had forgotten us—and fled to parts unknown. So much was our editor-in-chief perturbed by these woeful tidings that he took the night train for Seattle, leaving us, his humble assistants, to face the music. He is naturally a brave man, but discretion is said to be occasionally the better form of valor.

Now, whatever our readers may think, we are of the opinion that we did extremely well to get out a number at all. We have the further consolation that we can't be "fired"—for our duties end here. If our readers will be charitable enough to lay

some small part of the blame at the door of the stern goddess Necessity, and not visit our shortcomings upon our innocent successors, we shall be more than grateful.

Le Roi est Mort! Vive le Roi!

The air is full of valedictories; so full that we shall not attempt to crowd in another. It is a rather gloomy task anyway, this of saying farewell. One begins with a sort of pale sky-blue feeling and proceeds to develop it into a lachrymose navy blue, conscientiously enough it is true, albeit to the great discomfort of all concerned.

We are all sentimental however; nor can we refrain at present from saying, on behalf of '09, an informal farewell to our college associations. They have been very dear to us. The memories of the four years spent in the shadow of "the old grey tower" and on the shores of "the old Ontario strand" will ever be with us. To our *alma mater*, our professors, our college friends, we drink a hearty toast and bid them a fervent God-speed. To the incoming senior year, with whom perhaps we are most intimately acquainted, we extend greetings and shout "Long live Onety-Naught." For the ACTA Board of 1909-10 we bespeak all the courteous consideration that has been given to the retiring one. To one and all we say, with emphasis on every syllable, *Avete fratres atque valete!*

Notes

We are glad to see that the building of the new library is proceeding apace. In this connection we must congratulate the incoming years. With the new facilities at Victoria and the better accommodation that will be obtainable as a result of the extension of the University of Toronto Library, not to mention the splendid new Public Reference Library, at the corner of St. George and College Streets, Victoria students ought to be able to give a good account of themselves in the future.

President Falconer left for England immediately after convocation. It is his intention to secure some important additions to the teaching staff of the University.



A New Link Between Industry and Education

THE faculty of the University of Kansas has recently sent out to the other great universities of Europe and the United States, an announcement, which, if read between the lines by ambitious young men, will be found to offer one of the greatest opportunities open to brains, invention and scientific industry. A scholarship has been established and is looking for the right man, for the purpose of making original research to find a way to obtain from glass its maximum illuminating power. The scholarship carries with it an annual income of \$1,500 for two years, and offers ten per cent. of the net profits to be obtained from any discoveries its holder may make. A most remarkable departure from any method heretofore adopted has brought the university and the business man—the manufacturer—into close touch in a surprising fashion, and results are being obtained that are more than surprising.

The average manufacturer of the last generation was firm in the belief that anything of any value to his business might be learned within the four walls of his factory, and that for one who wished to master its details, a scientific or technical education was useless. In time, the value of training along mechanical lines was recognized, and at last the industrial world is beginning to realize that there is a close and vital connection between chemistry and industrial efficiency. Some of our largest and most successful manufacturing establishments have fitted out laboratories for testing and research work, and are filling them with trained chemists from the university class-rooms and laboratories.

It is possible, however, for the universities to be brought into still more intimate relations with the industrial life of the country, and to perform another function even more valuable than the supplying of trained chemists to the manufacturers.

This work they are already doing in Germany, where the universities are no longer content with theories alone, but have invaded the realm of the practical, and become joint workers with the manufacturers. They have made the problems of the industries their problems, and the present industrial rank of Germany is due in no small measure to the discoveries which have been made in the university laboratories, and put to practical use in the mills and workshops.

These facts were in the mind of Robert K. Duncan when, some three years ago, he was called to the chair of Industrial Chemistry in the University of Kansas. In the hope that he might interest the manufacturers in his department, and do a work that would be of vital importance and assured value to them, he inaugurated a plan by which, as he expresses it, "in a spirit of sympathetic co-operation, the university and the manufacturer might each profit, and the people through both—a scheme of Temporary Industrial Fellowships." The purpose of the plan is to enable the manufacturer who feels the need of assistance along chemical lines either in the direction of utilizing waste, increasing efficiency, or discovering new uses for his products, to secure for a very moderate sum the services of a trained chemist, who will devote two years of his time to the solution of the problems set before him.

Let us take a specific instance, and see how the plan works out in practice. The proprietor of a creamery, who has been following the common practice of pouring his buttermilk into the sewers, finally comes to the conclusion that there may be some constituents worth preserving if they can be cheaply separated from each other, and states his problem to the university. He receives a reply, that, for the sum of \$500 per year for two years he can found an Industrial Fellowship, the holder of which will devote practically his entire time to the task of separating and utilizing the constituents of waste buttermilk. The offer is accepted, and a young chemist appointed by the Chancellor of the university, the Director of the chemical department, and the Professor of Industrial Chemistry, begins his work. His entire time is devoted to his research work, with the exception of three hours a week, which he gives to the work of instruction in the chemical department, in return for the use of the university laboratories and for his supplies.

The young investigator begins his work under the most favorable auspices. His income, to be sure, is not large, but it at least affords him a living, and it is to the future and the fruits of his own labors that he looks for his reward. The laboratories of a great university are his workrooms; thousands of technical books are at hand for reference, and he is in constant touch with the head of the department, who has himself discovered several valuable processes, as well as having made several valuable contributions to the literature of industrial chemistry. Again, with two years at his command, there is ample time for the work, and every incentive to thorough and exhaustive research. Nor is the holder of the fellowship working blindly, or without hope of success. On the contrary, his problem is definite, and it is one of whose probable solution the founder is so confident that he is willing to stake at least a thousand dollars on the result.

While the end is definite, it must not be supposed that the work is easy or simple. It is known that the principal and most valuable constituent of waste buttermilk is casein, and that it also contains lactic acid and sugar of milk, but the discovery of a simple and economical method of separating these elements is in itself no easy task. The complexity of the work, as well as its value, becomes still more evident when we consider the variety of uses to which the casein alone is adapted. Casein is an albuminous substance, with which we are more familiar as the curd or coagulated part of milk, from which cheese is made; and it may not only be used as a food or as a medicine, but also in the manufacture of waterproof and fireproof paints, oils, imitation leather, photographic dry plates, and in the printing of wall-paper.

In view of the favorable conditions under which the holder of the fellowship is working, and the progress which has already been made, the prospects for the successful solution of the problem are very bright, and we shall assume that at the end of the two years' period, he will have discovered a cheap and practical method of extracting from buttermilk its principal constituents, and have learned the most valuable uses to which they may be put. Perhaps he will also have invented some mechanical device to aid in the process of separating the elements. But whatever

his discoveries and inventions, they become the property of the founder of the fellowship, to whom the holder must also assign all patents taken out by him. He does not, however, like so many pioneer inventors, sow only for others to reap all the honors and rewards, for it is understood that the discovery or process is to be regarded as his, and, in addition to this, that he is to receive a percentage of the profits derived from the discoveries. This percentage is usually ten per cent. of either the gross or net profits, but in some few cases the amounts have been left open for future determination.

There have already been established in the University of Kansas six working fellowships, and as the last of these makes provision for two fellows, there are now seven young men at work in the laboratories. It may be of some interest to note briefly the nature of the research work that is being carried on, in addition to the investigation into the constituents of waste buttermilk.

The first fellowship was established about a year and a half ago, and has for its purpose the discovery of better methods in the laundry business, especially in connection with the chemistry of laundering. The Chicago manufacturer of launderer's materials, by whom this scholarship was founded, believes that the business is being carried on in utter disregard for the principles of chemistry, and is confident that a scientific study of the process will enable the laundries to do their work more economically, as well as with less injury to the garments of their long-suffering patrons. To assist the holder of this fellowship in his researches, a power washer has been installed in the laboratory. The results thus far achieved have been most encouraging, and give every promise of success, and that too, along lines that will ultimately simply revolutionize the laundry business.

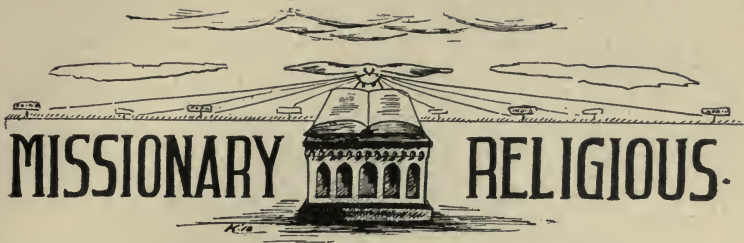
Another fellowship, which shows how these problems touch at the everyday life of the people, is the one founded for the purpose of investigating the chemistry of baking, and of producing, if possible, better bread at less expense. This scholarship was established by the National Association of Master Bakers with the double object of making a study of this subject, and of qualifying an expert upon whom the Association could depend for advice and service after the conclusion of his research work.

An examination is also being made of the constituents of petroleum, with special reference to the properties and uses of Kansas oils; and another investigator is engaged in a new and less expensive source of diastase, a substance having the property of converting starch into sugar. The present purpose of this latter scholarship is the manufacture of a new fodder on scientific principles.

The two fellows last appointed are engaged in an attempt to improve the enamel used upon the enamel-lined, steel tanks which are indispensable in the carrying on of chemical operations upon a large scale.

As noted above, the agreement for a seventh fellowship has recently been concluded. The founder is a glass manufacturing company, which is vitally interested in obtaining from glass its maximum illuminating power. The company has already made an exhaustive investigation into the laws of physics in their bearing upon the illuminating properties of glass, and now desires to determine the relation which exists between the optical properties of glass and its chemical composition. The investigator will work upon this problem.

It is a noteworthy fact that most of these fellowships have been founded by large manufacturers, whom we might expect to find carrying on these experiments in their own laboratories. They have learned, however, that they have neither the laboratory nor the library facilities for this research work, and that their problems demand assistance from the outside. Not only can the universities do this work better than the large manufacturer, but they are also in a position to render to the small manufacturer a service of which he is sadly in need, but which he cannot otherwise obtain. The waste and inefficiency of the average small factory is appalling, and increased efficiency must be brought about largely through such agencies as the industrial fellowships, whereby the small producer is enabled to obtain expert advice and services for a moderate sum. If a single manufacturer feels himself unable to bear the expense of founding a fellowship, it will be easy for several to co-operate for the purpose, and enjoy the results in common.—(Adapted from an article, by RAYMOND F. RICE, in *The Technical World* for May, 1909.)



Desirable Books for a Preacher

THE following list of books was made primarily for myself. When I was on circuit I had to depend on unsigned book reviews for my selection, and if the book I bought proved to be a useless one it was a financial catastrophe to me at the time. So on entering college I began keeping a list of those books which were suggested in the classroom, and now I am filling the pages of this department with that list in the hope that it may be of use to someone else, who, like me, is too poor to buy his books carelessly, and whose ordination has brought him this high resolve—to read some of the few hard books well.

But for the incidental suggestions made by the lecturers, especially Dean Wallace, Prof. McLaughlin and Prof. Blewett, this would never have been written. I have, however, used freely the lists in the last October and January numbers of the *Methodist Review Quarterly*, one by Prof. McFadyen, of Knox, and the other by Prof. Votaw, of Chicago. Their lists are larger than this and worth reading.

PART I.—THE OLD TESTAMENT.

(i) THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

The American Revised Version. The Revised Version (British Edition). A Marginal Bible; one with a four-inch margin to the left of the text (which is only one inch and three-quarters), on the left page, and to the right on the right page, can be procured from the Cambridge University Press Warehouse, Ave Maria Lane, London, England, \$3.00.

Kent Sanders—"Messages of the Bible." \$1.25 each. These are more a paraphrase, but are excellent, especially the two volumes by Prof. G. B. Stevens, rendering into idiomatic English the Pauline and general Epistles.—The Modern Readers' Bible.

(ii) GEOGRAPHY.

G. A. Smith—"Historical Geography of the Holy Land." \$4.50.

G. A. Smith—"Jerusalem," 2 vols. \$5.50.

Stewart—"The Land of Israel." \$1.50. Smaller, but good.

The best map of Palestine is Bartholomew's Topographical and Physical Map of Palestine. \$3.50. Edited by G. A. Smith.

(iii) HISTORY OF ISRAEL.

C. F. Kent; 3 vols. \$3.75. R. L. Ottley. \$1.25. J. F. McCurdy—History, Prophecy and the Monuments. C. H. Cornill. \$1.50.

(iv) CRITICISM.

G. A. Smith—"Modern Criticism and the Preaching of the Old Testament." J. E. McFadyen—"Old Testament Criticism and the Christian Church." \$1.50. W. G. Jordan—"Biblical Criticism and Modern Thought." C. F. Kent—"The Origin and Permanent Value of the Old Testament." \$1.25. A. B. Bruce—"Apologetics." Pp. 165—336.

(v) INTRODUCTION.

S. R. Driver. \$2.50. J. E. McFadyen. \$1.75. H. E. Ryle—"The Canon of the Old Testament."

(vi) TEXT.

R. Kittel—"Biblica Hebraica." 2 vols. \$3.00.

Brown, Dower and Briggs—"Lexicon." \$8.00.

"Hebrew-English Lexicon." London: Samuel Bagster & Sons. 75c. (Small and handy for beginners.)

(vii.) COMMENTARIES.

(a) Series: There is no one series that is uniformly good.

"International Critical." More valuable to the scholar than to the preacher. To be specially recommended are Driver on Deuteronomy and Moore on Judges.

"Cambridge Bible." Scholarly, yet popular. Some volumes represent a somewhat obsolescent standpoint.

"Expositor's Bible." Some of this work of homiletic exposition is excellent, but the volumes vary greatly. Some writers accept the critical attitude towards the Old Testament, and others oppose it. Prof. McFadyen recommends fourteen volumes on the Old Testament, and omits as many. The New Testament work is good.

"The Century Bible." These volumes are all worth having.

The recently published one-volume "Commentary on the Holy Bible," by Dummelow (\$2.00) is to be commended as up-to-date and useful.

The preacher really requires two commentaries on each book, for his exposition must be homiletical. But it is absolutely essential to honest preaching that this should be based on correct exegesis.

(b) On individual books: Those under 1 are for critical work, and under 2 are for their homiletical value.

- Genesis: 1. S. R. Driver. In German, Gunkel.
 2. M. Dods—"Expositor's." \$1.50.
 H. E. Ryle—"The Early Narratives in Genesis." 75c.
- Exodus: There is no satisfactory book in English.
- Leviticus: 1. G. F. Genning—(bound with Numbers). \$2.00.
 2. C. F. Kent—"The Messages of Israel's Law-givers." \$1.25.
- Numbers: 1. G. B. Gray. \$3.00.
- Deuteronomy: 1. S. A. Driver. \$3.00. Excellent.
 2. A. Harper—Expositor's. \$1.50.
- Joshua: G. A. Smith, in Hastings' Dictionary.
- Judges and Ruth: 1. G. F. Moore. \$2.50. Excellent.
 2. G. W. Thatcher. 90c.
- Samuel: 1. H. P. Smith. \$3.00.
 2. A. R. S. Kennedy. 90c.
- Kings: 1. J. Skinner. 90c.
 2. F. W. Farrar. Expositor's. \$1.50.
- Chronicles: 1. W. E. Barnes. \$1.00.
 2. W. R. Harvie Jellie. 90c. W. H. Bennett—Expositor's.
- Ezra—Nehemiah: 1. H. E. Ryle.
- Psalms: 1. H. Ewald. 2 vols. T. K. Cheyne. C. A. Briggs. 2 vols. \$6.00. Duhm—(in German).
 2. W. T. Davison—"The Praises of Israel." J. E. McFadyen—"The Messages of the Psalmists." \$1.25. R. E. Prothero—"Everyman's." 30c. S. Cox—"The Pilgrim Psalms." G. A. Smith—"Four Psalms"—(23d, 36th, 52nd, 121st). J. E. McFadyen—"Ten Studies in the Psalms." 60c.
- Wisdom Literature: W. T. Davison—"The Wisdom Literature of the Old Testament." J. F. Genung—"The Hebrew Literature."
- Job: 1. A. B. Davidson. A. S. Peake. 90c. Duhm—(in German).
 2. G. G. Bradley—"Lectures."
- Proverbs: 1. C. H. Toy. \$3.00.
 2. C. F. Kent—"The Wise Men of Israel." \$1.25.
- Ecclesiastes: 1. G. A. Barton. \$2.25.
 2. E. H. Plumptre. S. Cox—Expositor's. \$1.50.
- Song of Songs: A. Harper. 50c.
- Prophecy: W. R. Smith—"The Prophets of Israel." C. H. Cornill. \$1.00. L. W. Batten. \$1.50. A. B. Davidson. \$3.50. W. G. Jordan. \$1.25.
- Messianic Prophecy: E. Riehm. \$2.50. Goodspeed—"Israel's Messianic Hope." \$1.50. F. H. Woods—"The Hope of Israel."

- Isaiah: 1. T. K. Cheyne. 2 vols. \$3.00. J. Skinner. Duhm—(in German).
 2. G. A. Smith. 2 vols. Expositor's. \$3.00.
 S. R. Driver—"Isaiah, His Life and Times."
 Jeremiah: 1. J. R. Gillies.
 2. C. J. Ball and W. H. Bennett—Expositor's. \$3.00.
 T. K. Cheyne—"Jeremiah, His Life and Times."
 Lamentations: Streane.
 Ezekiel: 1. A. B. Davidson.
 2. J. Skinner—Expositor's. \$1.50.
 Daniel: 1. S. R. Driver.
 2. F. W. Farrar—Expositor's. \$1.50.
 Minor Prophets: G. A. Smith—2 vols. Expositor's. \$3.00.
 R. F. Horton and S. R. Driver—2 vols. \$1.80.
 F. W. Farrar—"Minor Prophets." 75c.
 Marte—(in German).
 Amos and Hosea: W. R. Harper. \$3.00.
 Joel: S. R. Driver.
 Obadiah and Jonah: T. T. Perowne.
 Hagar, Zechariah and Malachi: T. T. Perowne.
 Nahum, Habakkuk and Zephaniah: A. B. Davidson.

(viii) THEOLOGY.

- H. Schultz—"Old Testament Theology." 2 vols. \$6.00.
 W. H. Bennett—"Theology of the Old Testament."
 W. H. Bennett—"Post-Exilic Prophets."
 A. S. Peake—"The Problem of Suffering."
 E. Day—"The Social Life of the Hebrews." \$1.25.
 E. Kantzsch—"Hastings' Dictionary." Vol. v.

PART II.—THE NEW TESTAMENT.

(i) GEOGRAPHY.

See Part I.

(ii) HISTORY.

1. "The Jewish People in the First Century A.D."
 Schurer—"Jewish People in the Time of Christ." 5 vols.
 \$8.00. Morrison—"The Jews Under Roman Rule." \$1.50.
 The most comprehensive single volume work.
2. "Life of Christ."
 Bernhard Weiss. 3 vols. \$6.75. Sanday—"Outlines."
 \$1.00. Stalker. Smith—"The Days of His Flesh." Farrar.
 Sanday—"Life of Christ in Recent Research." Eider-
 schein for Rabbinical Setting.
3. "Life of Paul."
 Conybeare and Howson. 2 vols. \$1.50. Farrar. \$1.00. Ram-
 say—"St. Paul, the Traveller and Roman Citizen." \$3.00.
 Sabatier—"The Apostle Paul."

4. The Apostolic Age.

Weizsaecker—"Apostolic Age of the Christian Church." 2 vols. \$7.00. McGiffert—"History of Christianity in the Apostolic Age." \$2.50. Bartlet—"The Apostolic Age."

(iii) INTRODUCTION.

Weiss—"Manual of Introduction to the New Testament." 2 vols. \$4.00. Dods "Introduction." Julicher's "Introduction." \$4.50. Zahn—"Introduction to New Testament." Articles in Hastings' Dictionary.

(iv) CANON.

Westcott—"History of the Canon of the New Testament." \$3.00. Sanday—"Bampton Lectures on Inspiration." \$2.00. Gregory—"Canon and Text of the New Testament." Article in Hastings' Dictionary.

(v) LANGUAGE.

1. Grammar:

Winer—"Moulton." \$5.00. Burton—"Syntax of Moods and Tenses in New Testament Greek." \$1.50. Robertson—"Short Grammar of Greek New Testament." \$1.50. Moulton—"Grammar of New Testament Greek." Vol. I. Prolegomena.

2. Lexicon. The small lexicons bound at the back of copies of the New Testament text amount to little more than consulting an English translation for the meaning of a particular word. The large lexicon gives the history of a word, a full discussion of the uses of the word, with illustrative passages, with an interpretation in difficult cases.

Thayer—"Greek-English Lexicon of the New Testament." \$5.00.

(vi) TEXT.

Nestle. Westcott and Hort.

(vii) COMMENTARIES.

Matthew: 1. Meyer. Zahn—(in German).

2. Gibson—In Expositor's. \$1.50.

Mark: 1. Swete. \$3.75.

2. Menzies—"The Earliest Gospel." \$2.75.

Luke: 1. Plummer. \$3.00. Godet. \$3.00.

John: 1. Westcott. \$3.00. Sanday—"Criticism of the Fourth Gospel." Godet. \$3.00.

Acts: 1. Lindsay and Bartlet.

2. Stokes. 2 vols. Expositor's. \$3.00.

Romans: 1. Sanday and Headlam. \$3.00. Godet.

I. Corinthians: 1. Meyer. Godet. Findlay—(Bound with Acts in Expositor's Greek Testament).

2. Robertson's Lectures.

II. Corinthians: 1. Beet.

- Galatians: 1. Lightfoot. \$3.25. Meyer.
 2. Findlay—Expositor's. \$1.50. Excellent.
- Ephesians: 1. Robinson. \$3.00.
 2. Findlay—Expositor's. \$1.50. Excellent.
 R. W. Dale's Lectures.
- Philippians: 1. Lightfoot. \$3.25.
 2. Vincent. \$2.00. Moule.
- Colossians: 1. Lightfoot—(With Philemon). \$3.25.
 2. Beet. MacLaren. Expositor's. \$1.50.
- I. and II. Thessalonians: 1. Milligan.
 2. Denney in Expositor's. \$1.50. Findlay.
- Pastoral Epistles: 1. Ellicott. Meyer.
 2. Plummer—In Expositor's. \$1.50.
- Hebrews: 1. Westcott. Davidson. 75c. Peake.
 2. Dale—"The Jewish Temple and the Christian Church." 90c. Bruce—"Epistle to the Hebrews—the First Apology."
- James: 1. Mayor. \$3.50.
 2. Plummer—In Expositor's. \$1.50. Plumptre.
- I. and II. Peter, Jude: 1. Bigg. \$2.50.
 2. Plumptre. 60c. Jowett.
- Epistles of John: 1. Westcott. \$3.50. Watson. \$2.00.
 2. Haupt. Findlay—"Fellowship in the Holy Life." \$3.00.
- Revelation: 1. Swete. \$3.50. Prof. Wallace.
 2. Scott. 90c. Milligan. \$1.50.

(viii) THEOLOGY.

- Weiss—"New Testament Theology." Stevens. \$2.50. Bey-schlag. \$6.00. Bruce—"The Kingdom of God." \$2.00.
 "The Training of the Twelve." "Parabolic Teaching of Christ." Dods—"Parables of Our Lord." Denney—"Jesus and the Gospels." \$2.00. Clarke, N. W.—"Outlines."

(ix) DICTIONARIES.

- English—Standard. \$11.50. Century. \$70.00. Hastings' "Dictionary of the Bible." 5 vols. \$30.00. Indispensable. Hastings' "Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels." More popular. 2 vols. \$12.00. Concordance—"Young's Analytical." \$5.00.

(x) PERIODICALS.

1. Expository Times. Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50. Excellent.
2. Expositor. Hodder & Stoughton, London. \$3.00.
3. Methodist Quarterly Review; Nashville, Tenn. \$2.00.
4. Methodist Review; New York.
5. The British Weekly. Hodder & Stoughton, London. \$2.00.

PART III.—PHILOSOPHIC BASIS.

Neither lists mentioned above contained any works of philosophy, and here I am indebted to Prof. Blewett, who gave me the names of all but one or two of these books:

A. M. Fairbairn—"Place of Christ in Modern Theology." "Philosophy of the Christian Religion." "Catholicism, Roman and Anglican." "Studies in the Life of Christ." "A New Book (Hodder & Stoughton) of Theological Studies."

Bruce—"Apologetics."

Clarke Murray—"Christian Ethics" (just out). Clarke Murray is a venerable and much respected Canadian name.

Caird, John—"An Introduction to the Philosophy of Religion." "Fundamental Ideas of Christianity." 2 vols.

Caird, Edward—"The Evolution of Religion." 2 vols. "The Evolution of Theology in the Greek Philosophers." 2 vols. Very good. "The Social Philosophy and Religion of Auguste Comte."

Watson—"The Philosophic Basis of Religion." "Hedonistic Theories."

Blewett, G. J.—"The Study of Nature and the Vision of God." \$1.75.

Royce—"The Religious Aspect of Philosophy." "The World and the Individual." 2 vols. "The Philosophy of Loyalty."

Windelband—"History of Philosophy," translated by Tufts. The best short critical history. Schwegler's "History of Philosophy" is a good short book. Weber is more recent, fuller and brighter, but uneven, and, at one or two points, erratic. Kuno Fischer is very good; two parts have been translated, "Descartes and His School," and a "Criticism of Kant."

James—"Psychology." 2 vols.

Wundt—"Outlines of Psychology." Royce has a **very good** little book on psychology, and his "Lectures on Political Obligation" and especially the memoir and essays of Vol. III. of his collected works.

Green—"Prolegomena to Ethics."

James Seth—"Short Studies of Ethical Principles."

G. H. Palmer—"The Nature of Goodness." "The Glory of the Imperfect."

Hegel—"The Philosophy of History." "Philosophy of Right." "Philosophy of Religion" (hard reading).

Sabatier—"Outlines of Philosophy of Religion."

G. Lowes Dickens—"The Greek View of Life."

Walter Pater—"Greek Studies." "Marius, the Epicurean."
"Plato and Platonism."

Butcher—"Some Aspects of the Greek Genius." Also "Hellenica," an excellent collection of essays on Greek life and thought, will be found helpful.

On social problems, Lester F. Ward's is the great book. Wm. Morris's books should be read, and Mackail's "Life of William Morris" (2 vols.); also Jane Addams' "Newer Ideals of Peace," "Democracy and Social Ethics"; Peabody's "Jesus Christ and the Social Question" is the best book in small compass. On Socialism, Leroy-Beaulieu, "Collectivism" (English translation).

After this long list, Prof. Blewett's advice is opportune: "Don't read rapidly a great number of books on philosophy. It is like eating huge meals of highly concentrated food. Read only the best—tested by time—and read slowly. The two best are Plato's Republic (translation, Jowett, or Davies and Vaughan—commentaries by Bosanquet and R. L. Nettleship) and Wordsworth's Poems. "If I read as many books as my friends," said Hobbes, "I should be as stupid as they."

CLYO JACKSON.

Presage of Revolt.

Ye will not have me sing the city's toil,
The far-off traffic and the ceaseless hum,
Man's labor, restless, endless, burdensome,
Heart-ache and disillusion, and the moil
Of low and base, God's cauldron set to boil,
With all the surface black with evil scum
Of poor and hungry, deaf, and blind, and dumb,
A simmering pit whereat the eyes recoil.
What, will ye not that I should sing of these?
Dream on, dream on, the light breath gathers strength,
The murmur grows, straws whirl within the air;
Dream on, dream on, and wrap yourselves in ease,
The wind shall tear away the cloak at length
And shake your world with crying of despair.

—*Columbia Monthly.*



Graduate Sketches

III

DURING his early life Dr. Biggar attended the common schools in the different circuits in which his father was assigned by the Methodist Conference, and before entering college had a few years' experience in mercantile training.

He graduated from Victoria a B.A. in 1863; the same year passed his first examination for barrister-at-law at Osgoode Hall, and was articled as a student-at-law in the office of John Cameron, Esq., at Brantford, a brother of Sir Matthew Crooks Cameron, subsequently Chief Justice.

His first court case was in the Division Court, and his opposing counsel was the late Hon. Arthur S. Hardy. To his great disappointment the decision of the judge was adverse to his client.

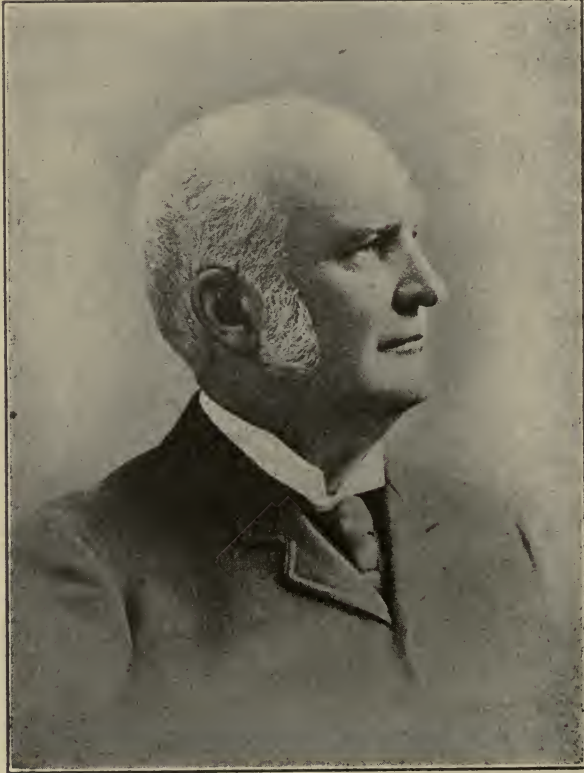
After a year's study at law he was impressed that this profession was not suited to his trend of mind, and being attracted to the possibilities of medicine and surgery, he resolved to master as far as possible these two sciences, abandoned law and began the study of medicine.

While at Victoria, in the Literary Society, "Allopathy vs. Homeopathy" had been a subject for debate. Dr. Biggar defended homeopathy; his room-mate, the late Dr. Charles E. Hickey, that of allopathy. The preparation for this argument convinced him that homeopathy was the true science. In 1864 he registered as a student of the Homeopathic Hospital College, now the Cleveland University of Medicine and Surgery, and graduated in 1866, and the same year was offered the chair of Surgery.

After preparing himself for college work by further study in the hospitals in New York and Philadelphia, he accepted, in July, 1866, the chair of Anatomy and Adjunct Professor of

Surgery in his medical alma mater, and the same year was appointed Registrar of the College.

In 1867, through his efforts, the chair of Clinical Surgery was created, which was quite an innovation for a Homeopathic College. For seven years Dr. Biggar was Professor of Anatomy



HAMILTON FISK BIGGAR.

and Clinical Surgery, with operations, and for eight years, of Surgical Diseases of Women and Clinical Surgery.

At a time when the University was facing an impending danger of extermination, Dr. Biggar's "faithfulness, heroic efforts, indomitable will, upright and just counsels, generous donations and advances in moneys averted its downfall." Thus

the Board of Trustees and Board of Censors spoke in glowing appreciation of his value when, in 1895, the Doctor retired from active College work and resigned from the University, leaving it in a most flourishing condition, as a result of his strenuous efforts. For many years the Doctor was the surgeon of the Cleveland Greys, a famous military company, and for eleven years surgeon-in-chief to the Cleveland Workhouse. For twenty-five years he was a member of the medical staff of the Huron Street Hospital. In 1870 he was elected to the Presidency of the Academy of Medicine and Surgery, of which he was one of the founders. In the 70's, for two consecutive years he was offered the chair of Surgery in the Homeopathic Department of the University of Michigan. Many former patients now living in New York have frequently and earnestly solicited his removal there, friends whose patronage and influence would at once ensure a commanding practice.

When nominated for the Presidency of the American Institute of Homeopathy, in 1881, at Brighton Beach, although the chances for his election were excellent, he declined to be a candidate for this honored office, preferring the activity of a useful member in the ranks rather than the attaining of the highest honor which the Institute would confer. At the last meeting of the Institute, its members, wishing to do the Doctor some honor for his valued service, unanimously elected him Honorary President.

During the assembling of the American Institute of Homeopathy, in Atlantic City, New Jersey, in the summer of 1906, a beautiful and artistic loving cup was presented Dr. Biggar for his courage, independence and perseverance in pioneer work in the Homeopathic field, and for his loyalty and willing helpfulness to all brother practitioners throughout his exceedingly interesting experience. Some of the most distinguished men in the profession were present at the presentation, eager to express their grateful appreciation of the value of his work.

Having patients in Europe, at different times Dr. Biggar has been summoned in consultation with the most eminent physicians of the universities of Vienna, Berlin, Paris and Stockholm.

The doctor is a member of the prominent clubs of Cleveland, and honorary member of the Unanimous Medical Club of New

York, whose membership is very limited and very select, of the American Institute of Homeopathy, an honorary member of several of the different State Medical Societies, a member of the Ohio Society of New York and a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He represented the Homeopathic profession of the United States in the world's convention of homeopathic physicians, convened at Paris, by an address on "Surgery of the Brain," and has a pleasant personal and corresponding relation with the eminent medical men of the United States and Europe. As a physician he is widely and favorably known, his services being at all times in demand, both in the sick-room and in the surgery, and as a consultant he has few equals. He has quite a reputation as a medical expert, and is frequently called to different cities for that purpose. He has a lucrative practice and a distinguished clientele. He has always been very liberal in his medical creed and an earnest worker and strong advocate for advanced methods. Though a busy man in his professional duties, he has been a constant writer upon surgical topics. His brochures have been eagerly sought after and treasured as embodiments of thoroughness and practical application.

His laparotomies are creeping into the 20th series of one hundred each, with results that are very complimentary. He was among the first surgeons in the middle west to operate successfully for the removal of a uterine fibroma by abdominal section, and in plastic surgery he has been eminently successful, especially in correcting deformities of the face, nose, lip, mouth, bladder and pelvic floor, by methods new and original.

The doctor has been an extensive traveler; in his outings he has crossed the continent eight times, and the Atlantic fourteen times, besides several yachting excursions on the Gulf of Mexico.

His mind is richly stored from his travels and vast reading, aside from the subject of medicine.

In 1892 his alma mater conferred upon him the degree of M.A., and in 1893, LL.D.

Dr. Biggar's whole career has been marked not only by earnest zeal, untiring energy, ability and skill, but he has shown that which can be said, above all things, of the truly great in his

profession—wisdom—that far-seeing quality that endures, that ranks its possessor among those born in advance of their time; that divine faculty that makes the physician a healing power plus the safest guardian of peculiar and most sacred trusts. Having both love and wisdom, to him belong the highest good attainable to man. So say those who best know this eminent, yet withal tender, sympathetic and unpretentious servant of humanity.

Personals

Miss Kate Cullen, '06, has accepted the position of Head Lecturer in French at Wilson University, Charlesburg, Penn.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Morgan (née Woodsworth) are home from China.

Mr. G. E. Trueman, '06, is home from Japan. He intends to take a special course of training which will fit him for still more efficient work in connection with the Y.M.C.A.

The marriage of Mr. Farrell, B.A., '02, and Miss Linghan, B.A., '04, took place recently. ACTA extends best wishes.

We are glad to be able to congratulate C. B. Parker, B.A., '04, on his success in winning the Faculty Gold Medal in the recent fourth year examination of the Faculty of Medicine.

Miss H. L. Pinel, '08, has accepted a position as teacher of moderns in the Ladies' College at Pickering.

Miss I. V. Govenlock, '08, is teaching in Moulton College, Toronto.

Mr. G. B. King, '07, has been appointed Professor of History and Assistant in English in Albert College, Belleville.

Mr. J. V. McKenzie, '09, editor-in-chief of ACTA, left for the Pacific Coast, Friday evening, June 11. He expects to circle the globe, doing special correspondence work.—*Bon Voyage!*

BIRTHS,—

On Saturday, Mar. 13th, '09, to Elvin C. Irvine, '03, Principal of the Sherbrooke (P.Q.) High School, and wife, a daughter.

On Tuesday, May 25th, 1909, at Guelph, to Rev. Albert J. Elson, '04, and wife, a daughter.

ACTA extends congratulations.

Exchanges

THE *O. A. C. Review* has a very timely and sane article on "Athletics in Canada and the Colleges' Relation Thereto." A selection may repay perusal:

"Sport should be socialized, not specialized. Everyone should have a playground, and everyone should be a player. Already the mercenary sport promoter is trying to get his hands upon the sports of Canada, and use them for personal gain. Already so-called athletic clubs are offering young men—and often boys in their teens—inducements of money and special privileges to play on their star teams. Some larger athletic organizations depend upon their gate receipts from hockey and other games to pay expenses. Already some athletes with ability are asking, 'What is there in it for me to play?' Let us remember Greece and Rome, when in their sports the ideals which characterized their athletes in the days of their supremacy, and made her great, were later forgotten.

"Canada's sports are her treasure. They should be kept pure and wholesome. Canada's games are character-builders. They must be conserved. The best men in the Dominion, the most influential agencies in the land should seek to keep them wholesome, amateur, democratic. They should be for the participation of the many, not for the exploitation of the few. Their aim should be to make men ruddy-hued, clean-limbed, well-knit, muscle-toned men, not for the development of skilled athletes, whose motive is the prize, or whose aim is mercenary, though there is a place for honest athletic competition.

"This effort for clean amateur sport is on. The crisis is upon us. Shall Canada's competitive sports be amateur? The colleges should help settle the problem. It is exceedingly worth while. In fact, viewed from the standpoint of its effect upon young men, it is imperative."

SOME SMOKES.

The Indian, with his pipe of peace,
Has long ago gone by;
But the Irishman, with his piece of pipe,
Will never, never die.

—*Ex.*

" Ultra-democracy " is the title of an excellent editorial in the *Notre Dame Scholastic*. " There are two schools of politics in America." The *reactionary* school, following the old democratic theories, exalting the legislator, threatens to succumb to the *populism* of the twentieth century, where the great PEOPLE are the government and the legislators, but their clerks. The issue is ominous. " If the old school gives way to the new, if policies and measures are to be determined by public opinion, erratic and whimsical as it often is, it does not require a prophet to foresee that there will be more ill-advised legislation than at present. The best remedy for existing evils is not always indicated by the popular demand for certain measures. *We want men rather than measures.*"

Like ocean rushing to the sunset beach
In heaving miles of plunging foam-white sea,
The waves of spirit rise and try to reach
Across the gulf to thee.

So near in body and so far in mind;
An ocean parts us who are close at hand;
The dumb eyes plead, but in their pleading find
They do not understand.

The gates are open to the citadel,
Yet none to life's rejoicing enter in;
Bar up thy passage-ways, O soul, nor tell
How easy 'twere to win!

They care not for the largess that you gave,
Despised the gem, nor knew the false from true.
But sometime in thy lonely, misty cave
They shall come back to you.

When starry nights reveal infinitude,
With calm eyes gazing on the soul's distress,
Life shall awake from dreams and dreary mood,
Not uncompanionless.

—*Notre Dame Scholastic.*

"The Development of Music," in *The Mitre*, is an exceedingly profitable article. The opening paragraph at once awakens the interest: "It is very interesting to consider the great changes which have taken place in the world of music from its earliest mention by the Egyptians to the present day. We feel compelled to ask ourselves, Will the people who inhabit this earth a thousand years from now consider our great classics as only meaningless sounds, or will those works be buried forever in oblivion? By comparison with what has already happened, historians would reply in the affirmative, but we who love the great masters feel inclined to answer that whatever new revelation may take place in music, so long as the perceptive senses of humanity remain the same, our classics will be admired and enjoyed by all lovers of pure music."

It is proposed by All Soul's College, Oxford, to which our good Mr. Feiling has returned to lecture, to create and endow a Professorship of Military History.

*A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men,*

is a good motto in its place. A red dress may be suitable in the shaded lights of the drawing room, but it is venturesome to flaunt it before a bull who reads the danger signal backwards. We have been severely criticized by the *Trinity Review* for wasting our *valuable* space by bargain-day jokes. At first we guiltily hung our head. But lo! *Queen's University Journal* receives the same chastisement, so we cannot then be delinquent. Shake hands, Queen's!

The following exchanges have been received: *Hya Yaka*, *St. Hilda's Chronicle*, *University of Ottawa Review*, *Queen's University Journal*, *O. A. C. Review*, *Oxford Magazine*, *Columbia Monthly*, *Student*, *Notre Dame Scholastic*, *Martlet*, *St. Margaret's Chronicle*, *Stanstead College Magazine*, *Acadia Athenaeum*, *Harvard Monthly*, *Argosy*, *Lux Columbia*, *Vox Collegii*, *Mitre*, *Amalfian*, *Manitoba College Journal*, *St. Andrew's Review*, *Vox Wesleyana*, *Trinity College Review*.



In Days of Yore

THE following letter from a graduate of eight years' standing will, we are sure, be of interest to our readers:

2 Alford Terrace, Lynton, N. Devon,
March 29, '09.

The Athletic Editor, ACTA VICTORIANA:—

DEAR SIR,—I must tell you how pleased I have been to see in ACTA the splendid success of the hockey team. To get into the finals in the Jennings Cup is a very creditable record. It is unfortunate that the boys could not have gone one step farther and landed the cup. But such things must be.

If I remember rightly, it was these same Dents who put an end to our championship aspirations in 1901, but then in the first round, and by a score of 8—7, I think, though we had them 5—3 in the first half. I was just trying to recall our team. Strangely enough, we didn't have a group taken, so I find it hard to recall the men. Kellington was in goal, I think. He was a splendid soccer man, too, and years afterwards, when he was preaching eight miles out in the country, he used to come in to play with us in Chatham. I remember him scoring all three goals in one match from outside left. I played point. Faull, then as now of the Biological staff, usually stopped the puck or the man at cover, though he was not a great skater. McCulloch, our captain, played rover. He was a splendid athlete, and I hope his constitution will pull him through his present illness. Frank Dobson, who afterwards made a name for himself in Edmonton in both hockey and baseball, and Proc. Burwash, slow but sure and always smiling, are the two forwards I remember. Though we didn't get very far in the cup series, we had plenty of fun both in our college games and in the inter-year matches. '01, commonly called "dirty '01," carried off the cup for four

years. As late as 1907 a Sunday School scholar came grinning to me and showed me our picture, which appeared after so many years in *Onward*, as typifying college hockey teams. In 1901 we had only one hockey rink and a skating rink ending into it, for the campus was not yet. Still the rink had begun to be a valuable asset, both financially and as a co-educational institution.

This winter we Oxford Canadians have had three ice-hockey matches in London with the Princes Club, whose palatial rink, with its fluted columns and mural painting, is situated in the most aristocratic part of the West End. The players in the club on their own admission don't lead a sufficiently simple life to oppose us successfully, though they have a great display of silver won on the Continent. We have always been a man shy, but have in our three matches drawn one and won two. They always get the start in the first half, because we never see ice between the matches, and their style of play is so different. They play six men a side—goal, two backs, one half, and two forwards, and there is no offside rule, except one similar to that in soccer, namely, that a man cannot receive a pass unless there are two men of the opposing side in front of him. Besides, body-checking is ruled out, and lifting is discouraged, but with a view to saving the furniture rather than making the game faster. Reade, the 1906 Ontario Rhodes scholar, played for us in one match. But, besides myself, who am by this time more than half a Westerner, all the men are from the other provinces. Adamson, of Nova Scotia, and Gillies, of New Brunswick, are particularly good men. A trip to Switzerland for next Christmas vacation is already being planned.

This letter has been prolonged to an unpardonable length. But if any of it should interest you, or if in your April copy you run short of material for your athletic columns and you think any part of it will interest your readers, I am satisfied.

Again expressing my pleasure at the good work of the 1909 team, I remain,

Very faithfully yours,

C. B. Sissons, '01.

The *Acadia Athenaeum* very graciously compliments us by quoting from the essay "The Value of an Ideal," and also that little poem, "The Victory." Thanks, *Acadia!*

A Field Day

It has been decided to hold a Field Day at Victoria next fall. In recent years the College's representation on the U. of T. Field Day has been conspicuous by its absence, so great has been the lack of interest in track athletics around Vic. It is proposed to attempt to remedy this by holding a Field Day for Victoria students only on Charter Day, October 12th. As this is three days prior to the University meet, it will make an excellent try-out for those who represent Vic. on the latter occasion.

But it is not intended to be only an athletic meet; the faculty have consented to close the College for the afternoon, and the programme will consist of some of the fun-making variety of sports, as well as such regular athletic events as racing, jumping and weight-throwing. As a finale there will be a concert in the evening in the College chapel.

Professor Langford has very kindly donated a medal for the all-round championship, and suitable prizes are to be awarded to the winners of the various events. The success of this innovation depends wholly upon the students, and in no small degree upon those who do not participate in the other sports of the College. There must be a large number of entries in each event. Here is a great opportunity for Vic. to show some true sporting spirit. With the summer before them for practising, we would urge our athletes to "get busy."

Annual Trip of the U. of T. Lacrosse Team

At 4.05 p.m. Wednesday, May 27th, the members of the U. of T. Lacrosse team pulled out of the Union Station, Toronto, bound for the land of the Stars and Stripes. Captain E. G. Sanders (Vic., '08) joined the party at Hamilton, finding all in good health and spirits and eager for the fray. The line-up was hardly so strong as that of last year, containing six new men. Three men who could not leave for a day or so were to follow later.

At 10.10 p.m. the Varsity boys arrived at Geneva, N.Y., where they were to play the lacrosse team of Hobart College, the champions of their district league. The match took place

the next day, in spite of the weather man's disfavor. Like Toronto, Hobart had lost several of their stalwarts, and proved an easy victory for the boys in blue. Score—6—2.

Leaving Geneva the same evening, the players arrived in New York the next morning. After breakfast at Child's Restaurant, they proceeded to the country home of the Crescent Athletic Club, at Bay Ridge, Brooklyn. On Friday the continued animosity of the weather man prevented anything like a practice, although the team was strengthened by the arrival of Arens and Park. On Saturday the weather brightened up, and at 4 p.m. the ball was faced again. This was really the first time that the Toronto twelve had been assembled on the field, and they did not work well together. The home was weak and erratic, failing to tally. The defence lacked aggressiveness, while lack of condition told to some extent upon all. On the other hand, the Crescents had a strong, heavy team, in the pink of condition. "Bob" Wall, an old Canadian player, did some wonderful shooting on the Crescent home, and the game ended with a score of 10—4 against Toronto.

Monday, Decoration Day, brought 5,000 people to Bay Ridge to witness the struggle. The weather was perfect, and the contest hard fought. At half-time the score stood 1—0 in favor of the Crescents, but the Varsity defence had succeeded in breaking up the team play of the Crescent attack. Wall, the star of the Brooklyn team, was closely "ridden" by Ed. Sanders, whose playing was the striking feature of the game, and prevented from getting any of his dangerous shots. During the second half, the Varsity attack found the nets, and the game ended with a score of 1—1.

After a couple of days spent in practice and sight-seeing, the Torontonians left for Baltimore on Thursday morning. On Saturday they played the lacrosse team of the Alumni Association of Johns Hopkins, and in a heavy rain defeated them 6—3. On Monday the Alumni line-up was strengthened by several Mt. Washington players, and after a very rough game, secured their revenge, 7—2. On Tuesday, June 8th, the team lined up against Swathmore for their last game, winning by a score of 4—1, and by 8.40 the same evening our boys had left Philadelphia on a through train for Toronto.

Varsity was hampered throughout by the absence of T. Haney, the point player, who failed to turn up at New York. As two other men were unable to come, there were only 12 men to play, and no spares.

The Varsity line-up was as follows: Goal, Arens; point, E. Sanders; cover, W. Sanders; defence, Wood, Meader, Hunter; centre, Park; home, Hanley, Loucks, Hinds; outside home, Hetherington; inside home, McSloy.

Victoria people will be glad to learn that in this trip Fred Hetherington, '11, made his first appearance on the Varsity team, and by his splendid stick-handling, good headwork and speed, made solid his place on the team. In every game save one he succeeded in scoring a goal, and in spite of a severe wound he played a splendid game in the concluding match of the series.

ARCADY.

Down by the gates of the eastern sea
 Lieth the land of Arcady.
 Blue are the skies and the sea is blue,
 And blue is the haze of the twilight, too.
 Blue are the cliffs on the shore above,—
 But grey are the eyes of the woman I love.
 Grey are her eyes under locks of gold,
 That are shaken as leaves in an autumn wold.
 And the sound of her voice is comforting
 As the lilt of citherns when angels sing.

Down by the gates of the eastern sea
 Through the blue-kissed twilight wandered we,
 And her grey eyes gleamed through the mystic blue,
 And the gold of her hair was wafted through.
 And her dear voice parted the quivering haze,
 And offered her soul to my eager gaze,
 And I saw her soul through the blue twilight,
 Gentle and pure and perfect white.

Others were there by the gates of the sea,
 Only we two were in Arcady.

—*The Columbia Monthly.*



Convocation

TO THE class of Naughty-Nine, commencement week came at last. Cherished expectations of four years' standing became realizations, which will linger in the memory when many other events of college life have been long forgotten. Students became graduates; college doors closed behind them with a decisive thud, seeming to say that the days of preparation are over, and that the world of active service lies just ahead. Best of all, perhaps, classmates met once more for a final jubilee before scattering to those remote regions, familiarly known as "the four corners of the earth."

On Thursday evening, the ladies of the United Alumnae Associations of the University gave a dinner in the gymnasium to the women of the graduating class. Short addresses were delivered by Miss Riddell, Dr. Helen MacMurchy, Miss Cartright of St. Hilda's College, Miss Addison, of Annesley Hall, and Miss Florence Sheridan, President of the Alumnae Association of University College, in which striking references were made to the new scheme, now before the University authorities, of a "Possible College for Women." After the dinner, the guests repaired to Convocation Hall, where several addresses were given. President Falconer made a strong appeal to the graduating class, who "are now going out into the world fitted to become members in the guild of intellectual knighthood." There is a mission for the Universities and for their graduates to-day in aiding to assuage the spirit of widespread discontent and turmoil in the modern world. Let the university stand as a great organ of public opinion in the epoch of the world's history, when force and fear set hope and faith at odds." "It is our province to instil the spirit of confidence and steadiness. We must move toward that new era for the world in which the community of interest will increase the conception of brother-

hood become universal, and the principles of Christianity grow in power and effect." "Despite the contempt of the world, the university is needed as its teacher. The future of the graduates should not consist in contemplation, but in action; not in ethical indifference, but in ethical endeavor. It should be their earnest endeavor to make the world better for their living."

Hon. J. M. Gibson, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, and President of the Alumni Association, referred to his undergraduate days, and spoke in terms of approbation of the present Government policy toward the University.

Following the address came a reception in Examination Hall, where successful efforts were made to bury old memories and establish new associations with that particular apartment.

Convocation day was all that sunshine and gladness could make it. At Annesley Hall, Doctor and Mrs. Reynar very graciously did the honors of the graduation breakfast, in the absence of Chancellor and Mrs. Burwash. Toasts to the University, the College and the graduating class were proposed by Doctor Reynar, Doctor Wallace and Doctor Horning, and were answered by Mr. Laird, Mr. Clement, Miss Clark and Mr. Graham.

The events of convocation afternoon, the commencement exercises proper, cannot be described here. Each student must wait in patience his own graduation day to know about the stately procession across the campus, the impressive assemblage in Convocation Hall, and the various mysterious rites connected with "being hooded." The hilarity of the students found suitable expression in songs and yells; still, they were quiter than usual, and graduates of some years' standing were heard to remark, "It wasn't like this in our days." Of the two honored with the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, one was Professor Misener of our own college. Those of '09 deserving special mention, in regard to honors obtained, are Miss Clark, Miss Smith, Miss Birnie, Miss German, Mr. Arnup and Mr. Laird.

The garden party in the quadrangle was a very pleasant feature of the day's events. In the evening the hospitable doors of Annesley Hall were thrown open to the graduating class and their friends. Then came the good-byes and leave-takings.

On Saturday, a rather small representation of the famous class

of '09 met on the banks of the Humber. But if the number was small, the fun ran high, and the graduation picnic was declared a grand success.

And that is all. "'09 has graduated."

Rackham, B.D.—"Say, Swin, it seems to me that you are setting up a pretty fast pace."

S—i—e—t—n, B.D.—"Well, I've got to do something desperate; this is my last year down here."

At the recent Convocation exercises one of our boys received very favorable notice in the local dailies. We quote from one:

"In the Moderns option, out of 48 graduates only two were men, and only one of these was brave enough to line up behind the women to receive his degree. "See him blushing, see him blushing just now," was his first salutation. A moment later "Where is my wandering boy to-night?" and in a wickedly long drawn-out wail, "Oh, where is my boy to-night?"—*The News*.

Nor was he unnoticed even by the staid dignitaries on the platform. The dignified Chancellor is said to have murmured "*admitto te*," with an unusual fervor, while one of the professors was heard to remark that the young gentleman had "quite a harem." Congratulations, Jamie!

Miss D—n—e, '09—"What is '*Vive la compagnie*' anyway? Oh, I suppose it must be French."

The following story is told concerning one of our seniors in Philosophy, who, owing to the lack of time to prepare a new sermon, finally thought of a way out of the difficulty by deciding to give his parishioners a sermon based largely on Locke's "Philosophy of the Human Understanding." In this way he was not only preaching the "Word," but was also keeping his mind enlivened with the subject for to-morrow's exam. After the service was over an old member made his way up to the parson (who was awaiting congratulations), and addressed him as follows: "That was a very fine sermon you preached this morning. I noticed that everyone was asleep but two, you and myself. I can't for the life of me imagine what kept you awake, but I know it was the 'rheumatiz' that kept me from going to sleep."

Br—dg—an, '10—" I think I'll take a few stars this year, just to help the College out, as I hear they are hard up for money."

M—nn—ng, '09 (at the baccalaureate sermon)—" Do you know, I believe this is the first time I ever saw McKenzie in church."

C—s—e, '10—" I have played an awful lot of tennis this spring, but I haven't played with the same girl twice."

S—p—s, '10—" You must be pretty bad, Cass, if once was all they could stand."

C—s—m—re, '10—" Well, I have had a game of tennis with nearly every girl in our year."

W—s—h—ng—on, '10—" You apparently have been having rather hard luck."

ACTA readers are warned against yielding to the seductive charms of that elusive beverage commonly known as "pop." At the picnic, one of the girls who had partaken somewhat freely of the effervescent bowl, was seen to turn sleepily to her neighbor, and in a bewildered tone to ask, " Say, dearie, am I sitting on your foot or my own? " A word to the wise!

ON A LOCK OF HAIR.

There is a certain member of the class of '10 who has never been mistaken for Paderewski. It is safe to say that his locks have furnished the local jokesmiths with more raw material than any other of the fleeting glories around Vic. One of the College girls has been heard to remark that he would make a perfectly stunning tennis player if only he could be persuaded to bind his hair with a red ribbon which would match his sweater.

This doughty junior once had occasion to take some group photos over to " The Hall " for inspection. It happened that the light in the photographer's shop had fallen on one side of the faces of the members composing the group, giving them a rather peculiar expression. " Why," exclaimed the fair inspector, " it looks as if you didn't have any hair at all."

There was an embarrassed silence for a few minutes. She had been using the impersonal " you," but it sounded confoundedly personal to her audience.

This is given as a reply to the verses that appeared in the April number, which inferred that the General Course students had no work to do:—

The Generals sat 'round plugging
As the lights were burning low,
Wet towels around their temples,
And their faces full of woe.

Hobbes, Hume and Locke and Darwin
Passed in dread array,
Cicero, Virgil, Terence;
Three weeks till the first of May.

At rest in their downy couches,
The lucky Moderns dream
Of simple tasks accomplished
And strawberries and cream.

How often, oh, how often,
The Generals drink strong tea
To keep up their sinking spirits
While they plug Church Hist-o-ry!

How often, oh, how often,
When our eyes were ready to close
We have wished that for mighty Horace
The morning sun ne'er rose.

Oh, when will it all be ended,
This fearful brain-racking test?
And although the stars shine o'er us,
They'll not disturb our rest.

The Moderns may win their honors,
While ours is the bitter strife;
But we'd rather be sporty than clever—
We go in for the all-round life.

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